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THIS volume of *Oxford Essays* is not intended to advocate any particular set of opinions, theological, social, or political. Each writer is responsible for his own opinions, and for none but his own; and no attempt has been made to give a general unity of thought to the publication. The tie that unites the different contributors is not that they think alike, but that they belong to the same University. And in accordance with the independent character of the separate contributions, the names of the writers have been affixed in the Table of Contents to the several Essays.

It is hoped that the undertaking may meet with sufficient encouragement to warrant its being continued in succeeding years.

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OXFORD ESSAYS.

LUCRETIUS AND THE POETIC CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS AGE.

WHATEVER rank we may assign to the extant Latin Poets, even if we claim for them the gift of a genuine inspiration, this at least we must concede, that poetic genius manifested itself at Rome during a very short period of the national existence, that it was confined to a limited number of cultivated men, and that it addressed its productions to a small class of the population. In these respects the poetic literature of the Romans differs remarkably from that of the Greeks, among whom every phase of the national existence manifested its own characteristic poetry, from the earliest 'matin-song' of Homer to the mellow evening notes of Theocritus. Nor was poetry confined, in Greece, to any specially educated class, but drew its votaries from all ranks of society, and appealed to the sympathies of the great mass of free citizens.

Historic record and composition seem to be more suited to the character of the Romans than imaginative creation. It was the instinct of the race from early times to maintain the continuity of the national existence by records, ceremonies, monuments, inscriptions, and, probably, by a living tradition in the mouths of the people. As we find, even in an age of rapid change and overwhelming present interests, certain persons retaining, more than others, a strong memory of the past, clinging closely to their homes, families, and ancient landmarks, identifying themselves with the virtues and the greatness of their forefathers, fond of listening to and relating events and actions of former generations; so, too, we find races and nations distinguished above others for their faithful adherence to the traditions of their fathers. In an unlettered age, and a stationary state of society, oral tradition may

impress itself on the mind with a depth and firmness which is scarcely conceivable by an age in which written record has assumed the place of living memory. The characteristics of the Romans lead us to expect that they should exhibit this tenacity of tradition. The idea of a long-continued national existence, destined to fill many coming centuries, was always present to the old Romans with a binding and religious power; the corruption of which idea may, perhaps (as has been suggested), account for the strange phenomenon of later times, the Deification of the Emperors. They show their dependence on the past by the persistency with which they clung to forms, after their life and meaning had passed away, by the superstitious fear of the ominous consequences which past disasters were believed to cast over the future, by the most exclusive and aristocratic pride of family, and by the strictest regard for all ceremonial observances. Where the traces of the origin of an institution were lost, some story was invented to fill up the gap; not, as among the Greeks, from the mere influence of the mythical creative faculty, exercising itself unconsciously, but from a deep-rooted desire to restore and maintain the connection of the present with the past. Even the different character of the words denoting 'history' in the two languages indicates the striking differences which distinguished the two nations. The Greek word Ἱστορία suggests to us the eager curiosity and inquiry after knowledge, that desire to hear, see, and communicate something new, to understand the world and the men who lived on it, for which the nation was always remarkable; while the Roman word, *Annales*,—a name that recals to us the first records of the most august ministers of the national religion, the greatest of the early poems, and one of the masterpieces of Roman history,—associates itself in our minds with the long unbroken continuity of national life, which might seem to be preserved and renewed year after year in its most impressive symbol, the delegation of power and authority on its highest magistrates. It was the principal object of the great Greek historians to represent the world of their own day in distinct and life-like colours; it was the aim of most of the Roman writers to produce a colossal restoration of the monuments of the past.

We have no evidence of the existence or recognition of high poetic inspiration or art among the early Romans. They were at all times more capable of doing, than of imagining, great actions. Their poetry, in its best ages, was not creative or inventive, or capable of representing human life in action. There is much of pure invention

and fiction in early Roman history that cannot in any sense be called poetical; much of what is poetical may have been the ornament of annalists and poets of a later age, suggested to them by the knowledge of Greek story, and the impressive phenomena of their own times; something, too, of what is most noble, we may believe, is not due to the invention of poets, but is a monument of real men and actions, kept in hallowed memory by succeeding ages.

The early circumstances and character of the purely Roman people were unfavourable to the development of poetic genius. Their pursuits were war and agriculture; they enjoyed neither the wild adventure and enlarged intercourse with the world which fall to the lot of a maritime population, nor the free life and solitary independence of mountaineers and herdsmen; their institutions tended to merge the individual in the family and the State, and their religion to check all freedom of thought; their character was grave, stern, austere, submissive to law and order. But they possessed beyond every other nation of antiquity the gift of receiving and assimilating all foreign influences, with which their career of conquest brought them in contact. It was owing to this gift that they mastered the world, and that they succeeded in establishing a great national literature. But, we may ask, by what medium could the genius of Greek poetry be communicated to the stern, practical, and prosaic life of the Roman citizen? How could these elements blend with one another, so as to produce those works not only of pure art, but of original and natural feeling, which we justly prize among the richest treasures inherited from antiquity? The charm of Latin poetry arises from the Italian air which it breathes; from something, not purely Roman, yet akin to the Roman spirit, and very distinct from the mere influences of Greek culture and ideas. The answer to our question is suggested by the fact, first noticed by Niebuhr, that nearly all the great men who enriched the Latin literature were of provincial and Italian, not of purely Roman, origin. If we pass in review the names of the greatest Roman poets with whose birth-place we are acquainted, we are struck by the fact, that they were not reared amidst the stirring life and the high memories of the city; that it was not 'the air of the Aventine' which they first breathed, nor the 'sacred' Tiber that first cast its influence on their imagination; but that they grew up among calmer scenes, not destitute, we may believe, of beauty to sink into the soul, or of ancient memories of their own, and

peculiarly dear to the poet from their association with his individual history.

In the neighbourhood of Rudiæ, Venusia, Mantua, or Verona, at a distance from the struggles and the constraint of the metropolis, in scenes of natural beauty —

> Per loca pastorum deserta atque otia dia,—

where the romance of childhood was not stifled, and where the simple purity of domestic life remained long untainted, a freer spirit could arise, capable of breathing the air of beauty and poetry into that old Roman life. This spirit is the animating genius of Latin poetry. This was the power by which Greek art and story were communicated to 'rude Latium,' and sprang up there, by contact with a new soil, into fresh life and vigour, after the spirit which had given birth to them in Greece had died away. It is a truth, applicable to every new phase of civilisation, expressed of old by Lucretius —

> Namque aliut putrescit et ævo debile languet,
> Porro aliut clarescit et e contemptibus exit.

From the decay of Greek liberty and genius Roman poetry arose. But along with the genuine power of receiving and reproducing Greek influences, the Italian poets derived from their own country a capacity of feeling and depicting the beauty of Nature, a gravity, earnestness, and moral fervour, which they shared with the Latin orators and historians, an imagination peculiarly impressible by ideas of vastness, order, and majesty, and a sympathetic admiration of the imperial greatness of Rome.

From the death of Ennius till the appearance of the poems of Lucretius, more than a century of stirring life elapsed. The energies awakened during the second Punic war, and the new influences about that time communicated to Roman literature, gave a great impulse to the development of the national mind. Externally the power of the Roman arms was advancing in all directions irresistibly to empire, and, as a necessary consequence, there followed a great influx of material wealth, and a rapid growth of personal ambition to appropriate the prizes which the world, rich in accumulated treasures, and now powerless to defend them, held out to its conquerors. These prizes presented great charms to a race of men, physicially vigorous, but hitherto brought up under a system of constrained frugality. This increase of personal ambition relaxed the old ties by which the State had held its foremost men in dutiful subjection; and the will and

power of the strongest assumed the places formerly held by law and constitutional forms. Side by side with these influences an inward change was going on. Greek literature was welcomed and reproduced under Roman forms. Greek philosophy, especially the definite tenets of the Stoics and Epicureans, leavened the thoughts of the higher and more cultivated classes, subverting the national religion and the old traditional morality. The Roman language in the meantime became moulded into the forms of speech of a literary and cultivated people; a result due in part to the poems of Ennius, to the rise of written history, and to the works of the early dramatists, who, though they failed to communicate vitality and permanence to a species of literature not naturally congenial to the Roman mind, aided in the development of the language by their varied ability, and by their familiarity with the resources of the Greek tongue. But it was mainly in the contests of the forum and the senate—'indu foro lato sanctoque senatu'—an atmosphere as congenial to the old Roman as the breath of battle—in the deliberations on questions of state policy, in the struggles for the advance of law, for party ascendancy, in support of and in antagonism to privilege, in the denunciations of personal and political enemies or great public delinquents, that the massive and powerful instrument of Roman speech was forged and hammered out into symmetry and utility. In the old republics it was through the gifts and accomplishments of oratory that the men of greatest intellect and practical ability exercised influence on political life. Thus the practice of oratory was a necessity of the times, and the development of language followed as a natural result. The Roman intellect during the same period struck upon another vein of literature, more congenial to the national character, and productive of more lasting result than the imitations of the Greek drama. Lucilius gave a new form to Roman satire, a species of literature that proved one of the most genuine, interesting, and permanent productions of the national mind, being admirably adapted for the expression of the gravity, earnestness, and censorial spirit of moral rebuke, as well as of the strong common sense, vigorous wit, and practical interest in men and affairs, for which the Romans were distinguished. The genuine Roman satire attained its highest excellence during the Imperial times, in the dearth of all pure poetic imagination, and of nearly all the subjects worthy of its employment. Its rise in the age between Ennius and Lucretius is an indication of the mental activity and literary progress, as well as of moral and social

changes, and of a growing spirit of self-consciousness and reflection.

Of the imaginative poets, as distinct from the writers of comedy, who lived and wrote in Republican Rome, we possess the complete works of only two, Lucretius and Catullus. They lived in the last days in which it was possible for a poet to express his genuine thoughts and sentiments, and to devote his art to the subjects indicated by his own taste and genius. Consequently they possess one great advantage over their successors, that of being thoroughly real and true to their own nature. Acknowledging no authority or influence, except that of equal personal friendship, they could lead their lives and follow their natural pursuits, unimpeded by the interference of arbitrary power or court patronage, and free from the obligations imposed by a state censorship, and from that deference to established opinion which republics sometimes too tyrannically exact. At no other epoch of Roman history do we find the presence of this condition, so necessary to the development of a poetic life and of independence of thought. It was, moreover, an epoch of unexampled power, freedom, and activity, productive of the greatest variety of individual character, calculated by its occupations, its excitement, its struggles, its acquisitions, to brace the energies, to impress the imagination, to enlarge the sphere of thought, and to kindle the capacities of enjoyment. Julius Cæsar combines many of the most striking, and some of the best, characteristics of that age in his wonderful variety of powers and accomplishments, all subordinate in him to a commanding will, in his independence, reality, and simplicity, in his energy and daring, in his keen sense of enjoyment, his liberal culture, his enlarged humanity. The satisfaction that could be afforded by intense life and the utmost energy of intellect was realised by him and by others in that time. The career of action and enjoyment was freely open. But if life had never before manifested so great a prodigality of its gifts, never before had those ideas, which seem to connect this life with another state of being, been so completely obscured. Loyalty to the state, reverence towards the symbols of law, honour between man and man, fear of the gods — that fear which God implants in the hearts of children, and twines round the childhood of nations for their protection — were now almost unmeaning names. It was, indeed, an age of keen enjoyment and unlimited energy, but favourable neither to real happiness nor to the highest aspirations. In such a life of apparent splendour and spiritual desolation the most gifted men had to seek in their own breasts, or in

outward excitement and activity, for what comfort was possible to them.

Yet, from its strength and genuine reality, from the freedom and variety that it manifested, as well as from its liberal culture and appreciation of the intellectual acquisitions of past times, it was, perhaps, the most genial age into which any Roman poet was born. The fresh tide of Greek literature had not yet begun to stagnate in marshes, or to recede from a soil that it had failed to fertilise. Neither despotism nor routine and custom had as yet quenched the youthful ardour which generous minds feel, when the great thoughts and thrilling words of past ages first burst upon them. It may be true that learning and knowledge, when embodied in a formal system and applied to general education, often fail to awaken a response in the emotions of the student, and rather tend to repel the more congenial influences of nature; yet, some of the great ages in the history of the world may be appealed to as witnesses of the power of knowledge, acquired in past times, to affect the imagination with its wonder and novelty, and prove to us that there is a voice to the heart of the living from the writings of the dead, as of 'deep calling unto deep;' and that the actions, the thoughts, and teaching of those who have gone before us may awaken as much ardour and enthusiasm as the impulses of our own age, or the direct investigation of nature. The influence of a past civilisation, literature, and art is felt especially by a nation, when first awaking to self-consciousness and reflection, when inspired by youthful ardour for knowledge, and as yet unchecked by discouragement and dissatisfaction in its endeavours to obtain it; when first captivated by the beauty of art, and not chilled or turned from its object by that 'phantom of self,' which too often misleads the poet to waste his power in questioning or idolizing his own inspiration.

While the world of Greek art and thought was most fully revealed to the Romans at this epoch, they at the same time enjoyed a more enlarged acquaintance with the actual world beyond Rome and Italy than was customary or possible in former times. The Roman people retained their hold over the world not only by the systematic extension of their government, but by their mastery over the natural obstacles to the inter-communication of nations. Their great roads, bridges, and other useful works, and the wonderful organisation of their trade, by which Italy was regularly supplied by sea not only with the luxuries but with the necessaries of life, represent a state of material civilisation unapproached by the

other great nations of antiquity. Mountain chains, vast forests, and rivers, the natural barriers between hostile races, were now easily passed by single travellers and large armies; and the sea, in all its variety of calm and storm, beauty, terror, and majesty, became familiar as a 'beaten way.' We find, indeed, in the Roman poets, especially in Lucretius, who invariably recognises the power of nature and the weakness of man, many passages, expressive of

> 'doubt and something dark,
> Of the old sea some reverential fear,'

as well as a deep feeling of its aspects of beauty and sublimity. Yet other passages in his poem show a close observation of the appearances that present themselves to voyagers at sea, and would thus imply that he was not deterred from encountering its dangers.

Catullus in one of his short poems celebrates, with beautiful simplicity and fond affectionate pride, the ship of his own, in which he performed the voyage from the Euxine to Italy. How suggestive, too, of a lively intercourse between Greece and Italy, is that expression in another of his poems, 'Dyrrachium, Hadriæ tabernam!' These facilities for foreign travel were eagerly seized by men, filled with fresh curiosity about the world, and naturally eager to see the ancient seats of the civilisation, literature, and art, which in the works of poets, historians, and philosophers were so familiar to them. How enthusiastically Catullus writes in anticipation of visiting the famous cities of Asia!—

> Ad claras Asiæ volemus urbes,
> Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
> Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt.

Lucretius writes of Sicily, of the renown of its ancient cities and natural wonders, with the enthusiasm of a cultivated and ardent traveller, as well as of a profound and imaginative poet. Athens, too, which had lost for ever the position of political teacher of Greece, claimed for it by Pericles, had now become, as it were, the great University of the world and was resorted to by all who aspired to the advantages of a liberal education. At the same time the extended knowledge of the tribes and nations, outside the pale of civilisation, could not fail to enlarge the sympathies and impress the imagination. The ideas of vagueness and vastness, connected with countries and their inhabitants only partially known, have powerfully affected the imaginations of poets, especially during, and shortly subsequent to, those eras of

great energy and enterprise, in which the discoveries, the commerce, or the conquests of civilisation have advanced with most rapid strides on the domains of barbarism. In the *Prometheus Vinctus* and the *Paradise Lost*, written by poets of kindred genius, among other points which they have in common, the recognition of the wonder, mystery, and interest attaching even to the names of distant and obscure nations, is not the least remarkable. We find in the age of which we are writing, Catullus welcoming his friend Verranius home from Spain in these words: —

> Visam te incolumem, audiamque Iberûm
> Narrantem loca, facta, nationes.

In Lucretius, who as a philosopher rises far above mere Roman sympathies, whose passionate ardour for all knowledge attainable in his age was unbounded, and who recognises the energy and beauty of Nature manifested even in the wild animals of the mountain and the forest, we find, as we might expect, many passages indicative of the wonder and liberal curiosity with which the enlarged knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants inspired him.

This fresh interest in the world, stimulated by the increased facilities for travel, must have tended to preserve individuals from the deadening effects of centralisation, and to relieve the monotonous routine and enervating dissipation of a life spent in the great Metropolis. We find, moreover, another influence in Roman life, capable of keeping alive the fresh springs of poetic feeling; namely, the custom, among the wealthier classes, of retiring from Rome, during the unhealthy autumnal season, to some favourite country-seat, — to some beautiful Sirmio or Tivoli, or pleasant Baiæ by the sea-shore; where, in the enjoyment of that *otium*, so dearly prized, and sometimes so well earned, they were refreshed in heart and spirit by impulses of sky and hills, lake, stream, and ocean. The love of Nature seems more congenial to the Italian than to the Greek mind. The sentiment of Socrates in the *Phædrus* — *τὰ μὲν οὖν χωρία καὶ τὰ δένδρα οὐδέν μ' ἐθέλει διδάσκειν, οἱ δ' ἐν τῷ ἄστει ἄνθρωποι* — is the natural feeling of a cultivated Athenian. The Greeks apprehended beauty in art, and especially in the representation of humanity, either in sculpture or dramatic poetry, more readily than in outward nature. This original difference between the Italian and Greek race may be traced in the earliest productions of the national imaginations, the religious creeds of the two countries. The religion of both was derived from one source, the old Arian worship of the elements. But

among the Greeks, even in the time of Homer, we find only obscure intimations of this lost creed (as in some of the fixed epithets of Zeus), and in its stead the worship of the gods of Olympus, no longer powers of Nature, but personifications of human passions and capacities. The genuine Italian religion, so long as it remained pure from foreign influence, was, in its main features, a worship of the great powers of Nature: as, for instance, the power of light was recognised under the two forms of Janus and Diana; the powers of earth under the forms of Saturnus and Ops; the powers of the air under those of Jupiter and Juno. It was thus natural to the Italian mind to feel and acknowledge the overshadowing power and grandeur of Nature, as it was to the Greeks to deify and represent the powers of human action. It must then have been congenial to the Roman character, as it is to our own, to live much in the country, and under the influence of Nature, though the custom was probably urged upon them by the unhealthiness of Rome in the autumnal months. In all the great Roman poets, we can find many indications of the fresh and happy influence that this custom exercised on their lives.

The freedom of individual life in the last age of the Republic, the widely diffused energy and enjoyment before the terrible agony of Pharsalia, Philippi, and Actium, the culture afforded by Greek thought and art to minds capable of appreciating them, the novelty and romance of foreign travel, the new ideas arising from a wider knowledge of the world, the idyllic freshness of country-life, in which men

> ‘ shook to all the liberal air,
> The dust, and din, and steam of town,’

have been noticed, not, of course, as causes capable of accounting for the appearance of poetic genius, but as most prominent among those favourable circumstances calculated to nourish and develope the susceptibilities and capacities of such poets as might be born into this time. But poetry, being an art as well as an inspiration, requires not only sensibility, emotion, and great conceptions, but also expression, harmony, and form. The state of an art in any age, no less than its modes of thought and intellectual activity, depend on certain antecedent and concomitant circumstances. The intellectual and social condition of the age will determine whether the imaginative representation of human life shall appear in the form of epic poem, drama, idyll, or novel; whether a philosophy of Nature shall take the form of a didactic poem or a scientific treatise. The state of the lan-

guage will determine whether the diction and rhythm shall be characterised by conventional smoothness, or by a certain difficulty and ruggedness, natural in those who are but pioneers over an unbroken soil.

In the poem of Lucretius we see evident signs of a successful struggle with the difficulties of expression; we hear complaints of the 'poverty of his native tongue;' we observe how little he draws from any hackneyed combination of words or storehouse of poetic diction; the energy of his feeling and the activity of his imagination fuse the metal, and cast it into the exact images of his mind. His impressions from outward things are so fresh, his images are so vivid, his perception of subtle analogies and latent properties so active and original, his thoughts are so real, that, without the sacrifice of his individual power, he could have derived little assistance from those expressions of vague abstractions, and those combinations of harmonious phrase, which a long-established literature introduces into every language. To struggle with the difficulties of expression is a real gain to a poet. He may be enervated by a fatal fluency and command of poetic diction, which spares him the labour of making his object, in all its completeness and detail, clear and determinate to his own mind, when he can with much more ease to himself, and more gratification to some of his readers, convey something like it by some old combination of words and established chime of sounds already associated with poetical emotion. But each repetition of such phrases, each iteration of the old echoes, strikes the mind with a duller impulse; each time it removes us further from fact and reality, and speaks to us only of the emotions and harmonies that Nature once awakened, not of those which she now raises in a new and living mind. One reason why the works of Lucretius are still so fresh to us is, that he had, in a great measure, to create his own diction; and that he formed the harmony of his rhythm on no past model, but that, feeling the emotions awakened by his great theme, 'Majestas cognita rerum,' he heard also its lofty and solemn music.

It is not of course meant that Lucretius was so original as to be, in regard to the conception, form, and expression of his poem, altogether independent of his predecessors. Such a claim could hardly be made even in favour of Homer; for if we could believe that two works of art so perfect as the Iliad and the Odyssey, burst unheralded on the darkness of the world, the notices of other bards in those very poems would contradict us. Perhaps the most favourable time for a great poet to appear is after the first difficulties of rhythm,

form, and expression have been overcome; when the way up the mountain has been partially cleared, but while the novelty of the ascent yet remains, and the glory of the prospect beyond haunts the imagination. While Lucretius owed the form of his rhythm (though not its deeper music) and something in poetic diction, and perhaps too in the original conception of his work, to Ennius, which debt he repays in lines of generous and enthusiastic admiration,—

> Ennius ut noster cecinit, qui primus amœno
> Detulit ex Helicone perenni fronde coronam,
> Per gentes Italas hominum quæ clara clueret,—

he is justified in the claim which, in the proud consciousness of his powers, he makes to rank as one of the great and original poets of his country.

The first conception of his work is due to Greek writers. It was by them that the knowledge of Nature (or, we should rather say, their fanciful theories concerning it,) was first expressed in song. The most celebrated of these poetical philosophers was Empedocles of Agrigentum, of whom Lucretius, while expressing dissent from some of his philosophical views, writes with the deepest love, admiration, and reverence. Speaking of Sicily as rich in so many objects of interest, he goes on: —

> Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro præclarius in se
> Nec sanctum magis et mirum carumque videtur;
> Carmina quin etiam divini pectoris ejus
> Vociferantur et exponunt præclara reperta,
> Ut vix humanâ videatur stirpe creatus.

Nor is it difficult to assign reasons for this apparently strange union of science and song. Apart from the obvious consideration, that in early times composition in verse was easier and more familiar than in prose, the views entertained about Nature by these writers are really more allied to poetry than to science. In the earliest times the interpretation of Nature was purely poetical, and was regarded as the direct revelation of the Muse to the gifted singer. Natural phenomena were then explained by the mythological invention. But as these 'fairy tales of science' passed away, and inquiry took the place of unquestioning belief, imagination was still the moving and directing power along the new path of discovery. As in the great age, when the whole world was first opened up to the enterprise of voyagers, and an impulse over all the coasts of the civilised world (like to that which, in a previous age, poured forth the hosts of crusaders) drove men abroad in the hopes of discovery and

adventure, the motive that induced the nobler sort, at least, to encounter so much toil and danger, was nothing selfish or worldly, but a longing to realise the dreams of the imagination, to satisfy the emotions of wonder and high curiosity, by which the unknown and the undiscovered attract men within their sphere; so, too, in the early ages of philosophy, the—

> 'Gray spirits, yearning with desire
> To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
> Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought,'

pursued their inquiry under the spells of wonder and imagination. Knowledge was sought for its own sake, with little expectation or desire of turning it to practical utility. These philosophers had neither the means nor the method, nor, perhaps, the patience, requisite for studying Nature experimentally. But they felt its greatness, they recognised the presence and grandeur of universal laws, they apprehended wonderful and far-reaching analogies,—'those same footsteps of Nature, treading on diverse subjects or matter,'—they clothed the universe in the most impressive conceptions that the phenomena of human life or of sensible appearance suggested; in some cases they followed the light of a mystic and religious enthusiasm in the daring adventure of their intellect; so that we need not wonder if the language of common life was not that in which their results of imaginative creation, rather than of calm observation, were enunciated. Strong emotion and enthusiasm require an adequate expression, and it was with such feelings that the early inquiries into Nature were pursued. Cicero tells us, that it was the opinion of some critics that the prose of Democritus (which he ranks with that of Plato), from its splendour and elevation, deserved the title of poetry more than the works of the comic dramatists. If such was the case with regard to the style of Democritus, with whose name tradition leads us to associate the character of irony rather than of enthusiasm, it seems sufficiently natural that the imaginative earnestness of the proud mystic of Agrigentum should have clothed itself with the harmonies of poetry.

We have seen how enthusiastically Lucretius admired Empedocles, and we cannot doubt that he was influenced by him as well in his character and modes of thought as in the actual composition of his work. The fragments of Empedocles that we still possess indicate the source from which the Roman poet derived the idea of treating his great subject in a didactic poem, and present us with the original form of

some of the great conceptions, some of the minute details, and some of the actual expressions, which we find in the work of the Latin poet. The idea of strife and peace, ceaselessly alternating in the universe, which recurs often with impressive solemnity in the Latin poet, where he shows that there is no such thing as actual loss of the original elements of things, that a new life arises from the decay of that which has gone before it, that destruction and renovation, in undeviating harmony, maintain the process of creation, was first apprehended by Empedocles, or, rather, we should say, transferred by his imagination from the impressive phenomena of human life to the vast combinations and forces of matter.

We find, too, in these poets a certain similarity of temper and imagination. Both display passionate earnestness and mournfulness, a sustained solemnity and sense of the majesty of the universe. Yet the indications of the influence of his predecessor are not sufficient to detract from the originality of the Roman. Like all the other Latin poets, he is deficient in inventiveness; by all of them the form of art, and generally the outlines of their story or subject, were derived from the Greeks. Thus, undoubtedly, Lucretius borrowed, and did not create, the original plan of his work; and from this circumstance arises its chief defect. In the poem of Empedocles the whole conception of Nature is poetical, and hence the poetic dress is no where ill-adapted to the substance of the work. Lucretius, on the other hand, though certainly not inferior as a poet, is so far superior as a man of science and minute observer of phenomena, as to view his subject in many lights, which are hardly adapted for poetic treatment. But if we except this unfortunate lack of inventiveness, owing to which he failed to find a new dress in which to clothe his teeming thoughts and deep emotions, there is no further drawback that we need make to his poetic originality. The imitations that his poem indicates are neither in kind nor degree comparable to those which abound in the works of Virgil and Horace. The thorough freshness and vividness of the whole work are sufficient to vindicate its originality. Again, while we have noticed similarity in the temper of these poets, there are still more marked differences. The imaginative views of Nature entertained by Empedocles show traces of the old mythical personifying interpretation, that was passing away for ever; we still recognise the unreal and fantastic shapes of the early morning before the full daylight has revealed the reality of the world; the dreams and vague regrets of religious mysticism blend with

the speculations of philosophy; his passionate sorrow is the lament of the intellectual soul, banished from its former home, and baffled here in all its high endeavours. This complaint, so often reiterated in modern times, has seldom found a more solemn utterance than in these lines.

> Παῦρον δὲ ζωὴς ἀξίου μέρος ἀθλήσαντες
> ὠκύμοροι κάπνοιο δίκην ἀρθέντες ἀπέπταν,
> αὐτὸ μόνον πεισθέντες ὅτῳ προσέκυρσεν ἕκαστος,
> πάντοσ' ἐλαυνόμενοι· τὸ δὲ οὖλον ἐπεύχεται εὑρεῖν
> αὔτως·—.

The most marked characteristic of Lucretius, on the other hand, is his intense reality; he sees all phenomena in the clearest light; he recognises little truth beyond the province of the senses and experience; he is impressed by the laws and real greatness of Nature, and by its outward aspects of beauty unadorned by any hues of fancy; he sympathises more deeply, perhaps, than any ancient writer with humanity as it actually exists; he does not mourn over the ideal sorrows of the intellect, nor the agony of the passions, but over the awful shocks which the blind inevitable march of nature inflicts on the deepest, most universal, and most real affections, and over the actual misery and degradation which man's blindness and corruption of heart inflict on himself and on the world.

Of the personal history of Lucretius we unfortunately know very little. His work throws no light on the outward events of his life, nor do we possess any account of him, written during his own age or for many generations afterwards. Several causes might account for the loss of what would have been to us knowledge of the greatest value. In the first place, interest in personal history and in the development of character is much more characteristic of our own day than of ancient times. The literature most generally popular in the present day is perhaps biography and the novel, both of which appeal to the interest felt in the ordinary pursuits, adventures, characters, and fortunes of individuals. In the most advanced ages of antiquity, the fate of the *State*—the most highly prized gain of ancient civilization from the chaos of barbarism—was felt to be of paramount importance, and the destiny, acts, and characters of individuals excited interest chiefly from their bearing on public history. Again, the times immediately subsequent to the death of Lucretius were among the most stormy and violent that ever passed over the civilised world. The actors and sufferers in that age had more pressing business before them

than to record the history of a peaceful poet and thinker, who had died before the full bursting of the storm. When it cleared away, though his immortal work shone from the 'firmament of time' with a bright influence on the labours of his more fortunate successors, the literary men of the next age were more bent on living their own lives, and proving themselves to be poets, than in recording for the benefit of posterity the fortunes of their predecessors. We find further, that there is strong internal probability that the poem of Lucretius was not published till after his death; and, judging from the philosophy which he adopted, and the tastes which he manifests, we should naturally infer that much of his life was spent in retirement; so that he may have been during his lifetime little known, even to his contemporaries. These considerations will account for the scanty records of his life, which have come down to us, and for the very unsatisfactory authority by which even these are supported. Our earliest and almost sole information concerning him is derived from Hieronymus, in the Eusebian Chronicle, who mentions that he was born in the year 99 B.C. (others fix the date four years later), and that having been driven mad by a love-potion, and having written several books in his lucid intervals, which were corrected by Cicero, he died by his own hand in the forty-fourth year of his age. That Cicero really edited his poem we have many reasons for disbelieving. Probably the abstract nature of the work, its acknowledged obscurity, and the equally acknowledged beauty of detached passages, may have led unfavourable and ignorant critics to attribute its excellence to the most popular of the literary contemporaries of the author. The story of his madness, and its cause, may be authentic, or may have been invented and believed from its congruity with the feeling of abhorrence which his doctrines inspired in later times. If we look to the poem itself, we find that no work of ancient or modern times proclaims more clearly the sanity of genius. We discover in it the most stringent consistency through long processes of reasoning, the most clear and exact observation, the most healthy equilibrium of all the faculties. His imagination is, indeed, more daring and fervid, and more akin to that of modern poetry, than that perhaps of any writer of antiquity, but it nowhere transcends the laws of the soundest judgment and the most fastidious taste. No author, certainly, gives indications of a deeper melancholy; no ancient writer shows so profound a sympathy with suffering humanity; no one displays more signs of the wounds of a human spirit engaged in a vain and unassisted battle for peace and tran-

quillity in the midst of 'endless agitation.' The very position, which he tried to gain above the storms of life, served only to disclose a wider view of that misery, from which he could not separate himself, while it could give him no glimpse of any hope or light beyond the gloom. But in his sorrow there is nothing morbid. He nowhere speaks of his own sufferings, of any curse that has fallen on his own lot. There is no weak murmuring about any secret grief that set him apart from his fellows. But the complaint of his proud and austere nature, wrung from him at intervals, was uttered in such deep and solemn words as these:—

> Miscetur funere vagor,
> Quem pueri tollunt visentis luminis oras,
> Nec nox ulla diem, neque noctem aurora secuta 'st,
> Quæ non audierit, mixtos vagitibus ægris,
> Ploratus, mortis comites et funeris atri.

For one possessed of a heart so tender, yet so proud, an imagination so impressible and profound, such iron consistency of thought, there was in those days no escape from the burden of such inexhaustible melancholy.

The story of his suicide cannot be said to be contradicted by internal improbability; but in an ancient Roman, and in one professing the tenets of a philosophic system, such a fate need not be regarded as a proof of morbid weakness or insanity. Suicide among the Romans was not usually the result of violent passion, or sentimental despair, or of a sickly weariness of life, but of the most calm and austere determination of the whole man in the full strength of his will and reason. Lucretius mentions the death of Democritus by his own hands in these words,—

> Denique, Democritum postquam matura vetustas
> Admonuit memores motus languescere mentis,
> Sponte suâ leto caput obvius optulit ipse.

As he himself combined, with the definite creed of a philosopher, the fortitude, severity, and stern will of a Roman, there is nothing to render it improbable that he, too, chose his own time for leaving this life. If there is any truth in the story of his frenzy, it is more likely that it overtook him when his work was well advanced, and that, feeling that the greatest of calamities had befallen him, that which he speaks of as the deadly disease of the soul,—

> Adde furorem animi proprium atque oblivia rerum,
> Adde quod in nigras lethargi mergitur undas,

he may have sought refuge from it in death, than that

any considerable part of his poem was composed in lucid intervals, during which his broken intellect regained for a time its original power. Such perfect restoration from frequent fits of insanity is surely among the most improbable of suppositions.

There seems to be little doubt that his work was left unfinished at the time of his death. It ends abruptly with an episodical account of the great plague at Athens. When we contrast this conclusion with the elaborate and artistic introduction to the whole poem, we perceive a want of harmony and completeness, which would surprise us in any ancient poet, even though much inferior to Lucretius. Further, his own words prove that his theme was still inexhausted. When he sketches the shadowy outline of the forms and abodes of the Gods, he adds these words: —

> Quæ tibi posterius largo sermone probabo.

Nowhere in his work is this outline filled up with those clear determined figures, by which he renders all the objects, that he fully discusses, prominent and apparent to our eyes. Again, his recent editors have found some passages, especially in his later books which seem to have been left unconnected with the general course of the poem, and to have been fitted into their present places not very skilfully. These considerations incline us to believe that he died — whether by his own hand or otherwise, — before his poem was completed, and that it was given to the world in its present state by some editor: who this was, it is impossible to determine; that it was either Cicero or his brother Quinctus seems in the highest degree improbable.

The light which his poem itself throws upon the circumstances of his life is very inconsiderable. The nature of his subject and his peculiarly contemplative nature prevent him from indulging in much personal allusion or notice of contemporary events. His theme is the 'Eternal laws of the Universe' — to expound in song, —

> quo quæque creata
> Fœdere sint, in eo quam sit durare necessum,
> Nec validas valeant ævi rescindere leges;

in discussing which theme he found little place for the stormy events and transient issues of his own time. He speaks of the Roman language as his 'native tongue;' but from this expression we cannot determine whether he was of pure Roman, or (like all the other great Latin poets) of Italian origin. His 'restless friend Memmius' (as Goethe calls him), to whom the poem is dedicated, is well known to us from his-

tory. He was, like so many of the eminent men of that age, a man of action, literature, and pleasure. He was Prætor, B.C. 58, and distinguished himself in that office by his opposition to Julius Cæsar, who, on being appointed to the government of Gaul, fixed his camp for some months before the gates of the city for the purpose of overawing the nobility and abetting the designs of Clodius. It is suggested with much probability by a writer in the 'New Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology,' (to whom the admirers of Lucretius are already much indebted for good service done in correcting the text, explaining the philosophy, and restoring some gleams of poetry in their author,) that in the pointed lines bearing on the vanity of ambition,—

> Si non forte tuas legiones per loca campi
> Fervere cum videas belli simulacra cientes,

the poet refers to Cæsar's army; and that in the words,—

> ——— nec Memmî clara propago
> Talibus in rebus communi desse saluti,

he refers to Memmius' opposition to Cæsar and Clodius, the tool of the triumvirs. He might well speak of this time as 'the evil days of his country,' when the State was threatened by the coalition of its three most powerful men; and the prayer or expression of anxiety and alarm in the lines (I. 29.),—

> Effice ut interea fera mœnera militiai
> Per maria ac terras omnis sopita quiescant,

might naturally have been called forth by rumours of movements among the nations beyond the Alps, which might again inflict on Italy the alarm and confusion that a former generation experienced from the inroad of the Cimbri and Teutones.

Among the few personal traits indicated in the poem, we may notice the frequent addresses to his friend Memmius, which suggest to us the need his lonely spirit felt for some human sympathy. He nowhere addresses him like a dependent paying homage to his patron, but like an equal, admiring the accomplished character of his friend,—

> Memmiadæ nostro, quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
> Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus;

expecting his friend's sympathy, as the best reward of his toil,—

> Sed tua me virtus tamen et sperata voluptas
> Suavis amicitiæ quemvis sufferre laborem
> Suadet, et inducit noctis vigilare serenas, &c.;

generously imparting to him the accumulated treasures of his own thought, and feeling a jealous interest in maintaining the constancy of his convictions.

We notice, too, his deep and passionate love of his art, and his enthusiastic ardour for knowledge which must have shed its light into the unfathomable gloom of his soul.—Thus he speaks of the 'sweet love of the Muses;' 'words acquired by my happy toils;' 'the heavenly delight and awe arising from the revelations of the secrets of Nature: the Muse is addressed as the 'rest of mortals and joy of the Gods. Again, we find the frequent expression of enthusiastic admiration and reverence for the genius of the great poets who preceded him, and for the great thinkers of his own school of philosophy. Thus, he speaks of 'semper florentis Homeri,' and, again, he assigns to him kingly state above all other poets:—

> Heliconiadum comites, quorum unus Homerus
> Sceptra potitus.

Of Democritus, Empedocles, and Ennius he writes with no stinted admiration. But Epicurus is the sun, whom he worships and deifies:—

> Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnis
> Restinxit, stellas exortus ut ætherius sol.

But those great philosophers of ancient Greece, who saw the other side of the world's question, and who looked on Man as greater than Nature, because capable of receiving a law that brings him into nearer union with God, are not mentioned in his work. Heraclitus, to whom the modern interpreters of ancient philosophy assign a high rank as a thinker, and whose views and modes of thought influenced the philosophy of Plato, is mentioned with contemptuous scorn, as,

> Clarus ob obscuram linguam magis inter inanis
> Quamde graves inter Graios, qui vera requirunt.

That Lucretius was one-sided, inspired with an unhesitating belief in the truth of his own views, and incapable of recognising greatness of thought in antagonists who contradicted his deepest convictions, cannot be gainsaid. But he did no more than repay the scorn of his opponents. Almost since philosophy arose, the war has waged between those antagonistic modes of thought, and it cannot be said yet to be reconciled. Heraclitus sought his explanation of the universe in what we call the ideas of the reason, regarding all appearance as deceptive and contradictory; Democritus derived all truth from phenomena and the observations of

sense. Modern idealism is the legitimate development of the former mode of thought, modern positivism of the latter. The Romans produced no great original metaphysician; and it seems in harmony with the reality and practical ability of their character, with the command that their strong hands and clear eye gave them over the world, that their only great abstract thinker should be found among the interpreters of material nature.

When the age of reflexion succeeded the age of instinctive action among the Romans, when the national religion had lost its hold on their minds, and the old guiding stars of life were obscured, those who wished to escape from the chaos of passion had to seek their light elsewhere. As they were naturally disinclined to mere negation and scepticism, and required to see clearly some definite course which their resolute wills might enable them to follow, they eagerly embraced the most one-sided systems of Greek philosophy, the tenets of which were most definite and most easily applied to life. Many of the greatest men among them took refuge from the blind and overwhelming influences of their own age in the system of stoicism and epicureanism. In the Imperial times we find the greatest names among the Stoics, who, like the Puritans in our own country, protested against the political despotism, as well as the moral corruption of their day, carrying their opposition to the world around them even into matters of dress and outward appearance. In the age of Lucretius the influences exciting opposition were different. In both ages, indeed, luxury, or rather the coarse sensuality of a race, physically vigorous and reduced to comparative inaction by the conquest of the world and the delegation of all labour upon slaves, prevailed to a degree calculated to repel purer and more thoughtful men; yet the garden of Epicurus, as well as the porch of Zeno, proclaimed 'plain-living' to be the true happiness of man. But instead of the political degradation, or rather torpor and death, of the Imperial times, the last age of the Republic presented the spectacle of a blind and restless energy, of a turmoil of activity and power, which only one man understood and knew how to use for his own ends. The 'Cloud Compeller' of this storm, who alone was able to reduce its elements to order and tranquillity, was Julius Cæsar. While the winds were raging, and the waves breaking over the shipwrecked State, the great poet of the age sought a refuge from the storm among the 'serene temples of contemplation,'—

Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena.

His object was to separate himself from the influence of his age, and to find in his own mind, in the study of Nature, in poetic art, and in commerce with the great men of past times, a sphere for his activity. Stoicism might have been congenial to the sterner elements of his moral nature, and it may have been an accident of his early education, a reverence for his first teachers, an early impulse of that 'hero-worship' and faith in great men, which his poem indicates, that drove him into the camp of their opponents. Still, when we consider his large contemplative nature, his varied accomplishments, his poetic power, his vigorous sense, his keen capacity of deriving enjoyment from the beauty of nature and art, his sympathy with simple pleasures and pure affection, it does not surprise us not to find him among the narrow — though somewhat noble — bigots of the Porch, or taking part with Cato in his strenuous yet futile attempt to stem the irresistible current of events. In the doctrines of Epicurus he found a view of truth that satisfied his intellect, and enabled him to encounter the troubles of his times; and to these doctrines he imparted a manly earnestness and moral fervour, derived from his own nature and from the old stamp of Roman character. The physical philosophy of Democritus, adopted into the system of Epicurus, afforded food to his keen interest in all natural phenomena, to his powers of minute observation and subtle analysis, to his philosophic craving to comprehend the Universe as a whole, to understand its laws as well as its facts; while his poetic imagination was able, without deviating from the rigorous method of science, to kindle the old atomic system into life and beauty.

It would seem, then, that his natural temper, his intellectual tastes, and the circumstances of his age, combined to make him a follower of Epicurus. 'Peace' was what he craved for himself, and preached with earnest zeal to others; 'peace' especially from the fears, desires, and passions of human nature. He traced the root of evil to man's own unsatisfied and corrupt heart, rather than to the circumstances in which he was placed—

> Intellegit ibi vitium vas efficere ipsum,
> Omniaque illius vitio corrumpier intus,
> Quæ conlata foris, et commoda, cunque venirent.

He adheres to the Epicurean dogma, that 'pleasure is the highest good,' or rather that it is the law which all life obeys ('dux vitæ dia voluptas'); but all sensuality and violent emotion, whatever is recompensed by reaction or destroys the equilibrium of enjoyment, is condemned as

destructive of the peace of the soul. In a long passage of the third book, perhaps of more sustained depth and solemnity than any other in the poem, he endeavours to 'fight the fear of death,' by considerations founded on its deep, insensible, and uncomplaining rest, on the inadequacy of life, even though prolonged through all generations of men, to satisfy man's craving for excitement (where he utters the old complaint 'there is nothing new under the sun' 'eadem sunt omnia semper'); and on the unmanly weakness of complaining against the inevitable decree, that had gone forth against all alike, against kings and heroes, poets and sages, as well as the lowest slaves of past generations: —

> Scipiades, belli fulmen, Carthaginis horror,
> Ossa dedit terræ, proinde ac famul infimus esset.

He bows before the majesty of Death, and resigns himself to the awful, because blind and irresistible, might of Nature. How simple, yet august and sad, are these words — *ossa dedit terræ;* and, again, that line, recurring more than once, in his poem,

> Morte obitâ quorum tellus amplectitur ossa!

He writes as one who had a heart to feel the priceless blessings of life, and who knew and valued the truest source of happiness to man. Very tender, surely, and touching, and rising into far purer regions than the atmosphere of his time and country, is the feeling of these lines: —

> Jam jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
> Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
> Præripere et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent.
> Non poteris factis florentibus esse tuisque
> Præsidium.

If the human heart could ever acquiesce in the doom of annihilation, nowhere — neither in the cold philosophy of a Hume, nor the earnest sympathy of a Shelley, still less in the mockery of a Voltaire, or the pride of modern dogmatists — could it find words of support, so strong, yet so passionately mournful. Yet even from this doom of what seems to us despair, he enforces the terrible earnestness of life. He shows, in a spirit that reminds us of the noblest passages in the Roman satirists, how that life, whose loss they dread, is wasted by men in sloth, weakness, restlessness, and folly.

How grandly earnest, too, is the truth, and how noble in its simplicity is the expression of this line —

> Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu!

It is surely a great proof of the necessity that there was

for a higher truth being at that time given to man, when we find that the hopes and fears of the most gifted and most earnest men then living were bounded by the horizon of this world. The other poet of the age, Catullus, held the same gloomy faith. His life was supported by no system of philosophy, by no austere contemplation, by no fortitude based on self-conscious reflection. Death is to him an idea not of majesty or awe, but of gloom and abhorrence, from which he shrunk away, and which he tried to forget among the pleasures congenial to his youth and temperament, and not strictly condemned by his age; and among purer enjoyments, supplied by his frank, affectionate heart, and by his passionate, artist-like devotion to beauty, whether in old song and legend, or in living nature.

But the great curse of human nature, according to Lucretius, is the terror caused by superstition. No lingering doubt, timidity, or reverence for what his reason condemned as false, restrains him in his denunciation of the popular creed, as unworthy alike of gods and men. One instance of impious guilt, prompted by 'religion,' against the most sacred ties of human nature, is taken from the terrible, yet tragically beautiful story of Mycenæ, to point the moral —

> Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

He treats with scorn and earnest indignation the cant that attempted to shield the contradictions, puerilities, and immoralities of heathenism by denouncing those who submitted unauthenticated fables and theories to the test of reason, as

> Immortalia mortali sermone notantes.

'True piety,' he says, 'cannot consist in falling prostrate, with outstretched hands, before the temples of the gods, nor in sprinkling altars with the blood of beasts, nor in adding vows to vows, but rather in being able to contemplate all things with a mind at peace —

> Sed mage pacatâ posse omnia mente tueri.

'The terror caused by attributing the awful manifestations of nature to the wrath or caprice of higher powers, not only degrades the natural dignity of man, but repels those higher and calmer influences by which we are able to obtain an insight into the true life of these powers,

> Nec delubra Deûm placido cum pectore adibis,
> Nec de corpore quæ sancto simulacra feruntur
> In mentis hominum divinæ nuntia formæ,
> Suscipere hæc animi tranquillâ pace valebis.

As he denies the immortality of the soul, on arguments founded on materialism, there is no place in his system for a future retribution. The tales of Tantalus, Tityos, Sisyphus, the Danaïdes, and the tortures of the damned, he represents as the projection into futurity of that blind cowardice, those craving passions, that baulked ambition, that restless dissatisfaction, those inflictions of penal justice, and those gnawings of conscience and remorse, that cause the misery and degradation of this human life. Yet these things are not mere fictions of poets and painters, but are the imaginative colouring of this real life. Here in this world is the hell that poets have depicted —

Hic Acherusia fit stultorum denique vita.

Though he acknowledges the existence of gods, and regards them with that reverence which his earnest impressible soul feels for all objects and ideas of power and majesty, he denies the doctrines of a divine creation of the world, and of a superintending Providence. His gods are beings of fine and pure essence, exempt from death, decay, and wasting passions, supplied in all things by the liberal bounty of Nature, and dwelling above the darkness and storms of our atmosphere, in regions of farspread light —

'Where falls not rain, or hail, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.'

But how is the existence of these gods, not being cognisable by the senses, revealed to man? One doctrine of his Physical Philosophy is, that all objects cast off from themselves images (simulacra), which, though devoid of life, force, and feeling, are borne about the universe like homeless wanderers. These appearing to the eye of the mind in dreams and waking visions, have suggested the belief in a life beyond the grave, and have revealed the existence of the calm and august shapes of the gods. The imaginations of men, combining with their fears and their ignorance of the universality of law or constant sequence in natural phenomona, have invested these powers with the attributes of creators and governors of the universe. Hence it is that we see all over the world temples, altars, festivals, and the solemn rites of superstition. Against the belief of a Divine creation and government of the world for the behoof of man, he argues from the imperfections of creation, from the waste of Nature's resources on vast tracts of mountain and forest, on desolate marshes, rocks, and seas, from the hostility to man of other denizens of the earth, from powers in the soil, in

climate, in the elements, and the seasons inimical to his well-being, from the helplessness of infancy, the wants of the full-grown man, the devastations of disease, the untimeliness of early death. Nature exists for herself alone; man appears in her train; he must comply with her requisitions or perish. Further, to attribute the idea of creation to the gods, is to suppose them weary of their tranquil happiness, and infected with a human passion for change. Whence, too, could they have obtained the idea of creation, whence could they have known the secret powers and combinations of matter, —

Si non ipsa dedit specimen natura creandi?

But the great argument against Divine Providence, that pervades his whole poem, is the establishment of what appeared to him the contradictory truth of the universality and constancy of the laws of Nature. This truth, which he held most firmly and consistently, does indeed overthrow the old mythological interpretations of Nature, which attributed all phenomena to the operation of a dynasty of independent and lawless powers. Yet he could not rise to a conception, which reconciles this lower truth, which he held, with the highest truth — of a Providence acting by and through the laws of Nature.

The denial of all the recognised objects of religious belief is combined, in Lucretius, with feelings of most earnest reverence. We cannot, indeed, attribute to him, as we can to Virgil, the character of natural piety; for piety implies, not only reverence, but humility, distrust of human power, and faith in the Divine. These qualities are nowhere visible in Lucretius. He felt the strongest confidence in his own convictions. Yet we observe through all his work the emotion of reverence, — reverence for truth, for power, for the manifestations of law and uniformity in vast spheres of action, for greatness both physical and moral, for human genius, even for august ceremonials. It is the reverence of a contemplative, not of a pious nature. Such epithets as *sanctus*, *dius*, *divinus*, are of constant occurrence in his poem. Reverence for the majesty of Nature is the real inspiration under which he writes: —

Quis potis est dignum pollenti pectore carmen
Condere pro rerum majestate hisque repertis?

While his intellect condemns the rites of superstition, his imagination is impressed by their solemnity. He sometimes gives indications of such a conflict of feelings as an earnest Protestant, jealous for truth and human liberty, yet gifted with imaginative suceptibility, might experience in St.

Peter's, or when witnessing the impressive and time-hallowed ceremonies of the Roman faith. Such are the feelings with which he contemplates the procession of Cybele through the nations and cities of men. In the devout solemnity of the lines, —

> Ergo cum primum magnas invecta per urbes
> Munificat tacitâ mortalis muta salute,

we can almost fancy the imaginative impression of the poet passing for a moment into the faith of the devotee. But as it is one of the highest of his poetic excellences that he grasps so firmly, and expresses so clearly, yet so fervently, many of those truths that prove the central unity of our being — those which are recognised at once by the intellect and the imagination, — so, on the other hand, it is a great indication of the soundness and health of his mind, that where the objects of the imagination and the reason are distinct, where outward appearance or ancient association has thrown a veil of poetry round a fiction or a delusion, he never swerves from the allegiance that he knew was due only to truth. He feels and reproduces some of the beautiful fancies of Mythology, as an artist lingering over some evanescent appearance, some combination of colours or shadows that was passing away for ever; but as a poet and thinker, he finds, in his time, reality the only true field for the exercise of imagination.

In connexion with the religious emotions and belief of Lucretius, the celebrated Invocation to his poem deserves especial notice. He there identifies the active, vivifying, beautifying power of Nature, — *Natura naturans*, as it is called, — with Venus, the mythological ancestress of the Roman people. He desires her assistance in the composition of his poem; and prays that, through her intercession with the God of War, peace may reign upon the earth. It is difficult to determine what exact meaning we are to attach to this Invocation. We must reject at once the supposition that it is a mere rhetorical exordium. No writer in prose or song ever showed a loftier scorn for what was merely conventional and rhetorical. There is, perhaps, not even a single epithet in his poem that is vague, unmeaning, or commonplace.

The Power addressed by him is something very real, apparent, and yet mysterious. It is that Power whose manifestations are the subject of the poem. It is the Power which, by the active agency of pleasure, seems to renew, gladden, and beautify created life. Further, Lucretius, like all great poets, felt and acknowledged his inspiration. The old

practice of invocation to the Muse, such as we find it in Homer,—

> ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστε τε πάντα·
> ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν,

is no mere rhetorical ornament to poetry, but the expression of a deep-felt truth, acknowledged in different ways by great thinkers, like Plato and Goethe, as well as by all genuine poets,—that emotion and imagination are not powers depending on their own will,—that they cannot summon them by any effort of their own,—that they only hear the music, but do not know whence it comes. This subjective fact of inspiration is acknowledged by Lucretius, while he denies the existence of the powers to whom the old poets attributed its effect. He attributes it to that same genial influence of Nature, that creates all life, order, and beauty. The visible manifestations of this power seem analogous to the emotions and thoughts that spring up and assume shape and beauty, without conscious effort, in the mind of the poet. But invocation means prayer, and prayer implies a superior being possessed of consciousness and will. He prays not only for inspiration, but for peace. He avails himself of that old mythology, which he treats in general with scorn, and begs the intercession of Venus with the God of War. Perhaps he may here be following in the steps of Empedocles, and availing himself of the heathen mythology, to express the idea of strife and love, destruction and renovation, as the law which Nature follows in creating and preserving the universe.

But in this prayer for inspiration must we recognise only the acknowledgment that his highest gifts, while out of the sphere of his own will, reach him through the ministration of a blind and unconscious power? In his prayer for peace, is he but announcing the fact that war and devastation are at variance with art, beauty, and the tranquil energies of the poet? Or, may we not find here traces of the old indomitable human instinct, breaking in its perennial vitality through the most iron system? On this point we may quote the words of the thoughtful and masterly historian of that time*: —'The sublimest of the Roman poets sighs for rest from war as heartily as from the terrors of superstition. If he once only relapses from his hapless abnegation of a superintending Providence, it is in his pathetic address to the goddess, power or principle, which associates all things in their appointed harmonies, and can alone effect the restoration of placid peace to his countrymen.'

* Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire.*

Perhaps, then, in the passage we may trace four different elements; the imaginative recognition of a great and mysterious fact — of the power and manifestation of that Nature which is the subject of his poem; the imagination of an artist availing himself of the creations and fancies of past poets, to give a pictorial representation to his own thoughts; the symbolical representation of a great law of Nature; the instinctive impulse to clothe that power, which he recognises as higher and greater than man, with the attributes of consciousness and will. If we believe in the impossibility of genuine atheism, this one inconsistency of the poet need not surprise us.

But the relation which, in his general view, Nature — i. e. the combination of all the materials and forces of creation — bears to man, is that of a blind, unconscious sovereign — blind equally in her bounty and in her oppression. Pleasure is the agent, through which she supports and renovates the process of life. Man clings to existence only so long as he is under the spells of pleasure; 'donec retinebit blanda voluptas;' and through the same agency the renewal of all created life is secured. So far Nature is bounteous to man. She is liberal, also, in her revelations of awful majesty or tranquil beauty, emanating indeed from her own unconscious march, and not designed for the elevation or comfort of man, but yet of such a nature as he can receive and appropriate into his being. But she presents to him other aspects of relentless, unsympathising sternness. To the gods she is, as we have seen, lavish in her gifts, and to the whole race of wild animals, whose wants are simple, and who 'wage no foolish strife' with her, she is an indulgent mother. But besides all the misery which man inflicts upon himself, Nature is the cause of much. It is to her that disease, the blighted hopes of the husbandman, untimely death, shipwrecks, earthquakes, pestilences, are due. Even the means of subsistence would fail, except for the unceasing resistance of man.

> Quod superest arvi, tamen id natura suâ vi
> Sentibus obducat, ni vis humana resistat
> Vitai causâ valido consueta bidenti
> Ingemere, et terram pressis proscindere aratris.

The object which man ought to propose to himself under these disadvantageous circumstances is, the purification of his heart from those passions that cause so much of his misery — the reduction of his wants to the standard indicated by Nature, — and the study of her laws, — not indeed with a view of increasing her material resources, and of making them

subservient to his own convenience (for that idea scarcely entered into the fancy of the ancients), but in order that he may ascertain his own position here, and learn to acquiesce in what is inevitable. All this may be accomplished by reason and philosophy; and so, notwithstanding the various natural dispositions of men, all adverse to tranquillity and happiness, and notwithstanding accidents to his peace from the shocks of Nature, he may even here realise for himself the life of the gods:—

Ut nil impediat dignam dis degere vitam.

These views, presented here apart from their context, necessarily separated from that impressive clearness and loftiness of diction, that solemn harmony of music, that earnest fervour, that fiery power of imagination, which animate his poem, represent some of his deepest convictions on human life and destiny. They show us the aspect of the world, forced upon him by the definite system of opinions which he adopted, by the state of physical science in ancient times, by the moral, political, and spiritual condition of his age, and by his own character and temper. It would occupy much time, and carry us through much unprofitable matter, if we attempted to present an abstract of the whole system of his philosophy. We should find much to admire in his comprehensive grasp of his subject, in his rigid method of developing it, in the acuteness and ingenuity of his reasoning, though often on false or insufficient data, in his extraordinary powers of observation, in the subtlety which he displays in resolving complex phenomena and abstractions into their simple elements, in the clearness and consecutiveness of his style, rising successfully above the difficulty of treating an abstract scientific subject not only in verse, but in a language little adapted for expressing the subtle connexions and distinctions of thought and things. We should remark, too, as a sign of his wonderful soundness and integrity as a thinker, the frequent union, without mutual disturbance, of the operations of reason and fervid imagination and feeling upon the same objects of inquiry. Sometimes the processes of describing and analysing phenomena, of connecting them with their causes, and confuting opposing views, are carried on singly; but his imagination is always ready to recognise the wonder, grandeur, or beauty presented by objects in the natural course of the inquiry, or to give dignity to minute and ordinary phenomena, by connecting them with great laws, or by tracing in them processes analogous to others, carried on upon the vastest and

grandest scale; but it nowhere disturbs, distorts, or exaggerates the decision of the other faculties engaged in the pursuit of truth. We should find also, many striking anticipations or suggestions of future discovery. But notwithstanding the tribute we pay to the value of many of his scientific observations, and the admiration we accord to his great powers of understanding, it would neither be profitable nor interesting to enter into all the details of a system of physical philosophy, which the subsequent inquiries, not of one or two men in one age, but of centuries and nations, have overthrown, and which by the inadequacy of its materials, its erroneous method, and its ambitious aim, was from its origin doomed to perish, though perhaps even in its decay to animate and fructify a sounder system.

The most prominent position of his philosophy is, that the reason can only draw deductions from the data furnished by experience; for instance, we know that we are mortal because we find ourselves liable to the same diseases as those by which others have perished.

> Nec ratione aliâ mortales esse videmur
> Inter nos, nisi quod morbis ægrescimus idem
> Atque illi quos a vitâ natura removit.

Yet in apparent inconsistency with this dogma, the eternal and indivisible atoms, from whose combinations and motions in space all things are produced, are represented as lying out of the reach of the senses. Yet this idea is first suggested by observed phenomena: i.e. we see the results of growth and diminution of bodies, which must arise from the access and loss of particles in themselves too minute for our perception. So, too, he holds that infinite motion is going on, while all things appear to our senses to be at rest. Yet this idea, also, is first suggested by the senses, viz. by our experience of the fact that certain phenomena, for instance, flocks moving on a hill-side, or the evolutions of an army on a plain, present at a distance the appearance of rest and unity, and yet on a nearer view are found to consist of a number of individuals in constant motion. The principle, then, on which he and the other physical philosophers of antiquity reason is very different from the cautious canons of modern induction, and is rather a loose application of analogical reasoning. Our generalisations must, in the first place, be derived from the phenomena of sense; but these when once established may be applied by the understanding to matters altogether beyond the province of the senses, if they seem to account for any or several of the phenomena actually witnessed.

Perhaps the most interesting of his abstract speculations are those on the progress of society, which occupy the latter part of Book v. of his poem. These speculations are founded on probabilities suggested by the facts of human nature, as understood by him. He acknowledges the absence of data directly furnished by experience in the lines,—

> Propterea quid sit prius actum respicere ætas
> Nostra nequit, nisi qua ratio vestigia monstrat.

The same subject had been treated poetically by Greek writers. Hesiod and Empedocles dwell on the idea of a golden age of innocence and happiness from which man had fallen away. Æschylus, in his *Prometheus Vinctus*, like Lucretius, represents humanity as gradually emerging from a state of blind and savage rudeness. The Greek poet regards the condition of man as feeble and helpless, and incapable of advance without Divine assistance; Lucretius represents it as equally rude and comfortless, but more vigorous and self-dependent. The beginning of civilisation he ascribes to the influence of family affection, especially to that gentleness which strong natures feel towards the young and helpless: —

> Puerique parentum
> Blanditiis facile ingenium fregêre superbum.

The lines that follow are very striking from their manly tenderness: —

> Tunc et amicitiam cœperunt jungere aventes
> Finitimi inter se nec lædere, nec violari,
> Et pueros commendârunt muliebreque sæclum,
> Vocibus et gestu cum balbè significarent
> Imbecillorum esse æquum misererier omnes.

Surely in these lines — in the recognition of the principle that protection of the weak is the first duty of the strong — the first human law that introduced any order amid the blind turbulence of passion, and the one most inalienably connected with the instincts of manhood — in the heart that felt this truth, in the hand that carved it out in such clear unambiguous words,—

> Imbecillorum esse æquum misererier omnes,—

we recognise something more human, noble, and generous than the apathy of an epicurean, the pride of a Roman, or the indifference of a philosopher, who in his enthusiasm for nature and in his elevated contemplation of truth was deaf to 'the still sad music of humanity.'

The whole of his views on the progress of society, on the growth of civilisation, arts, and government, display at once

the intensest poetry, and the most pregnant and suggestive thought.

Whatever opinion we may form of Lucretius as a philosopher, judging him candidly by the powers of mind that he displays, rather than by the definite results at which he arrives, his high poetical excellence is beyond the reach of cavil. It is true that his great work has never been, and probably never will be, one of the popular poems of the world. Contemplative views of Nature and Man can never excite such universal sympathy as representations of the actions and passions of individuals. Further, as we have already hinted, his poem, viewed as a work of art, must be regarded as defective. The object of producing philosophical conviction is at least as prominent as that of affording the elevated pleasure that poetry imparts. Again, though the grand conceptions of ancient physical philosophy are imaginative, many of its minute details lie out of the sphere of poetic feeling; and the rigorous method of Lucretius allows him to linger among the flowers of poetry only when they lie in the march of his lofty argument. Further, though the imaginative expression of the deepest and widest thought enters into the highest poetry, yet abstract processes of reasoning, the method by which the results are arrived at, are in their nature unpoetical. The poem is something incommensurable, to which the poetic art neither of ancient nor modern times affords an exact parallel.

He does not rank among the great creative poets, who, by the action of their imagination upon the depths of their emotional nature and their experience, have enriched the world with ideal creations more precious than the exactest record of real men,—of which class Homer, the Greek tragedians, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, and Goethe are the highest types. He is, however, one of the foremost, certainly the very foremost among ancient poets, of those who reveal, interpret, and celebrate the actual beauty and mystery of this world and of human life. His poetic power lies in his openness to all impressions of joy, melancholy, pathos, wonder, sublimity, and majesty; in his power of 'vision,' of clearly and vividly conceiving and reproducing the actual, and of informing it with a force and activity derived from his own imagination; in the depth of his emotion and the strength of his conceptions acting in perfect harmony with one another, and with the gift of lofty musical utterance.

To begin with what is most external in a poet—harmony and expression—we find in his poem that the hexameter

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verse has made great advances since the days of Ennius. This change may be ascribed to the rapid progress of an energetic age, rather than to the efforts of any one individual; for we find in Catullus the Latin hexameter moulded into great perfection and beauty, though of a different kind from that of the solemn organ-tones of Lucretius. If we may draw a comparison between the music of ancient and modern poets, the long sounding roll of the Lucretian hexameter reminds us of the deep and continuous harmony of Milton, or rather, perhaps, from its monotony and want of complexity, of the most solemn passages in the *Excursion;* while Catullus, in that beautiful poem which restores one page of old epic legend, by the simple yet stately and tranquil march of his rhythm, in which the music of each single line is often complete in itself, and yet blends harmoniously with the whole effect, brings to our mind the calm finished simplicity and mellow cadences of the *Morte d'Arthur* (a fragment like the poem of Catullus, rescued from old romance) of *Ulysses*, the *Princess*, and the beautiful idylls of our great living poet. The music of Virgil hardly equals that of Lucretius in solemnity and in solid massive power, while it is superior (and in this respect more like that of Milton) in variety and complexity. The lines in the grandest passages of Lucretius seem to follow one another with a swelling and cumulative force: we seem to hear in them echoes from the 'Magnis amfractibus æquor,' as it breaks on the shore, lonely, solemn, and monotonous, yet rising from time to time in some majestic τρικυμία with more sonorous and awful music.

Something has already been said of his power of expression, while we considered the poetic characteristics of his age. When we say that it is never rhetorical or conventional, never either halting or exaggerated; that in his hands the Latin language is capable of giving the clearest expression to close abstract reasoning and to the minutest observation of physical phenomena; that it is able to cause the most distinct and definite images to flash at once on the mind's eye, and, at the same time, to bring into full light and splendour some of the most subtle and evanescent gleams of poetry — we acknowledge him to be one of the greatest masters of his instrument. We might add, too, what is often regarded as the best test of this power, some of those perfect sayings in which a great moral truth or characteristic has once for all been expressed in the best language: such, for instance, as the 'eripitur persona, manet res,' 'sapiunt alieno ex ore,' 'surgit amari aliquid,' and

the 'vitaque mancipio nulli datur,' &c., before referred to; though such expressions are more naturally to be sought for in those writers whose principal subject is the display of human life and character. We should notice, too, his great power of condensation, by which two or three words, or some happy epithet, reveal or suggest a greater profusion of thought, fact, and imagery, than inferior writers convey in the most detailed descriptions. In point of idiomatic purity of style, he is placed by scholars above the writers of the Augustan age. Still we can scarcely consider excellence of poetical expression apart from the sense of the music of language, on the one hand, and from the faculty of imagination on the other; for though beautiful conception and deep feeling may exist without the powers of poetical utterance, and may either reveal itself in other ways or may remain altogether silent, still expression can have no virtue beyond being the most faithful interpreter of the thought and feeling. When the tone of expression goes beyond the splendour of the idea, the fervour of the emotion, and the truth of fact, it is faulty and rhetorical. When, therefore, we say that the language of Lucretius is the full and harmonious expression of his music, that it never violates the purity of good taste, and that it is the faithful interpreter of his mind, we bestow upon it the highest praise.

When we speak of imagination as the distinguishing gift of a poet, we mean by it a very complex faculty or combination of faculties. It seems to be both active and passive, on one side intellectual, on the other emotional. It implies apprehension, conception, active creation, and various emotions. It is in some respects an ungrateful task to analyse those passages of poetry that give us the most exquisite pleasure, and to trace in them the action of separate faculties. We feel the unrealised lifelessness of those component parts into which we have resolved the whole effect. The lines of our author immediately suggest themselves to us,—

> E thuris glæbis evellere odorem
> Haud facile est, quin intereat natura quoque ejus;

or the words of Shelley, conveying the same idea, when showing the impossibility of translating poetry from one language into another: 'It were as wise to cast a violet into a crucible, that you might discover the formal principle of its colour and odour.' Still something of this kind must be attempted if we wish to explain to others the grounds of our own admiration of a writer, and to indicate the different kinds of pleasure which we derive from different poets.

The first condition of the excellence of a poet depends on his own character, on the strength and purity of his own passions and affections, the intensity of his life, the variety of his experience. It is from this source that the imagination must draw most of its materials. A poet can only enter into the feelings of another by sympathy, i. e. by experiencing in himself the germ or tendency which he represents as fully developed in another. We have already considered the chief moral characteristics of Lucretius, in so far as we can judge of them from his poem. In considering his gifts of imagination, we remark, in the first place, the clearness, distinctness, and reality of his conceptions. His figures stand out in determined and prominent forms; he sees his object in a clear but not a dazzling light; unlike Virgil, who sees it through a haze of beauty, that partially hides its real proportions and properties. Accurate 'vision' is the foundation of his excellence, and imparts substantial reality and life to his higher gifts. This power, depending originally on exact observation, meets us so constantly through his whole poem, manifesting itself either singly or in combination with other powers, that it seems almost superfluous to illustrate it. We may take as an instance of graphic pictorial power the following passage, which, after nineteen centuries, throws a blaze of light on the luxurious magnificence of the old Roman mansions: —

> Si non aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per ædes,
> Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,
> Lumina nocturnis epulis ut suppeditentur.

We might refer in illustration of this faculty to such passages as the description of 'the flood breaking the bridges' (I. 281.), (like a similar picture in Burns's *Brigs of Ayr*), that 'of a sunrise' (II. 144.), that of 'the cow, searching for her lost calf,' the 'appearance of the stars on a windy night' (IV. 441.), and many others. His epithets are never vague, conventional, or out-of-place; but if they do nothing more, they at least always make his object more definite and apparent. How true and graphic are the following, for instance: — 'Nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela,' and 'levisomna canum pectora.' Whether he represents a simple fact or object, or apprehends the most sublime analogies, or draws the most elaborate pictures, or recognises the grandeur of a great moral crisis, as, for instance, in the passage, —

> Ad confligendum venientibus undique Pœnis, &c.;

or animates outward appearance with a force and unity derived from his own imagination,—he is pre-eminently dis-

tinguished for his direct and immediate apprehension and reproduction of reality.

Imagination does not only reproduce, but it animates, its object. Lucretius, from the intense activity of his mind, seldom is satisfied with reproducing the mere forms and beauty of sensible appearance, over which Catullus and Virgil would have lingered with delight; but either suggests some remote properties, or animates the object with a new character, or traces it to its hidden causes, or connects it by analogy with other phenomena. Many of his epithets and terse poetical expressions are wonderfully suggestive either in themselves, or from the context where they occur. How much of life and beauty is added to the sea by the epithet *navigerum* in the celebrated invocation to the poem! The expression '*dædala* tellus summittit flores' suggests to us not only the varied beauty, but the subtle, pervading, all-shaping activity of the earth: then again, the epithet *monti-vagum*, applied to animals, suggests to us the wild solitary freedom which they enjoy. Even an epithet so simple as this, 'per *magnas* didita gentis,' from its context, calls up the emotions of sublimity which are associated with the vastness of peoples and nations. The expression 'noctes vigilare *serenas*,' from the context in which it occurs leads us to contrast the deep calm of the night and of outward nature with the ceaseless fervent toil of the lonely student. A new character of pervading awe is given to the silence of the night in the expression '*severa* silentia noctis undique cum constent;' and the inaccessible loneliness of the fabled gardens of Hesperides (like Keats' 'fairy lands forlorn'), is suggested by the line —

Propter Atlanteum littus, pelagcque *severa*.

Again, what varied life and energy are communicated to natural objects by such expressions as the following: — '*circumtremere* æthera signis,' 'cœli tegit *impetus* ingens,' '*vagos* imbres tempestatesque *volantes*,' 'concussæque cadunt urbes *dubiæque minantur*,' 'simulacraque *fessa* fatisci,' 'sol lumine *conserit* arva.' We might quote numberless instances of similar terse expressions, which derive their character not so much from their close adherence to observed facts, as from their imparting new life and properties to things.

We go on to longer passages in which the same faculty is employed in giving unity to striking combinations of nature and human action. Among the impressive human phenomena which strike the imagination of Lucretius, we find the pomp and pageantry of great armies frequently recurring. In Book II., there is a passage of great sublimity, where

in illustration of the philosophic truth that infinite motion may go on, and yet present to our eyes an appearance of perfect rest, the poet describes the gathering and rapid evolutions of many legions; 'infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies;' the shifting gleams of arms, shouts echoed by the surrounding hills, the hurrying to and fro of cavalry, shaking the plain with their impetuous tramp; and then by one touch reduces all this moving and sounding pageant to deep stillness and silence: —

> Et tamen est quidam locus altis montibus, unde
> Stare videntur, et in campis consistere fulgor.

There are two remarkable passages (Book IV. 130—140, and VI. 187, &c.) in which the motions and combinations of clouds are described both with graphic accuracy and imaginative sublimity, though perhaps neither of them is equal to the famous passage in the *Excursion*, or presents so wonderful an image as that of —

> The battlements, that on their restless fronts
> Bore stars, illuminations of all gems;

still there is poetic power as well as the most graphic description in such expressions as, —

> Cernimus et mundi speciem violare serenam
> Aëra mulcentes motu;

And again, —

> Interdum magni montes avolsaque saxa
> Montibus anteire et solem succedere præter,
> Inde alios trahere atque inducere belua nimbos.

Again, in the second passage, how the gloom of the gathering tempest is heightened by the truthful and suggestive touch —

> Sepultis undique ventis!

Further, his imagination animates his objects by representing them, not as isolated phenomena, but as depending on causes and themselves productive of new effects. A good illustration of this may be found in the passage, —

> Postremo pereunt imbres, ubi eos pater æther
> In gremium matris terrai præcipitavit,
> At nitidæ surgunt fruges, &c. I. 250.

The two last lines in the following passage are exquisite in many ways: —

> Percolatur enim virus retroque remanat
> Materies umoris et ad caput amnibus omnis
> Convenit, inde super terras fluit agmine dulci
> Quâ via secta semel liquido pede detulit undas.

The description is in itself beautiful; but derives new life from the necessary dependence of the ever-shifting waters of the stream upon the channel which has once for all been cut out for them.

One of the highest functions of the imagination is the perception of poetical analogies. These possess grandeur from the fact of apprehended unity in objects that originally appear distinct, but this grandeur becomes far more imposing when one or both of the things compared are in themselves of a great and impressive character. These elements of grandeur are present in both objects in the celebrated simile, in which a new-born infant is compared to a shipwrecked sailor; as they also are in the striking comparison between the constant succession of men and nations handing on the life and civilisation of the world, and the succession of the runners in the torch race, a scene picturesque in itself, and which already consecrated by poetic use, derives grandeur and dignity from the analogy thus pointed out: —

> Augescunt aliæ gentes, aliæ minuuntur,
> Inque brevi spatio mutantur sæcla animantum
> Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.

The following comparison is perhaps unsurpassed for majesty and grandeur in any ancient poet, from the vast and impressive and awful character of both the objects compared. On the supposition that the original elements of matter are limited in quantity, 'how,' he asks, 'could they gather together into form and consistency in the vast boundless sea of space, among the most conflicting, and discordant forces and substances?' Instead of that completeness and harmony which we now perceive, the universe would have presented the appearance of unconnected fragments, like the sea covered with the devastation of enormous wrecks: —

> Sed quasi naufragiis magnis multisque coortis
> Disjectare solet magnum mare transtra, guberna,
> Antemnas, proram, malos, tonsasque natantis,
> Per terrarum omnis oras fluitantia aplustra
> Ut videantur et indicium mortalibus edant,
> Infidi maris insidias virisque dolumque
> Ut vitare velint, neve ullo tempore credant,
> Subdola cum ridet placidi pellacia ponti:
> Sic tibi si finita semel primordia quædam
> Constitues, ævom debebunt sparsa per omnem
> Disjectare æstus diversi materiai.

As the object of Lucretius is to reveal the poetry of the actual, we do not find so many of the ideal creations of the

imagination in him as in other poets of antiquity—that is to say, of instances in which the imagination, instead of reproducing and animating the materials presented to it by the sense and the thought, forms them into new combinations, and produces an ideal picture of something possible, though not actually seen by the poet. Yet no Latin poet presents us with an ideal picture more finished and exquisite than that of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia. The picture stands before the reader as if it had already been transferred to canvas. The same picture has been drawn by one of the greatest Greek, and one of the greatest English poets; and it is difficult to say which of the three is most perfect. Other passages show that he had the power to create ideal beauty, had he not chosen rather to reveal and celebrate the actual.

Among his poetic qualities, his many-sided and vivid observation must be considered; for it is always by something in the object, impressing the imagination, that this faculty of minute observation is excited. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to enumerate and classify the manifold objects which he describes. We see how he is impressed by all human phenomena, from the ordinary yet wonderful and mysterious facts of birth and death to the majestic conflicts of armies,—

> At non multa virum sub signis milia ducta
> Una dies dabat exitio,

and the great events that determine the destinies of the world,—

> In dubioque fuere, utrorum ad regna cadendum
> Omnibus humanis esset terrâque marique;

from the simple sports of childhood to the towering aims of ambition; from the humble and natural enjoyments of peasants to the state and majesty of kings, and the austere joys of philosophers; from the weaknesses that excite his satiric wit to the follies and falsehoods on which he levels the loftiest indignation; from the rude vigour of savage life to the gorgeous magnificence of the age in which he lived. We remark how he is struck by the minutest phenomena of Nature, and by its gigantic forces and unvarying laws, whether tending to the well-being or the destruction of humanity. The infinite and the eternal are present to his mind, as well as the facts and thoughts suggested by the present. The beauty and grandeur of cities strike his eyes and impress his imagination, as well as the inexhaustible variety of the country. The motions and combinations of

the clouds are as familiar to him as the grand and wonderful appearances of the ocean. He has a sympathy for the life of all animals, whether those that riot in liberty over the mountains, —

Quod in magnis bacchatur montibu' passim, —

or pursue their game in the woods, or are more immediately associated with man. The birds that throng and gladden with their song the woods and river-banks, the sea-fowl that seek their food and pastime on the deep, the civic uproar of the long-lived generations of rooks (*cornicum sæcla vetusta*), are all noticed by him. The natural phenomena of distant countries, as for instance that remarked by a far greater poet: —

The Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and impetuous course
Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont;

Pontos, mare certo quod fluit æstu
Unum labendi conservans usque tenorem;

the terrible power of Ætna, the solitary grandeur of the Nile, —

Unicus in terris Ægypti totius amnis, —

rising among the swarthy races of the Æthiopians, —

Inter nigra virûm percocto sæcla colore; —

the strange bulwark by which he believed India to be fenced from the intrusion of men, —

Anguimanos elephantos, India quorum
Milibus e multis vallo munitur eburno
Ut penitus nequeat penetrari; —

the splendour of barbaric robes and dyes (*barbaricæ vestes*), like Milton's 'barbaric pearl and gold,' — have all profoundly affected his imagination, and been apprehended by him, not as mere dry and barren information, but as setting forth the all-pervading wonder of the world.

Along with this lively and varied observation, stimulated by poetic feeling, we recognise the presence, in their greatest strength, of all those emotions which the objects both of natural and human interest, contemplated by him, are calculated to produce. His pathos and tenderness, deepening into the most sad and solemn melancholy in contemplating the more awful phases of life, have already been noticed. His is the tenderness of a strong and manly character, self-

dependent, and feeling sympathy with the weak and helpless,—even with the whole animal creation, as well as with humanity. He gives a voice to the dumb helpless grief of brutes, sorrowing for their offspring. His allusions to children are exquisitely beautiful and touching. His melancholy is the profound gloom and hopeless sadness of a contemplative but intensely human soul, vainly supporting itself by a philosophic resignation, and relieved only by that elevation and calm, which the intellect derives from the great and orderly aspects of Nature.

But it would give a false idea of the poem of Lucretius to represent it as overclouded with perpetual gloom. Reverential earnestness there always is, as of one in the immediate presence of the majesty of truth; there is, too, a pervading feeling of solemnity, as he could not lightly, under any circumstances, put away the impression of the awful realities of the world. But other aspects of life and outward things excite in him congenial feelings. His 'heart leaps up' in sympathy with the joy of Nature,—in the fresh outburst of Spring,—in the new life of the early morning,—in the glad song of birds,—in the happy pastimes and unconscious buoyancy of the young,—

> Hinc lætas urbes pueris florere videmus, &c.,—

in the boundless rioting liberty of the animal creation.

The cheering, tranquillising, healing power of beauty exercised its kindly sway over his mind. He finds the most natural satisfaction of the human heart afforded by the recurring beauty of the various seasons (III. 1003.). His social pleasures were not enjoyed in the luxurious banquets of that age, amid the glare of costly magnificence, but in the freshness of the country, and freedom of the open air.

> Propter aquæ rivum sub ramis arboris altæ,
> Præsertim cum tempestas arridet et anni
> Tempora conspergunt viridantis floribus herbas.

He delights in filling up and illustrating the drier passages of his argument with pictures of natural beauty, which he has seen on the sea-shore and among rural solitudes; such as, for instance, the description of the shore painted by the various ornaments of ocean:—

> Concharumque genus parili ratione videmus
> Pingere telluris gremium, quâ mollibus undis
> Littoris incurvi bibulam pavit æquor harenam.

Many passages indicate how deeply he felt the beauties of colour, odours, and sweet sounds. If we can infer any-

thing of his ways of life from the things that he most loved, and from the objects most observed by him, we should have little doubt that many of his calmest and happiest days were spent by the sea-shore and among rural solitudes. We find indications of one who had lived in remote mountain scenery; for instance: —

> Palantis comites cum montis inter opacos
> Quærimus, et magnâ dispersos voce ciemus.

We might from some of his observations infer that he was familiar with and enjoyed the healthy natural excitement of field sports, which would imply a life more retired, and spent at a greater distance from the metropolis, than was customary among the most refined and cultivated Romans; for instance: —

> Namque canes ut montivagæ persæpe ferai
> Naribus inveniunt intectas fronde quietes,
> Cum semel institerint vestigia certa viai.

Again, while he shows a natural dislike of the luxurious magnificence of his day, it seems to impress him with a fresh sense of novelty, as we should expect to find in one who looked on it from a distance or at rare intervals. If he had been one of those poets who represented either in earnest or satiric characters, — in permanent universal forms, or in the transient and peculiar modes of his own age, — the various manifestations of the passions, we should have expected to find him taking, during some part of his manhood, an active part in the conflicts that raged around him, or, at all events, associating with the actors in that great drama. It will be found to be the case with all those writers who have represented the actual or the ideal phases of human life, that they were either themselves men of action, or at least men who lived much in the world of human life. But Lucretius draws more from reflection on his own nature, and on those phases of life that all human beings manifest, than from an observation of the infinite varieties of human character. His love of natural beauty, his philosophic interest in physical phenomena, his healthy love of simplicity, his horror of the political storms of his time, his austere loneliness of character, the depth of his contemplative nature, would all lead us to rank him among those poets who had sought their highest culture in retirement and in communion with nature.

While the poet displays the various emotions of tenderness,

pathos, joy, and solemnity, and the sense of what is picturesque and beautiful in the world, it will be obvious, from what has been already said, and from the passages already quoted, that the feelings most predominant in his poem are the sense of wonder and majesty,—of that wise wonder, in which, as Aristotle says, all philosophy begins, and of that majesty with which the imagination invests the greatest discoveries of the intellect. These two kinds of emotion may be looked upon as the complement of one another. The sense of wonder in contemplating phenomena implies the perception of something 'far more deeply interfused' than what appears to the eye; of some inner power or beauty of which the outward appearance is symbolical and suggestive. We may not be conscious of the meaning of this feeling, or, though conscious of it, we may be unable to penetrate its mystery, and bring into clear light that idea by whose foreshadowed majesty we are overpowered. It is the condition of our being that many of our deepest feelings will most baffle our analysis, if we try to account for them. But in those matters that lie within the reach of human cognisance, the sense of wonder impels the intellect to investigation. When discovery succeeds inquiry, the dim and shadowy twilight of feeling and vague surmise gives place to the full and majestic sunshine. In the wonder excited by a *fact* is the germ of the feeling of majesty with which the apprehension of a great *truth* affects the mind. In Lucretius the conception of the universe as a whole, in which all the parts are interdependent, gives dignity and impressiveness to the minutest phenomena, while it commands the presence of a contemplative reverence through all his poems. Connected with this conception, and associated with similar emotions, is his recognition of great laws and uniformities in Nature. He is impressed by the conceptions of unceasing motion and change, decay and renovation — by the contemplation of the gigantic forces of Nature, and of her orderly operation on the vastest scale. He regards the future destruction of this stupendous framework of the world in which we live as only a transient change in the dispositions of matter. He passes beyond the bounds of space and time—*extra flammantia mœnia mundi*—and looks out upon the infinite and the eternal. Hence it is that the sense of sublimity and majesty, and the feelings of wonder and reverence, predominate in his poem. And as his expression is the faithful symbol of his thoughts and emotions, freshness, elevation, and sustained dignity, are the characteristics of his language.

We must bid adieu to a subject that might easily be extended to a length much beyond what the limits of our space will permit. The more attentively we dwell on this work of exquisite genius, the more vividly its beauties reveal themselves. Perhaps in some ways Lucretius may come more home to our modern sympathies than to those of the world in which he lived. Without reminding us altogether of any one modern poet or philosopher, he brings before us many of those modes of thought and emotion that have been represented by distinguished men in later times. In the way in which he recognises and earnestly enforces the principle that a 'pure heart' is the truest aim of man; and in his doctrine that our peace can be secured only by unmurmuring resignation, he anticipates some of the doctrines of Spinoza; although the modern thinker must have enjoyed a far more real calm than was compatible with the fervid feelings and imagination of the Roman poet. Again, his passionate enjoyment of Nature, and his poetic sense of her beauty, combined with his scientific interest in all physical phenomena, and the reverence which the perception of relations and interdependencies excites in him, appear to proclaim a character of intellect similar to that of such great and genial men of science as Alexander von Humboldt. As a poet, by the sustained majesty of his style, by the sense of sublimity ever present to him, by his high self-confidence and lofty scorns of his adversaries, by his fondness for objects of pomp and magnificence, strangely blending with austerity, and by the love of 'plain living,' he reminds us of some of the characteristics of Milton; while the nature of his subject, his dislike of practical life, and his disbelief in all divine truth, appear in as striking contrast with the theme, the life, and the faith of our great English poet. In some respects he displays the contemplative and poetic excellences of our more recent poets; and perhaps we are not doing injustice to them when we claim for him, in respect of his intense reality, a superiority to Shelley, and, in respect of consistent strength, to Wordsworth. Though, like the other Latin poets, he wants inventiveness, yet he shows no want of other characteristics of originality. He was the first among either Greeks or Romans who, discarding the creations of the fancy, revealed the infinite poetry of real existence. This is perhaps his greatest claim to our regard. Rarely has any one combined with such poetic gifts as he possessed, the keen and subtle intellect of a philosopher. His highest poetry arises from the combined action of two faculties, often widely separated—the power of 'vision' and the power

of understanding. Nor did he fail through the want of those other requisites of poetic power — a feeling heart and a truthful harmonious utterance. As a man he manifests self-dependence, fortitude, and the truest tenderness, pure, disinterested, unswerving love of truth, and an earnest sympathy with whatever is genuine in the joys and sorrows of humanity.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE BEST MEANS OF TEACHING ENGLISH HISTORY.

FEW things are less commendable than the obtrusion of opinions, by private persons, upon questions with which they are not professionally concerned, especially if there seems to be any thing like censure or dictation in the manner in which such opinions be put forward. In all human things there lies so large an interval between theoretic perfection and the nearest practicable approach to it in actual execution, that it is always possible for men who take a pleasure in fault-finding to make out a case of shortcoming; and it is only when such men are placed themselves in the position of those against whom they exclaim, that they become aware of the causes of those necessary failures, of which they have ignorantly complained. English History, however, being a subject of new introduction into our higher education, and the mode in which it can best be taught being still confessedly undetermined, there can be no suspicion of a desire to throw out random accusations for the accusation's sake; and it will not be thought presumptuous in any writer, if, on a matter which has occupied something of his personal interest and attention, he suggests for consideration those methods which in his own case, as a learner, he has pursued with the greatest advantage.

The causes which have hitherto prevented the study of English history at Oxford and Cambridge are not to be found so entirely as the public may suppose in the reluctance of the authorities to alter what is established. Persons who take for granted all that they read, may think English history easy and straightforward, but there are difficulties in the way of dealing with it, in a manner that shall satisfy the exigencies of real education, which the popular thought of the day (if one may call by such a name notions of so slight a texture) has little knowledge of. It is imagined that there is nothing to be done but what is done successfully at innumerable popular schools; the fact of the success is presumed, and the Universities are called upon to imitate it. The method followed at popular schools is something of this kind, and certainly, however it answers, there is no great difficulty about

it. Epitomes of Hume, or Lingard, or Sharon Turner, or Burnet, or Collier, are run together on the principles of the various shades of opinion; these writers being implicitly followed when they do not contradict each other, and when they do, being either made to neutralise each other by a judicious intermixture, or else the choice between them being determined by the theological or political sympathies of the compiler. No original research is exercised, no intellect or imagination is felt to be necessary; scarcely ever are references verified, except to the most obvious sources: the facts are simply pieced together, or washed in with a faint water colour of moral sentiment; and the books thus formed are put into the hands of boys and girls, who are required to read them and pass examinations in them, and then all is supposed to be done. The same plan is pursued with no difference, except that there is rather more smartness in the execution, by the writers of the popular literature of the day, the popular biographers, and other caterers for the appetite of the reading public; and the result is so far successful, that, as with many other subjects which are treated in the same manner, general notions of what is believed to be English history are by this time widely received among us. We call it knowledge; we believe it to be of infinite value and importance; and in our desire to communicate to others a possession so desirable, we have insisted, and at last with success, that the senior Universities shall no longer be the only places in England which it has failed to penetrate. The public have been scandalised to find that men may take the highest honours, may get fellowships, perhaps tutorships and professorships, and yet be ignorant of matters which are familiar, as they say, to every girl fresh from the schoolroom. After all the accumulation of knowledge which the three last centuries have gathered up, the highest education of the country remains, it is indignantly said, with scarcely a change, what it was at the Reformation; school logic and metaphysics usurp the place which ought to be occupied by physical science; the Greeks and Romans are the only nations whose literature is studied, or whose histories are recognised as having an existence; men are made familiar with the constitution of Servius Tullius, who know nothing at all of the constitution of the British Islands, and trust to rumour for Runnymede and Magna Charta, while they labour in patient lecture rooms over the revolution of Clisthenes. These absurdities the much-enduring public considers that it has suffered long enough, and it will not tolerate them any more. They exist only, it is supposed,

through the ignorance, the apathy, the prejudices of places which have fallen behind the age, and now the whole system, once for all, must be changed. Knowledge must no longer be permitted to flow in its old channels of uselessness, and the education of our public schools and colleges must be brought forward into harmony with the present advanced stage of national progress. The old dead languages must be decently buried, and instead of them we must have the modern languages, which contain the treasures of modern thought and modern discovery. Instead of worn-out Aristotelianism and philosophies of mind, we must have Baconian induction and philosophies of matter and real things; for ancient history of dead nations, new practical history of living and breathing nations. On all sides there must be an advance forward. The world's beard is grown. It has done with its nursery, its childish thoughts and childish interests. If for a while longer, out of condescension to our weakness, such things continue to be taught at all, they must be taught in their due proportion to what is of truer importance, and sink to their proper significance.

This is not, we think, an over-statement of the condition of opinion which has brought about the recent changes in university education. Although not as yet uncontrolled in its action, yet the language of it we hear wherever we go, as the expression of what is becoming a sort of religion with many persons, a faith in a new mysterious entity which they call Progress,—a faith in Progress, as men used to say a faith in God;—a very singular condition of mind, and which will one day lead to somewhat unexpected issues. In its application to education, however, there is this difficulty, which has not yet been considered, that whereas knowledge is becoming infinite, the capacity of any single mind is wholly finite; that out of the ever-expanding circumference of subjects now within the mind's reach, it is necessary even for the grown man to choose some segment to which he must confine his attention, giving up the hope of universality; and that young men, in consequence, must have some selection made for them, and made by others, since they themselves are unfit to choose. The question, therefore, still asks for answer, what is the principle of selection?—what is important and what is unimportant?—what are those things which it is incumbent on us all to know?—what are those which may be dispensed with, or left to our leisure or inclination in later life? Here remains, where it has ever been, the grand point of difficulty, which other ages have resolved in various ways. Our own is the first which

seems to forget that it requires to be resolved, or, at any rate, to feel little active concern in the solution of it.

The public opinion of which we have been speaking deals with it in its own off-hand summary style. Indeed, it has met the question practically in its pattern institution the London University. 'Of course,' it says, 'the first thing which a boy must be taught is to know what his duty is. But that is a very simple matter; the ten commandments, the general precepts of religion and morality, are obvious, and easily taught. The difficulty with these things is with the practice and not the understanding, and, except in their simplest form, and perhaps even in that, they are better left to parents, or to such religious teacher as the parents shall choose for themselves.' In what Utopia parents exist competent to instruct their children in these essential matters, or even competent to select the teachers best qualified to instruct them, the public opinion in question does not know, and perhaps has not cared to inquire; but, dismissing this difficulty in a manner, which is at least to its own satisfaction, it proceeds with its 'secular instruction,' and it proceeds on the principle of teaching a little of everything. It cannot teach the whole of everything, but, at least, it can teach something of it,—something of all history, something of all science, something of all the modern languages. Let every boy, it seems to say, receive as far as possible a general notion of the results of all discoveries in all departments of human knowledge. No doubt is entertained of the practicability of this magnificent scheme; and when we silence our scepticism on that one point, and attend to it only on paper, it is enough to fill us with wonder. At Oxford, for a first class, there was required before the recent changes a knowledge of the two classical languages, Greek and Latin, to be tested by examination in a few choice poets and orators; a knowledge of moral philosophy as treated by Aristotle; and portions of Greek and Roman history, comprising somewhere about a hundred years of the former, and of the latter such part of it as contained the account of the origin and first growth of the Roman Commonwealth. More than this, it used to be supposed that the mind of a young man of twenty-one would fail of adequately mastering. Little did those persons who drew up so paltry a scheme of subjects dream of the expansion of intellectual power which would be witnessed by the nineteenth century. At the London University, in the pass examination for a bachelor's degree (and degrees are there taken at the age at which the course at Oxford only commences), there are re-

quired (we believe we speak fairly within compass) the Greek and Latin, the French and German languages, logic, moral philosophy, an indefinite quantity of mathematics, astronomy, anatomy, organic chemistry, and a general acquaintance with the results of all the other physical sciences; all Greek history, all Roman history; and, as if this were not enough, thrown in as a mere trifle to make the grouping complete, all English history; this is only for the bachelor's degree. For the degree of M. A., taken two years later, all Ancient history is required, and all European history to the close of the eighteenth century. In fact, an average boy of nineteen or twenty, with no thought of honours, but aspiring merely to a common degree, is expected to be able to answer questions upon all matters whatsoever which have as yet been done, or taught, or thought, or suffered by the human race; a very considerable range of subjects. The examination questions would petrify the cleverest man who ever came out Senior Wrangler; and they are always ostentatiously printed for the astonishment of an admiring public. See, they seem to say, what we teach! Look at it in the length of it, the depth and the breadth of it, and then compare with it, if the very mentioning of the comparison is not ridiculous, the pitiful achievement of the old universities.

And doubtless, if questions asked were a fair measure of knowledge obtained, the Gower Street Council might well point with exultation to what they have accomplished. Unfortunately questions are not answers; and we once suggested to a professor at this Institution, that it would contribute much to the assurance of thinking persons if along with their questions they would print occasionally a few of the average answers which are sent in to them, the answers of such of the men as had been allowed to pass with tolerable credit. We could thus form some more definite notion, not of what was supposed to be taught, but of what was actually learnt.

So it is at the London University: and this Institution does but represent on a large scale the system now endeavouring to spread itself over all the schools in the country, and gradually forcing its way into Oxford and Cambridge. No one is in the present day supposed to be properly educated who does not know something at least of all subjects a knowledge of which is easily accessible; and the object of intellectual ambition is a sort of diluted omniscience. It is obtained by cramming a list of books of sciences made easy, where the largest possible quantity of information is conveyed in the smallest number of words, and which is

then technically committed to the memory without inquiry, without thought, without appropriation, without any particle of real knowledge having been gained by all this labour,—not even the knowledge of what knowledge is,—what are the conditions of properly knowing anything.

Thus with all subjects, with subjects especially where the truth cannot readily be tested, as, for instance, with history or the moral sciences, the immediate purposes of examination are answered by a simple acceptance of the letter of the book or the lecture, and a habit is formed from mere necessity, of taking whatever comes, without inquiry or hesitation, fact heaped on fiction, and fiction upon fact, of all sorts and kinds, in wild, weltering confusion. And as a natural consequence, in the present state of public information to which all this has brought us, and on which we so highly plume ourselves, the books upon English history which appear year after year are becoming more inaccurate, more careless, more generally worthless, and yet contrive to pass more easily through the hands of the reviewers, than at any past period of our literature. All of us, writers and readers alike, are now expected to know so many things, that we have no time to know any; and absolute ignorance is exchanged for a vague condition of misinformation, believed to be knowledge, which is infinitely more mischievous and more difficult to deal with. The old Universities alone have retained a tradition of what knowledge means. They alone have refused hitherto to confuse instruction with sciolism; and, if in practical matters they had been as little open to censure as in their mode of conducting education, many of us would have looked with far less satisfaction at the changes which have been forced upon them, and with far less confidence in the benefits which the world expects will be derived from these changes. To open a career to merit, to administer honestly the vast funds of the colleges for the encouragement of learning, to do away with the forced and artificial restrictions which have maintained mediocrity in place and power, and have left talent to struggle unsupported because it could not conform to certain traditionary formulæ,—these are high and noble objects of reform; and, if they are carried through to any adequate extent, there can be no doubt of the results which changes such as these will generate. But the method and the matter of instruction involve questions far more critical and more uncertain; and although it has become impossible to resist the pressure of public opinion, and a substitution of subjects is now inevitable, Oxford and Cambridge must deal with what they have undertaken in

a manner widely different from what this 'opinion' would consider sufficient, or they will have sacrificed a certain if imperfect good, for, we will not say an uncertain, but a certain and positive evil.

Whatever Oxford has done or not done, she has accomplished at least this, — what her best men know they know thoroughly. It may be a little, it may fall very short of what might be within their reach; but such as it is they do in fact know it. What is of more importance still, they know what knowledge of a subject means; and it is this knowledge which has made them so unwilling to admit a change. They have understood their work too well to commit themselves to untried courses through which they have not seen their way; and this very caution and diffidence we regard as a guarantee of the manner in which they will fulfil the duty which they have at last accepted.

Hitherto the principle which Oxford has followed has been singularly sound and simple. Knowing well that if she attempted to educate by mèrely imparting information, the task was an endless and impossible one, she has confined her teaching to specimens the most complete and illustrative which the world afforded her of the several subjects of general study. Thus, she has not undertaken to teach languages, but language; language in the two most highly organised forms which it has assumed. As an instrument of thought, not Greek only, but even Latin, is incomparably more excellent than any modern language; and in respect merely of its form, without considering the substantial thought contained in the best of the old authors, classical literature furnishes the most perfect accessible models of beautiful expression. So with philosophy, and so with history; in both cases she has refused to launch out into the endless generalities of the subject, but she has confined herself to the treatment of the subject by a few great thinkers: selecting also with peculiar judgment the writings of Heathens, because in them the purely human character can best be studied, free from any foreign element or influence. She has not entertained the ambitious expectation that in three years she can teach her pupils to understand the entire fortunes of mankind. She has thought it sufficient if she can bring them to understand something of man by studying his actions in close and minute detail. And for such a study, independent of the specific excellence of the classical writers, the history of cultivated nations who were not Christians is by far the most instructive and convenient. It is most instructive, because we can see in them

the free development of humanity undisturbed; and it is most convenient because it enables the teacher to lecture without obligation or opportunity of introducing theology into morals and politics; and with theology unquestionably some theological prejudice of one kind or another, from which no educated Englishman has hitherto carried himself free. For the same reason moral philosophy is taught out of Aristotle and Plato; not only because these two are as far superior to all later writers upon these subjects as Phidias and Praxiteles are superior to all later artists in stone; but because, being ignorant of Christianity, they have treated the nature of man simply as experience exhibits it; and the modern tutor, lecturing not upon the subject, but on their especial treatment of it, is able to guide the student along the same track, a thing which he neither has done nor ever can do, if he have to speak of the writings of moderns. Nor would the writings of moderns answer the desired purpose. Modern writers on moral philosophy either have been Christians or they have not. If they have, man is no longer merely himself to them; ethics glide necessarily into theology, and the scientific lecture into a sermon. If they have not, the creed which they reject is an object of active dislike to them; they have never maintained a purely negative position with equanimity, and at all turns a latent spirit betrays itself of uneasy antagonism.

Oxford, therefore, has done well what she has done. And she may appeal proudly and justly to the experience of life to bear witness for her. When the men whom she and Cambridge have educated pass out into the arena of the world, in spite of all that has been said, they maintain there an easy supremacy. They have gained at the Universities not perhaps information, but what lies at the bottom of all power to gain information for any useful purpose,—a power of active insight into common things, which the more showy education of rival systems is something less successful in conferring.

If this has hitherto been the character of university education, it is no wonder that the Universities have been so unwilling to extend the subjects of it. The range of matter which can be taught so carefully is necessarily exceedingly limited, and wise men never readily change what already works tolerably. On the substitution so much clamoured for of the physical for the mental sciences, or of the proposed attempt to carry them on together, the present is not an occasion to speak. Physical science is not perhaps what it will be when nature shall be studied in a more reverend

spirit. While it remains as it is at present, it is without any value whatsoever in itself as a means of mental cultivation, while an attempt to combine it with ethics and logic will result in either popularising down these sciences to the same level of uselessness, or in a gradual introduction of materialism, in which mind will be treated as a function of body, and the science of mind as but one more of the physical sciences. This, however, is the business of others, on which we feel no particular ability to speak to any useful purpose. It is rather of the second great change, the introduction of Modern, and especially of English History, that in this place we desire to say something. With this subject until the last two years Oxford has generally declined to meddle. There has been a Professor of Modern History, whose lectures have been variously attended; but it has found no place in the public examinations, and the colleges have not made any attempt to teach it. First, they had enough to teach without it, and then it was impossible for them to teach it in their own manner. All books of Modern History which have been written since the Reformation, have been written in the interest of party, political or theological, in the spirit of principles on which opinions are still divided; about which the minds of men at all times have simmered at a high temperature just short of boiling, and at exciting intervals have exploded into steam. Thus no book could be recommended for study, and no tutor could lecture without being liable to criticism from his pupils. The lecture would contain opinions, and the opinions, as a matter of course, would be such as half the members of any given college were accustomed to hear called by evil names at their own homes. Over the entire range of the subject, however great might be the ignorance, there was spread a net-work of preconceived ideas, inhaled with the Catechism in the lower nursery, nurtured and fostered in the home dining-room with the after-dinner port; ideas accepted as a sacred creed, to which the service of the life, public or private, was to be consecrated, and in defence of which, if occasion served, it might be necessary, in the words of Mr. Chowler in the *Times*, to mount and ride.

As long as matters were in this condition it was out of the question to attempt to teach in a reasonable manner: the few reasonable persons who were to be found, being denounced by all parties as indifferentists, and little better than atheists. Times are changing now. The great levelling roller of Latitudinarianism has passed over us. The old parties are falling prostrate, never again to rise; and now that

no opinion any more is looked upon as a thing to fight for or even quarrel about, we are beginning to think reason may be worth listening to; and thus a school of English History has at last been made possible, and it remains for Oxford to justify her caution in constructing such a school by the excellence with which she will conduct it when constructed. To teach our own history (for the present at least) with the same skill with which she has taught the histories of Greece and Rome, she will find a task all but impossible; but a right beginning will bring a right end at last, and the end, when it comes in sight, will be of a kind perhaps little foreseen by the enlightened public who have clamoured for they know not what.

The first essential step will be towards some perception of what can really be done and what cannot. A short time ago, when it was proposed that the Law examination on admission to the Bar should be made a reality, and English History was naturally selected as a subject on which knowledge was to be required, a list of books was given out by the legal authorities in which the students were to hold themselves prepared to be examined. This list was of rather a singular kind. An unhappy candidate for legal service, struck with terror at what was demanded of him, and supposing that he was really and honestly expected to read all the books which were mentioned in it, proceeded, in order to test the possibility of accomplishing his task, to count the pages of the volumes; and he discovered that if he read thirty pages an hour for three years, at the rate of sixteen hours a day, he would have completed a first perusal of them. Such a list, one would be glad to think, was drawn up in irony; if it was not, the mere selection betrayed the ignorance of those who composed it; books of merit and books of no merit whatsoever receiving equally emphatic recommendation: and it would seem as if these gentlemen had never themselves read the books which they had selected, but, in the mere vanity of display, had heaped together the titles of the different volumes which they recollected that bore upon the matter. Something of a similar kind may be remembered by such of my readers as attended the lectures, some twelve or fourteen years ago, of a certain celebrated Divinity professor. The amount of knowledge or thought in those lectures was not astonishing. The professor supposed that he was fulfilling his duty towards his class in prescribing a course of study as preparatory for ordination for which thirty years of inveterate application would have imperfectly sufficed. Like the learned propounders of the Law studies,

he was displaying his real ignorance in his affectation of knowledge; and both alike are illustrations of the modern sciolism, which in the effort to know *about* everything, actually knows very little indeed.

There is no danger that absurdities of this kind (at least an exaggerated form of them) will find their way into the working education at Oxford if persons really efficient are chosen to teach and examine. The lists, however, which have hitherto been issued in the new school have not been satisfactory; and although the fault has been rather in the quality of the books recommended than in any excessive quantity of them, the mention of such a book as Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, as among the select few which it is considered good to study, displays too clearly the amount of accuracy with which the examiners have as yet themselves examined the value of what they prescribe. First of all, then, if the teaching at Oxford is not to fall to the level of that at Gower Street, it must be understood that the history of periods only, and those very limited periods, shall alone be required; and we are glad to find that within the last year a step, though it is but a step, has been taken in the right direction. Students should be allowed at least as free a range of choice as they are allowed with the histories of Greece and Rome; and within reasonable limits they may be permitted to select for themselves. What beyond everything they should be forbidden to do, is to spend their time in the general study of large masses of centuries, philosophised into unity according to the conceptions and theories of modern speculators. General knowledge means general ignorance; and views and opinions are not history, but notions about history, which is a very different thing. At present there are about these matters as many philosophies as there are minds which are thinking about them; and the probabilities, therefore, are many millions to one against any one of such philosophies being correct. Mainly, too, they are of the mushroom genus, swift of growth and swift of decay, and in the mean time of dubious quality as articles of food. Let it be taken for granted that not views are wanted, but facts; and for opinions not such as are formed by modern theorisers, but such as can be historically found as belonging to the period to which they refer, as expressed in the words and actions of the times in question, and no where else. The object, as we said before, is to know, not *about* things, but the things themselves; that is the only knowledge which is the slightest use to any one. One period of history manfully mastered

in this way becomes a key by which many others may be unlocked for us; and it remains meanwhile an ever present warning against theories, and a standard by which we can at any time discover, with respect to any other periods, how far we really do or do not know anything about them.

With Ancient History this has been very easy to accomplish. Our accounts of the old nations are preserved to us in the masterpieces of the ablest writers, who have ever given their genius to the making of books, while time has drafted off into nothingness such inferior works as might have confused and disturbed their effect. Thucydides and Aristophanes together transport us into the Athens of Pericles; we study the Greeks of that age, not through the minds of men divided from them by centuries, but through the minds of their own contemporaries, who shared the same actions, felt the same emotions, thought by the same rules and in the same forms. As much as can be done by books at all toward the bringing up before us the vanished lives of human beings, is done by these two writers in their pictures of the age in which they lived. So Horace and Cicero give us the Rome of Cæsar, and Juvenal and Tacitus the Rome of Nero. There the thing itself lives before us, distinct, or as distinct as words can make it; the outward incidents minutely detailed, and detailed in transparent language, through which the inner life of these incidents is visible, so far as the keen eye could see into them of men who themselves witnessed what they describe. With these histories, therefore, there has been no difficulty in the manner in which they should be studied. Those periods are selected on which the light is thrown the strongest, and the books in which the account of them are to be found are brief in compass, few in number, easily distinguished, and, best of all, may be followed with all but implicit credence.

Modern History, and especially English History, is very differently circumstanced. Of English accessible histories, properly so called, (we are speaking here not of times immediately modern, but of that part of the life of this nation which preceded the Revolution of the seventeenth century,) there are some seven or eight, professing, each of them, to be derived from independent research, to be faithful and original accounts of what the writers of them undertake to relate. To these we must add biographies in countless numbers, law histories, constitutional histories, ecclesiastical histories, histories of separate reigns, separate incidents or movements, books of all sorts and kinds, sufficient one would think to satisfy the most hungry appetite, yet insufficient in

these two vital respects: first, in their number, which will baffle the most industrious, while no one of them stands out so eminent above the rest that it can be trusted exclusively; and, secondly, that in all important matter,—in the estimates which they contain of all great characters, great actions, revolutions, changes, measures and principles,—no kind of agreement is to be found in them. So much is evident to the most cursory reader; and as long as mankind, and with mankind those members of it who write history, are divided into Whigs and Tories, Catholics and Protestants, it cannot possibly be otherwise. They have no common standard of right or wrong; what is credible to one is incredible to another; what is important to one is trivial to another. It is unfortunate, but from the nature of things inevitable; and so it will continue, till those tendencies towards latitudinarianism, of which we spoke, shall have finally demolished all existing theories; and other convictions, not latitudinarian, but intense and earnest,—earnest as ever Protestantism was in the days when it went to the stake for the Gospel's sake,—shall have risen in their place. In the meantime and until that consummation, which is yet very far off, professors and tutors may trim their sails to the many winds, to strike balances, and arrive at moderate views; but they will not succeed, for they, too, are and must be partisans; and if they could succeed, the result would not be worth the labour. Moderate views are but the husk of history; the real grain is beaten out before they can be manufactured; and the desperate student, wandering from authority to authority, will either load his memory with layers of incoherent contradiction, all confusion and entanglement, out of which no meaning can be extracted, or he will stick to the writers of his own side, and purchase clearness by selling truth. Or finally, if he is really clever, the chances are that he will fall into a somewhat trenchant scepticism as to the credibility of any history whatsoever: he will say to himself, as Faust says to Wagner:—

> Die Zeiten der Vergangenheit
> Sind uns ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln:
> Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst,
> Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist
> In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln.

But this is not the only or the worst fault of which we have to complain in our history books. So far, not the authors of them, but the circumstances of the age, are to blame, which genius less than superhuman could not have overcome. But this excuse will not serve for their complete

absolution. They can be read forward, most of them, in a pleasant, consecutive, plausible manner; they are coherent as long as we confine ourselves to what they are themselves pleased to tell us, and they contain little which in itself is absolutely incredible; but we are obliged to say, that wherever we have had occasion to examine closely into the details of any period or periods, there is not one of them on whom we find ourselves able to rely, and whose account of things does not appear to us more and more remote from the truth, in proportion to the pains which we have taken in arriving at it. And this is especially the case with such books as are most recent, those which the press has most applauded, which the compilers of school books most epitomise, and the general public most greedily read. It would be invidious to particularise the deficiency of which we complain; it is not right to enter into specific charges without supporting them by proof, and there is no present occasion, neither have we ourselves present leisure, for so lengthy an operation. With respect, however, to Lingard, Sharon Turner, Fraser Tytler, or Lord Campbell, no attentive student can have failed to have discovered in all their writings, qualities which make it impossible to follow them as absolute guides, and even affect their value as mere means of information.

Again, if we go back to the greatest of our historians, Hume (and he is on the whole the most faithful and accurate), the character of his philosophy on human matters was of a kind, unfortunately, which placed him out of sympathy with those parts of our nature which are really the most powerful: and thus the greatest actions of the nation, and the greatest men who played a part in them, are rendered not distasteful, but absolutely without meaning to him. He could make as little of the career of John Knox, for instance, as he could have made of Homer if he had not understood Greek; and therefore, though with the best will to be honest, he has failed in producing a living picture of ages, the secret of which was thus closed to him. For no period whatsoever of our history can Hume's account be trusted as a text-book; and in saying this of him, we say it of all the rest. Burnet and Collier are partisans; what is worse, they are without true sympathy and without imagination. Not a single book written within the last two centuries, with the one exception of Carlyle's *Cromwell*, could we honestly place in the hands of a student, and encourage him to hope that by reading it, he would gather any adequate notion of the action of men and women in England antecedent to the Restoration: a very unprosperous and un-

promising state of things. There are small signs of a Thucydides or a Tacitus; we have not even common veracity; and how in the absence of that can we hope to teach successfully? It must be left, we shall be told, to the tutors. They must work at the original sources of information. They must weigh evidence, read, collect, and digest. The students must listen to them, and all difficulties will be obviated. That, however, would be to turn the tutors into professors, and destroy the distinctive characteristic of the Oxford system. It is dangerous in a high degree to trust tutors indiscriminately with so large originating authority. There would be as many versions of English History as there are lecture rooms; the same uniformity of difference as we find in the books, with the additional disadvantage that poor as many of the books are, and ignorant as they are, the lectures of the tutors, if their own independent compositions, would in most cases be more poor and ignorant still. Moreover, in spite of the authority of the present Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, we have no great faith in the stability of knowledge communicated by word of mouth in a lecture. Most young men are stupid; those who are not stupid are usually conceited, and all alike require close and minute personal training and drilling, before they can be brought to understand things productively and actively. And again, even if we are wrong in this supposition, where are the men to be found in sufficient numbers capable of lecturing? and what security have we that such capable men would be appointed even if they could be found? Mr. Vaughan expects much from professors, and he is justified in doing so while he makes himself the measure of professors, and regards the work which is done by him as no more than what might be looked for from every one who might hereafter fill his position. We do not doubt that a clearer conception of Modern History will be gathered in his lecture room as long as he presides in it than from the most diligent perusal of any number of modern volumes. Unfortunately, while we are thankful for the accident which has placed Mr. Vaughan where he is, we cannot look upon it as more than an accident, or be sanguine enough to expect a repetition of it. So long as the wisest men are steadily appointed as professors, we may leave in their hands, without fear, the direction of their own subject; but those who have the appointment of professors are forced to consider many other tests of fitness besides that of wisdom, and they vary in their notions of what wisdom consists in. The chair of Modern History is in the gift of the

ministry of the day, and very varied possibilities are in consequence open to Oxford. We have seen it bestowed on Dr. Arnold and on Mr. Vaughan, but we have also seen it in possession of an intermediate occupant, and who can say what the future may have in store for us? What is to become of the poor students, meanwhile, if their notions of history are to sway this way or that way, according to the majorities in the House of Commons? Moreover we may say, with some certainty, that the average of professors will neither be of a very good or a very bad type; but of the dull and safe type of mediocrity. To be able, or at all remarkably able in these days, is to be dangerous. Our institutions are growing crazy, like the tackling of a vessel somewhat weather worn, and will not bear the strain of a strong action or of strong thought.

But what in fact is required is some adequate authority which shall control professors, tutors, students, all alike; some authoritative work or works which they shall not be at liberty to set aside, but which the students shall definitely learn, the tutors definitely teach, and professors' lectures assume, — which, if it cannot prevent difference of opinion, yet shall limit, to some extent at least, the effect of such difference upon the teaching, and coerce the character of what is learnt into some kind of consistency. Latitudinarians and High Churchmen differ materially in their views upon Moral Philosophy, yet tutors of both persuasions are forced at Oxford to teach it pretty much in the same way, because they do not teach Moral Philosophy, but they teach Aristotle. They must prepare their pupils for the examinations; and the examinations do not turn upon the theory, but upon the theory as treated by Aristotle. Their own opinions may be what they will, they are not of the slightest consequence. The student has nothing to do with them; and thus the teaching of Ethics at a university, where opinion runs to extreme lengths of disagreement, has been conducted nevertheless, in a useful, consistent, practical manner which leaves little to be desired. So again with Logic: so with Ancient History. The indispensable requirement is a knowledge, not of the subject, but of certain especial books — books which the tutor is to teach and the student is to know.

And this, as we have said, is the only practical and rational way of teaching, supposing always that a book exists upon the subject to be taught which is entitled to such a position. The student has an authority before him, to which he must submit, as an authority, obediently, without criti-

cising or conceit, as a necessary condition of his finding the place which he desires in the Class List. The tutor's little vanities and ambitions after originality are similarly held in check. His theological peculiarities he must be either forbidden to display, or, if he display them, they must hover in modest retirement, and be contented with being hinted suggestively.

And in like manner the professor must travel along the same track of which the examinations are the goal; taking, perhaps, a wider sweep, but with the standard book authority as the centre and constant basis of his thoughts. If a lecture is to be of service (we do not speak of popular lectures addressed to-grown up people, but of lectures to students in places of education), it must aim rather at explaining what the listener is already working at by himself than in conveying information which he is simply called upon to recollect. The memory is by no means the faculty which it is important in education to cultivate; very far from it: to educate is not to communicate knowledge on certain definite subjects, but to train the heart to feel generously, and the mind to think justly, not on this or that especial subject, but on all the million subjects with which life will bring the grown man into contact. The originating powers, therefore, and not the recollecting powers, most require cultivation. Men must be enabled to think for themselves, not learn what we think; and, therefore, we give them hard books to study, the mastering which shall stimulate their own powers; and we examine them in those books to ensure their keeping to the road prescribed. This is all simple and obvious; yet perhaps for that very reason the present world is rapidly forgetting it; and it is the business of Oxford to perpetuate at least the tradition of it in her own practice.

The object is to find then for English History some book which shall serve for the basis of operations holding as an authority for the history of our own nation the place which Thucydides, and Livy, and Tacitus hold for that of the Classic nations. It must be a special text-book, a minute and exact understanding of which shall be required in all examinations, and which lecturers and teachers of all descriptions shall make the immediate subject of instruction. The question is, can any such book be found? If it cannot, it is better not to do a thing at all than to do it badly; and the whole subject had better be let alone till happier times. But English literature is not, after all, so poorly provided. Very few persons, we believe, have as much as turned the pages of the early volumes of the Statutes at large. Still less have they looked among them for a history of England.

A Statute, in the very name of it has a dreary sound; and Acts of Parliament, as we know them at present, are looked upon as documents wrapped up in mystical and esoteric language, not decipherable except by the initiated, and not likely, when deciphered, to be of very cheering instructiveness; while the statutes antecedent to the Revolution we regard rather as the records of obsolete and exploded mistakes, to be read, if read at all, with mingled feelings of sorrow and wonder. Extracts are occasionally exhibited to us of ancient persecuting statutes, showing the frightful ignorance of our ancestors on the great doctrines of toleration; of labour statutes, which would make Mr. McCulloch's hair rise on end, and vagrancy statutes, to round a period on mediæval tyranny. Occasionally, when some Gorham controversy is at its height, learned lawyers make a plunge among the dusty folios, and emerge with some pearl of erudition to astonish the court and the public. But neither the public nor the lawyers themselves take pains to obtain any real knowledge of the old laws of England. They content themselves with the summaries of Blackstone and other modern commentators, and do not care to waste their time over what is no longer of professional value. Men have cared little for the proceedings of Parliament before the period when Parliament became, as they suppose, the free exponent of the feelings of the nation; and 'the great Council of the Nation' (we are commonly taught to believe) had no existence as a free body previous to the controversies upon ship-money. We imagine it to have followed implicitly the commands of the sovereign, its functions, except in the one point of voting money, scarcely exceeding those of the Parliament of Paris before the Revolution. Perhaps this is an overstatement of the general impression; yet in all our books of English History, the policy of the country, down at least to the close of the Tudor dynasty, is with very few exceptions represented invariably as the policy of the sovereign. The sovereign's personal inclinations are the only motive power recognised as of real influence in the State, as if the will of a despotic tyrant was the absolute and only law. Foreign wars and home legislation, changes of administration, changes of religious faith, are all the king's. If a minister become powerful, he has gained the king's ear. If he is disgraced or executed, it is the king's caprice or the king's vindictiveness: —

'Upon the king, — all falls upon the king;'

and the consent of Parliament is treated but as the com-

pelled sanction of apparent legality to the iniquities of despotism. Such a view of things may be a true one; but at least it is exceedingly strange. The English nation was at no time a nation of complacent slaves. They were distinguished as the bravest and fiercest people in Europe; and the noblemen and gentlemen who are accused of such criminal compliance, were themselves the bravest of England's knights and soldiers. Courage and daring are not usually consistent with a readiness to be made instruments of tyranny. Men who do not themselves fear death, would not now, under any threat or compulsion, sign death-warrants against queens and princes of the blood, against noble lords or statesmen, or high prelates, or against any poorest man who breathes, because their lives were inconvenient to the reigning powers. Far less would they disgrace themselves with a pretence of believing the accusations with which such iniquity might attempt to justify itself. And it is no easy thing to believe our ancestors were so readily capable of doing things, the very thought of which is inconceivable among ourselves. Yet this is what, for the whole Tudor period, we are required to believe by all our popular writers, without so much as a word to express surprise.

Who now questions, to mention an extreme instance, that Anne Boleyn's death was the result of the licentious caprice of Henry? and yet her own father the Earl of Wiltshire, her uncle the Duke of Norfolk the hero of Flodden Field, the Privy Council, the House of Lords, the Archbishops and Bishops, the House of Commons, the Grand Jury of Middlesex and three other Juries, assented without, as far as we know, an opposing voice, to the proofs of her guilt, and approved of the execution of the sentence against her. There is this tremendous weight of testimony, yet her innocence is now assumed as a matter of course. Mr. Hallam considers it almost criminal to doubt it. So public opinion has ruled in this matter; while, if she were innocent, even in the Rome of Nero we cannot find a parallel for the baseness and infamy of that English people who thus encouraged a crime so atrocious. Even in Rome there were noble-natured men who preferred inevitable death to passing over in silence their own and their country's shame. According to the common hypothesis of the Tudor age, the English nation, at the time when their courage and their chivalry were the terror and the admiration of the world, were yet at that very time the basest and most contemptible of which the history of the world has preserved a record. This may be true, but if it be, it is a phenomenon by itself, like nothing else

we ever heard or read of; and our surprise is not diminished by observing that the popular opinion of which we have been speaking sees no difficulty whatsoever in it. A few slighting words not even of shame, a few contemptuous phrases about compliancy, subserviency, and the like, are all which we find; and with these our historians are contented to dismiss into infamy the men to whom we owe the Reformation, the men who fought at Flodden, at Solway Moss, and at Pinkie Cleugh, — the Howards, the Nevilles, the Talbots, the Greys, the Veres, the Percies, the Fitzwilliams, the St. Legers, the best and bravest blood of this once noble England. Whatever be the truth of the matter, there can be little doubt of the amount of judgment in persons who treat it in this way. And this is but one instance out of many, of the consequences of preferring the thoughtless compilations called Histories of England, but which are really dull historical romances, to contemporary authoritative documents. There is not a single disgrace or execution of a remarkable person, from the accession of Henry VII. to the death of Elizabeth, which is not explained in the same style, as being alike iniquitous in itself, and sanctioned by an iniquitous complacency on the part of the public. And to make such an account credible better evidence is required than the assertions of writers who show so little consciousness of what their story implies.

Instead, therefore, of making use of any of these books, which, under whatever aspect we regard the facts with which they deal, fall so short of what is required towards furnishing us with means towards the understanding such facts, we recommend that there be substituted, at least for a time, and as an experiment, the study of the old Statute Book; in which, notwithstanding all that is thought and believed of the dependent position of Parliament, the true history of this English nation substantially lies buried, — a history, different indeed from any which has been hitherto offered to us as such. Everything of greatest consequence is to be found there. All great movements, political and religious, are treated of there; and all those questionable personal transactions which have appeared so perplexing are there, though viewed no longer from their personal side, or as connected with personal intrigue, caprice, or feeling, but as rising out of the national will, and expressing the national judgment; — viewed from their inner side, by men apparently of large, calm, massive minds, not as we see them now, but as those saw them then, who bore a part in doing them. Under any ordinary circumstances it would be quite certain

that accounts of matters to be got at in this way, would be both credible and valuable: it is worth while, at all events, to listen to what they have to say, and to hesitate before deciding that, in the times of which we are speaking, the English gentlemen were of such unusual worthlessness, that their thoughts do not deserve to be considered. But this is far from all with which the Statute Book will furnish us; not only shall we find an account there of the ordinary subjects of our books, but, after careful study, a whole picture rises out of it, of the old English nation, its life, its habits, its character, its occupations, amusements, hopes and fears. The political economy, the education, the relations between man and man, between landlord and tenant, between employer and employed, all are laid out before us there in unconscious simplicity, with the duties which, in all such relations, were supposed to be involved, and the degree in which such duties were fulfilled. We do not say that every idle person, who amuses away an hour or two with turning over the pages of the folios, and smiling at the uncouth phraseology, will find all this at a glance. Little truth of any kind is to be gained in that way; and the Statutes, viewed as we are viewing them, are like the book which Bishop Butler desired to see written, consisting only of premises. But the conclusions are there, and one day they will be seen and known to be there. One thing, however, we shall certainly find, of which it is as well at once to warn all persons who are unwilling to face such a conclusion, that the character of the English people, as illustrated in their lives and laws, was to the full as noble and generous as we experience it now to be; that there was the same true blood and the same true heart as are in ourselves; and that therefore it is at once impossible to believe them capable of actions of which we could not believe ourselves capable; and that, in all matters concerning human life and action, they possessed minds as fully competent as ours to understand evidence, and hearts as certain to spurn any conscious sanctioning of iniquity.

The system under which we discover from the Statute Book that the Government of this country was carried on under the Tudors, and under which it throve as no country ever throve, was of a kind which could in no way have been carried on at all except by a degree of justice, self-sacrifice, and uprightness in the higher classes, in all lords of the soil, masters of households, and employers of labour of every kind, which the political economists of the present day declare complacently to be beyond the possibilities of fallen human nature; which imply of necessity an active practical virtue and

self-renunciation, which, as the rule of national life, it is now considered absurd and extravagant to look for. At the time we speak of, the population of England was, perhaps, a fourth of what it is at present; the wealth of it at the very highest could not have exceeded a twelfth; and yet, with this enormous disproportion of advantage, the wages paid under Henry VIII. to common agricultural labourers, regulated by Act of Parliament, enforced by the noblemen and country gentlemen, amounted, in terms of the bread and beef and beer which they would buy, to twenty shillings a week of our money; and this was considered the equitable level, below which it was not thought fair that wages should descend; since, with the first symptoms of a change in the value of money, a fresh adjustment was made by Elizabeth's second Parliament to keep them from falling. Now this, of course, could only be done by some kind of voluntary sacrifice. Landlords must have given up something of their rent, farmers and tradesmen something of their profits; something, that is, which they might have secured to themselves, if they had treated the service of human beings as a market commodity, and left them to find their natural level. And the consequence was so great a loyalty between rank and rank, such strong affection, such honest attachment, that society was secure in the consciousness of its own just dealing; there was no standing army, no organised machinery of order, but the people were their own soldiers and their own police; not only were they permitted to possess arms, but every able-bodied man was compelled to possess them, and to be trained in the use of them, in virtue of his place and duty as a free-born Englishman. What stronger proof can be given of the justice of a Government, and of the uprightness of the gentlemen who administered it, than the existence of society for a day under such a system? It is not very difficult to calculate how long it would last now if the army were dismissed, the police reduced to the proportion of the old parish constables, and the population drilled as soldiers, with muskets and bayonets in their hands.

Facts of this kind compel us to feel that large chasms exist somewhere in our conceptions of our past history, and we propose that with the new history classes at Oxford the experiment be made, with some period or periods, of studying it in the text of the contemporary statutes. The statutes antecedent to the invention of printing are brief, and are, moreover, exceedingly imperfect. While, therefore, they are full of interest and instructiveness, it would not be well to try a new experiment when it is least likely to succeed. From the

fourth year of Henry VII., however, when first they began to be printed, we have thenceforward a full and perfect account of all measures passed in that and every successive Parliament; and from that time to the Restoration let the Statutes be made a text-book, which shall be got up as Thucydides and Aristotle are got up, as a fixed and authoritative nucleus around which the knowledge of those two centuries are built up.

We do not mean the whole of them, although, indeed, the Public Acts are not so many, nor so voluminous in character, but what candidates for high honours might well be required to know them all. Very many, however, relate to details of trade, specimens of which would be sufficient. A certain number of these might be selected to illustrate the remarkable system on which commerce was then conducted, and the omission of the remainder would largely reduce the bulk of what would be left to deal with. Let there be made a carefully abridged edition, containing all such statutes as directly bear upon the outer or inner life of England; especial care being taken with such as are chosen, to give the language of them exactly as it is, without omission or curtailment. In days when printing was expensive, men did not waste words as they waste them now; and the language itself, and the thoughts contained it, are so many windows opened into the temper and nature of those times. And if this selection be really well made, and thoroughly mastered and understood, we do not hesitate to say that the result will be an insight into the condition of this country during that period, more complete in itself, more thorough, sound, and genuine, than could be gained in learning by heart every modern book upon the subject which is extant in our language. It is not pretended that the Statutes contain all which ought to be known; it would be absurd to suppose it: but they form for every year and for every period, sound and healthy centres of organisation, around which all other attainable knowledge ought to be gathered, in order that the outward events which other books furnish, may fall into their proper places, and bear their proper significance. There will be no difficulty with these, and it may be safely left to the tutor to direct his pupils where he will best find them, whether in an old chronicle or in a book of modern history. For the period on which he proposes to lecture, the Statute Book will be his text; and all events of real importance he will find are either made matter there of direct legislation, or some judgment is formed upon them by implication or allusion. The student will have to learn the meaning of all such allu-

sions: he will have to understand the occasion which led Parliament to decide as they decided; and thus upon all momentous questions, both tutor and pupil will have before them the contemporary judgment of the sober minds of England, pronounced with a clearness of insight, and often with a majesty of language, the influence of which no private imaginings of their own will be long able to resist. Interspersed in the collection of Statutes might be other State documents of importance, Parliamentary petitions of the people, proclamations, addresses, and such contemporary accounts of State trials as are really authentic. All these, if learnt in the same way, and received as authoritative statements, would be equally beneficial with the Statutes themselves, and would serve to illustrate them.

Such is the method which appears to us the best at present obtainable for the right understanding of the two most important centuries of English History. Of course it is imperfect: it is not suggested with any notion that it is more. But it will be sound as far as it goes; and it will serve to form a foundation for a more sober apprehension of the subject, than as yet unhappily prevails. Hereafter, perhaps, when it has done its work, and our minds are brought into a more healthy condition, some book or books may be written which will supersede so laborious a method; but a long time must elapse before we can hope for such a consummation, and in the meanwhile it is better to lay honest foundations than to build palaces out of our fancies or our theories, which by and by will fade like a dream.

It is as well, even with the risk of being tedious, to recapitulate some of the advantages which the adoption of this method will secure for us.

And first, practically for the student it will provide what we said to be of so much importance, a single authoritative book, which is to be definitely studied and mastered, — a book at which the student will work by himself in his own room, out of which he is to look to be examined, and which his tutor is to help him to understand. He is no longer thrown upon a subject which he is to work at as he can; but his subject is laid before him treated in a particular manner, and thus limited in extent and brought within manageable dimensions. English History, taken as a subject, at any period of it, is an enormous one, ramifying out in endless directions, and treated hitherto in endless ways. A young man who has to look forward to an examination has no means of knowing how best to make his reading answer. The examiner has looked at it in one way, while the student

has been at work in a quite other direction. The examiner, especially with a new study, is under a temptation rather to make a display of his own erudition, than to give the student an opportunity of showing what he has learnt; and the student, to meet the chances of his examination, must labour to commit to memory the largest and most varied mass of information, instead of seriously labouring to understand what is really of moment. Left to himself, he cannot tell what is of moment and what is not. His college tutor may have directed him to Church History,—to the councils, the doctrines, the ecclesiastical organisation. His private tutor may curl his nostril at the bishops, and discourse to him upon ecclesiastical scandals in a sermon eight centuries long. To the professor both these may be alike indifferent and insignificant; and the point of importance lie in the development of the constitution, or the social organisation, or the foreign policy, or the progress of the arts and sciences. There are any number of attitudes in which we may place ourselves towards a history, according to the bent and leaning of our own mind; and a poor fellow looking forward to an examination can form no notion how to economise his reading, or how to encounter prudently the multiplied possibilities before him.

In the second place, the study of a history in the Statutes will form the most wholesome corrective to that particular form of error now so prevalent, to which we alluded,—that of looking for the causes of great popular movements, of great events, which determine the fates of kingdoms, in the small whims and caprices of individual princes and ministers. It is the fashion now-a-days to regard the great ruling minds of old England as having been exceedingly mean minds; much more mean, for instance, than that of the historian himself who so regards them, or those of his probable readers. And when at the same time they and their wishes are represented as the hinge on which our history has revolved, the effect is to spread over the whole thing such a character of paltriness that our great England—once called

> 'The land of lordliest souls, the dear, dear land;
> Dear for her reputation through the earth;
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,'—

is made to seem as if instead it had been the nursery of everything most pitiful, most base, and most contemptible. We think we do not say this without reason, nor do we allude to the toleration among us of those shameless abominations called 'Comic Histories of England,' in which great,

high-natured men have been metamorphosed into grinning baboons, to furnish the nineteenth century with a laugh. These are bad, but there is something worse than these in the serious language of deliberate depreciation, which in robbing our greatest names of their claim to reverence, has made it permissible to make a jest of them without offence. Let us only think, to go no further back, of the spirit in which the history of our Reformation has been written, of the motives which are said to have prompted the actions of Henry VIII. and his ministers, of the character given of Henry himself and of Elizabeth, or, later down, of Cromwell and of the Puritans. All these great persons who ruled England were looked up to and loved by England; either England loving what was base and despicable, or, worse still, pretending to love when she hated, and honour when she despised. It is time for us to have done with all this; and as prejudices against persons are somewhat inveterate, and do not easily yield, it will be well, for a change, to learn the history of our country in the recorded judgment of the English Parliament, leaving for a time our own speculations upon motives and character. We shall then see how much of all those things which we have been setting down to passions, sensualities, ambitions, jealousies, and hypocrisies, arose out of the hearty and resolute desires of the people themselves; and in what light the actions of princes, which are criticised so sternly, appeared in the eyes of those who witnessed them from day to day.

So will all events fall at last into their proper places and proper proportions. It is with history as it is with a picture. It is not enough that the facts related be authentic and true. The truth of the effect depends on the grouping of such facts and the relative magnitude assigned to them. Hitherto the fortunes of royal families or personages, their private lives and wars and quarrellings, occupying as they do nine tenths of all our books, have assumed, even supposing that we have them truly, a proportion utterly undue to their real dimensions; and the idea is thus conveyed to the world that the history of the English nation was the history of its kings, its few leading nobles, and its armies, and that the people themselves had no existence worth recording. So when we wander among our cathedrals, or stray into some secluded parish church nestling among the inland hills, and observe those stately figures of the past reclining, in stone or brass, over the dust of men whose life and story are all unknown, and only faint rumours of tradition float round their crumbling swords or banners mouldering from the roof; when we ask

what these men were; what was their daily round of life; what to them appeared this earth and the heavenly arch which overspans it, and the great silent Infinite out of which they had come and into which they have returned? the answer to such questions is gone, is lost—is nothing. We hear of our barbarian ancestors, yet if they were like the images on their tombs, more majestic forms were never worn by humanity. Something of them we desire to learn; and into them we shall gain some insight by dwelling for a while upon what remains of the deliberate expression of their collective thought, on the high questions of faith, and life, and law, and duty. The outward history of a nation,—its foreign wars, its revolutions, its domestic factions, are but an unknown language, without importance, sense, or meaning, except when looked at from the inner side, with some clear understanding of the nature of the people who did the things of which we speak. And between us and the old English, between their thoughts and ours, their feelings and ours, their desires and ours, there is a great gulf fixed, which with no effort of imagination or sympathy we have even endeavoured to bridge. We see them in pictures; in the pages of Chaucer and Shakspeare, so like ourselves and yet so unlike; but we have never measured the points of difference or attempted to penetrate into their hearts; and we suppose that Edward I., if we could see him, would be as much a surprise to us as Nebuchadnezzar; that Pericles is better understood at Oxford than Lord Burleigh; and that we can quite as accurately realise the impression which an interview would make upon us with Isaiah or Ezekiel, as with John Knox or John Milton.

Once more, the course which we recommend will preserve us from another temptation into which we are greatly inclined to fall. Personality is one temptation. Theorising is another, and a worse. More or less, we have always been exposed to theorising: we have had Catholic views and Protestant, Tory and Whig, Liberal and Conservative, out of which *συστοιχία τῶν ἐναντίων* we have been left to gather up the truth; and no sooner have we begun to congratulate ourselves that the current in this direction is running rather less violently, than symptoms appear of a set in a fresh direction which will make our new position worse than our old. We used to have party histories, and we knew what to do with them. Now we have philosophic histories, and what we shall do with them who is able to tell? Philosophy of Progress, Development of Humanity, Laws of the Growth of the Species,—these are the fine-sounding

words which are now-a-days clamoured in our ears, as if poor mankind were a sort of a thing that grew by rules like a tree, putting out leaves at one time, flowers at another, fruit at another, then seed-time, and so on. And then it must have its roots: some considering that they are in its brain,—in its knowledge, information, or acquaintance with the laws of Nature; others placing them in its heart,—in its ideas of excellence, philosophic estimate of the Deity, and so on. Of course, also, to all this there must be an opposition; there are people who disbelieve in Progress altogether, and believe in just the opposite of that,—in our corruption, decline, and approaching ruin. A view of some kind everybody just now thinks it right to have about the matter; the tendency to form such view being, we believe, in accurate proportion to the ignorance of the person forming it. The better people know things the less they have views about them. The thing itself is the true object of knowledge, and the mind rests in that. Now, however easy it may be to have views of action when we only know them dimly, and views of characters, when we form our conceptions of them in the shape which will best fit into our hypothesis, it is not easy to have a view about a statute: a statute is itself a view—a view not of our own, but of the persons whose times we are studying respecting matters in which they had themselves to act; and the necessity of understanding this will be found, if not wholly repressive of our speculative tendencies, yet, at least, to clip their wings very close to the quick, and confine their circuit within a far shorter radius of the fact. And in this way the difficulties will be very much obviated, arising from the disagreement between tutors of opposite opinions, and from the vagaries of professors ambitious of originality, or who conceive that the accurate revolution of the planets, and the stability of the solar system, depends upon the due acceptance of their small theological formulas. In such hands History, while it is merely a collection of facts, may be readily arranged into such a form as will say what they wish it to say,—by the omitting, that is, or throwing into shadow, all the facts that make the other way, and by a judicious use of emphasis in the distribution of the rest. But the Statutes will be far less submissive to manipulation. An eloquent tutor may, no doubt, do something of the kind with them; it is a pity, but it cannot be helped. But if a knowledge of the letter of the Statutes be peremptorily insisted on, it will remain a perpetual obstacle and a perpetual corrective, like the ballast of a ship, which, though insufficient to prevent her from

heeling to the wind, yet keeps her meanwhile secure from an upset, and, as soon as the persuasive breath has ceased to bear upon her, brings her straight upon her keel again.

Thus by degrees, keeping our steady way, we may clear ourselves of party spirit, dogmatism, and philosophy, and instead of inflicting our own lessons ready made upon History, we may content ourselves with receiving from it the lesson which History may inflict upon us. It will inflict upon us lessons of impartiality, for it is of no party, and will countenance none. It will show that our countrymen, even when occupied with the very matters on which party spirit is now so hot and so excited, were, after all, concerned, all sides of them, quite as much with the healthy substantial business of the details of living as with the great questions of faith and government, which we consider as so vital. It is something more than touching to find Queen Mary's Parliament, even while the fires of Smithfield were burning, engaged in preventing the manufacturers of the north from mixing devilsdust with their cloth, and the smaller tradesmen of the petty towns from cheating the poor consumers with adulterated articles. And Henry VII.'s first Parliament, at the first moment of recovered breath from the most dreadful civil war which had ever desolated a country, sat down calmly and quietly to discuss the details of a Navigation Act. These are the things which show what the English people were. In the midst of all their civil wars, or wars of conquest, their reformations, revolutions, or whatever else of mighty moment they were engaged upon, they never allowed themselves to be interfered with in the routine of ordinary duty. Questions of faith and questions of the succession to the throne, vital as they were, were of less moment to them after all than the protection of the poor from fraud, the just balancing of work and wages, and the active employment of all members of the Commonwealth, rich and poor alike, upon the honest business of their daily lives. Honest duty well performed, not opinions well debated, were the all in all to the merry England of old times.

In what we have said we have been stating only the results of personal experience; and very possibly we overrate the value of a study which need by no means be of universal utility, because particular persons suppose themselves to have profited by it; and it would be foolish for any one to pretend that by themselves the Statutes either contain or can convey a complete account of our history, or of any portion of it. We have offered this experience, however, as a contribution towards the solution of a difficulty which is well

known to exist; and of the value of it others, and not ourselves, must determine. We believe, for our own part, that, for a serviceable study of English History, the Statutes are as the skeleton is to the body; that in them is contained the bone and marrow of the whole matter, and around them as a sustaining and organising structure the flesh and colour of it can alone effectually gather itself.

We have been told that they will be found dull: we cannot say that we ourselves found them dull; but an interest in the subject, and especially in those particular features of it, cannot always be calculated on, and the light which is thrown by them will not at first be adequately valued. This we suppose is to be expected; but we do not know that an anticipated sense of weariness in the student is any reason for expecting that he will derive no advantage from what wearies him. Grammar is not particularly exciting, nor geometry, nor algebra; and very few persons indeed could declare that they had found Logic on first acquaintance entertaining, or that they had never yawned over Aristotle's Ethics. It is impossible to be interested at first sight in anything which there is difficulty in understanding; and, inasmuch as there are very few things worth knowing which are not difficult, we may make up our minds to some amount of weariness. All beginnings are hard, and no particular good is done by artificial attempts to make them easy. It is said further, however, and by persons whose judgment is entitled to respect, that if the method which we have proposed be adopted, there ought at least to be some connecting narrative of events, after the fashion of the Parliamentary History, filling up the intervals between the Sessions of Parliament, and supplying the necessary information to make the passing of the Acts intelligible. It is even said, that on this narrative, and on the style in which it was executed, the success of the experiment would depend. We cannot think so, and we cannot share in the desire to see it tried in such a manner. There are plenty of books already which will abundantly supply the narrative; and it is better that it be left to them. The object is to obtain an authoritative text-book, from which, therefore, all present thoughts and present opinions must be excluded as the condition of its maintaining its authority. The student must be taught, not what we think about things, but as nearly as possible the things themselves, with the smallest practicable intermixture of alien matter; and the ablest narrative which could be written at present, would inevitably be written as a commentary in the interest of some party or other, or in the

light of some modern theory or philosophy. It could not possibly be otherwise; so that we should at once sacrifice the common ground on which all persuasions could unite; the book would lose its right to control us by sinking to the level of an ordinary history, without the thorough-going partisanship which makes such histories palatable. The commentary also, if practically successful in gaining reception, would receive a traditionary interpretation, which would cling to the text of the Statutes, and, instead of learning ourselves from our history, — a thing never yet done by any one, and yet a thing so necessary to be done, — we should but have the old story over again, and make our history learn from us. The choice of the supplementary narrative may well be left, therefore, to the tutors, who can thus keep pace with the time, studying and bringing to bear whatever new matter is brought to light. Perhaps as they gain an interest themselves, and a school is formed with a genuine historical spirit, they may even adventure on their own account among the unprinted MSS. in our libraries and public offices, where an entire old English world lies buried in enchanted slumber. It is as well worth doing as editing a Greek play, or writing a treatise upon Logic; and men may as well advance their reputation in a way which may be of use as in one which is of no use whatever. At all events the 'narrative' will occasion but a small difficulty so long as the text of the Statutes underlies it, keeping the parts in due subordination, and coercing the judgment into rationality. In the way of notes, nothing would be wanted except an expanded glossary, explanatory of the technical terms, a statement of facts as brief as possible, wherever facts are specially alluded to, and a careful table of references. With his pupils thus furnished, a tutor who was himself diligent and well informed would turn them out at the end of their course with a sounder understanding of so much of the past history of this country as they had worked up under him, than if they had analysed all the historians in the language, from Carte to Lingard. Examinations would, or at least could, be satisfactorily conducted, and become a genuine test of acquirement; furnishing examiners, perhaps, with less opportunity of display, but, what is far better, providing a means for guiding and testing soundly the minds of those who are examined. And then the differences of opinion, possible or probable, between the professors whom a change of government may impose on the university, would be felt less sensibly. The education of the country, so far as this subject is concerned, would be neither Protestant nor Catholic,

Tory nor Whig,—it would be English. Colours might be thrown upon it by plausible or popular lecturers, as the sunlight may seem to stain a pavement by falling through stained glass; but the substantial thing would remain unaffected in its proper simplicity, until at last the coloured glazings would disappear altogether, or the many hues would blend in our intellectual prism one into the other, and the pure white light of truth at length be our only guide.

We may seem to have spoken slightingly of the writings of eminent men of great industry, and energy, and intellect, —to have used language about them both unbecoming and disrespectful. We are sorry if it be so; for the high qualities which we do not deny to them, are always to be held in honour, and we have no right to censure when there was no power to make things other than they were. We cannot point to any past time when an intellect short of gigantic could have seen beyond the controversies of the passing age, or could have held itself unaffected by the prejudices and opinions of its times any more than it could do at present. No better books could be written now. The greatest genius does but represent the prevailing thought of his contemporaries, and the popular judgment must become far wiser than it is before we shall see a good English history. Either we follow the age, and reflect the prevailing fashions, or else, as is signally instanced in the case of Mr. Carlyle, we fall into distempered antagonism to them. In either case they affect us, and distort the correctness of our painting. In truth, we are all ranged on one side or the other as opposing parties, in a conflict which is yet far from decided; and which, although for the present quiescent, may at any moment burst again into flame. We may do our best to be impartial; we may imagine, if we please, as Gibbon did, that we have attained some philosophic Olympus, from which we can look down in serene amusement upon the battle of the plain; yet no sincere person can long sustain himself in an unpermitted position; and Solon's law, that in times of trial it was the duty of all good citizens to take a side, remains, as it ever was, a law of human nature itself. Impartiality on the great questions now at issue, is but another name for an unworthy indifference.

What we can do, however, is to lay a foundation for a clearer future, and, as far as possible, to train up our children in a fairer and more genial atmosphere. It is not a matter, after all, of mere University lectures and examinations. The right understanding of our English History is nothing less than an understanding of the rule under which we are

governed by the Almighty Lord of the world; and on the due acknowledgment of which, and due submission to its dictates, our happiness, our only highest and true good, depends. What is this good, and what is the law of it? To what forms of faith or action is the grace of God most emphatically awarded? What men were enabled to live the noblest lives among us, and why? What ends did such men propose to themselves? Under what spiritual teaching, under what forms of social order or government, were such ends best arrived at? Rightly, we suppose, to answer these questions, is to see through to the end of all the controversies, political and theological, which distract and will distract us for long years to come. The knowledge we wish for will not come yet, but a School of History, soberly and rationally founded, may, and must in the long-run conduce to it; and we must not despise a beginning which we feel confident is sound, however limited the immediate results which it seems to promise. A seed so planted would be found, we believe, not slow of growth, and the outspring of it no short-lived imitation or idealizing conception of this thinker or of that, absorbing all attention for the moment, and vanishing before the next new theory of a rival genius; but the substantially imperishable, living growth of truth, which may shoot up at length the counterpart, in thought and word, of the acted ages of English story, and remain to bear flower and fruit for ever.

THE WORKS OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

1. *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle.*
2. *Nouvelles:* (*Emmeline, &c.*).
3. *Contes:* (*Le Merle Blanc, &c.*).
4. *Comédies et Proverbes.*
5. *Premières Poésies:* 1829-1835.
6. *Poésies Nouvelles:* 1836-1852.

STREETS, Tribunes, and Cæsars are set up and demolished in the French capital with so provoking a rapidity, that Englishmen now find a yearly visit to the Rue de Rivoli indispensable to a decent knowledge of that city, and can never enjoy the British satisfaction of having 'done Paris.' But amongst new men and new palaces a novelty more entertaining, and by long custom consecrated almost among our necessary superfluities, appears to have passed out of date and fashion. Something fatal to rhyme, and discouraging to prose — something repressive, perhaps, of genius — who can tell? seems to lurk within the atmosphere of court and camp; and in the 'alliance of nations' that national literature, during thirty years so fertile in pleasant master pieces, has apparently migrated to the East, or threatens to be frozen within the Baltic. No six years since the last Bourbon ascended the throne have given us so scanty a measure of French reading as those that separate us now from a certain Reform Banquet — it seems but yesterday — when Lamartine had not yet dreamt of politics, or Guizot tasted of exile.

It is not therefore without the pleasure and the diffidence of surprise, that we find ourselves able to place at the head of our paper a series of works in which English readers will, we think, recognise something at once new, and not likely to be forgotten, — the welcome brilliancy and *esprit* of Paris, united with elements of excellence by no preceding French writer, to the best of our knowledge, so abundantly presented. 'Rome,' said one whose existence gave his words practical contradiction, 'was widowed under imperial sway at once of liberty and of genius.' But France has long enjoyed the privilege of retaining one gift under a mode of government which every Englishman will earnestly trust aims now

at the ultimate restoration of that other blessing, without which genius and virtue can rarely give their consecration to the Throne, or feel native in their own country. And with our best sympathies, England desires now to give France and her adventurous Sovereign our best hopes,—patient to await their seasonable accomplishment by a process which can only be that of years, and confiding in the many promises of the future. Turning, meanwhile, to a less agitated and cloudy prospect, we rejoice to welcome in Alfred de Musset a writer not silenced by the terrors of the day, or limited by the bonds of politics; but capable of ascent into regions calmer and more fortunate,—the kingdom of thought, that outlasts mortal dynasties,—the palace more glorious than imperial dwellings,—the Elysian fields of imagination.

Most English people have heard the remark—we do not know if it be proverbial elsewhere—that the power of writing good prose is involved in the power of writing good poetry; just as most English people are aware that a novelist may be a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Neither phenomenon, however (happily or unhappily), is commonly witnessed among us. In the case of Scott, the most prominent exception, we may, we think, fairly say, that by very far the larger amount of his poetry is little more than the versified prose of animated description. When similar instances—as in the case of Moore or Coleridge—have occurred, the poet has mainly abandoned the 'hill retired,' before condescending to lay aside his 'singing garments,' and appear on the lower stage of prose. But if we look across the seas, we shall find, within the limits of a single century, Lamartine, Manzoni, Wieland, Lessing, Goethe, —we may perhaps add Schiller,—distinguished in the popular estimate not less by their prose writing than by their poetry. To set forth reasons for this fact would lead us too far astray. At present we shall only remark, that this union of allied powers points out, in our opinion undoubtedly, that these great writers, compared with our own, have at least aimed at a more scientific co-ordination and employment of all their faculties,—at a higher and more complete intellectual cultivation. How far Alfred de Musset deserves to be inscribed among these Olympians, we cannot venture to anticipate the judgment of Time by deciding. But that he has gained a true and genuine success in both modes of composition, the works before us bear very sufficient testimony. We have mentioned him as one of the few existing literary reputations of France, who have of late ventured to pass those well-known *barrières*, more formidable

to genius and to liberty than to poultry and *piquette;* and the editions of his poetry before us are dated within the last three years. But though, we believe, scarcely known in England, except to those who witnessed the comparatively recent success of his graceful *Proverbes, Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte ou fermée,* and *Un Caprice,* his first published pieces bear date so far back as 1829. Since that time his reputation has been, we believe, steadily on the increase amongst his countrymen, until at the present moment he is paying the penalty of popularity in the attacks of that worst enemy to Genius,—the servile and self-destructive herd of imitators.

Musset's earlier collection comprised the period between 1829—1835. The second, first gathered together within the last three years, carries us on to 1852. But, before this latter publication, a series of tales and novels had sufficiently proved his mastery over prose writing, and his happy inventiveness in plot and incident; while, later still, by the production of a series of *Comédies* and *Proverbes,* our versatile author attained that true prize of French envy and ambition,—theatrical success.

In the case of those writers whose works are in every one's hand—or, better still, require only memory for the verification of a reference—criticism has a fairer field than when she aims at serving as a guide to lands as yet unfamiliar. We can then afford to analyse and to compare, to be minute on questions of style, and copious in the selection of beauties. But in instances like the present, our office must be rather synthetic than analytic. For, wishing to give the general reader some idea of the justice of M. de Musset's titles to eminence in so many capacities, we can of course do no more than take a brief glance at each section; indicating rather the treasures of the land than mathematically surveying it.

To begin with the novels. *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle,* published now (for a novel) many years since, like so many first works, from *Werter* to *The Self-accusations of a West-end Tailor,* evidently preserves the strongest resemblance to the personal features of the parent. And, like other first works, full of youth's pastime and prodigality, it is crude, impetuous, glowing, incomplete, and hence rather a preface than an organic book, and somewhat unreal even in the very fury of its attempted reality. That in one respect,—the main subject, namely, and material,—the *Confession* resembles all other novels, be they first or last works, we need hardly stop to observe. But the most universal passions are precisely those that most task the author of a work of imagina-

tion. The more they have already been treated, the more simple must the new treatment be which is to stamp them with a new interest. There is, indeed, abundance of the passion of love in this tale; but, much as there is, the subject was still beyond the author's grasp: and when we close the volume we are inclined to mutter with Pandarus, 'Hot blood — hot thoughts — hot deeds — is love a generation of vipers?'

The opening of the *Confession* is laid during the period of the wars of Napoleon. The feverish and animating atmosphere in which the youth of that age grew up, trained thus early to anticipate a whole life of youthful excitement, is most vigorously sketched.

'Pendant les guerres de l'empire, tandis que les maris et les frères étaient en Allemagne, les mères inquiètes avaient mis au monde une génération ardente, pâle, nerveuse. Conçus entre deux batailles, élevés dans les collèges aux roulements des tambours, des milliers d'enfants se regardaient entre eux d'un œil sombre, en essayant leurs muscles chétifs. De temps en temps leurs pères ensanglantés apparaissaient, les soulevaient sur leurs poitrines chamarrées d'or, puis les posaient à terre et remontaient à cheval.'

But after Napoleon's fall:

'Alors ces hommes de l'empire, qui avaient tant couru et tant égorgé, embrassèrent leurs femmes amaigries et parlèrent de leurs premières amours; ils se regardèrent dans les fontaines de leurs prairies natales, et ils s'y virent si vieux, si mutilés, qu'ils se souvinrent de leurs fils, afin qu'on leur fermât les yeux. Ils demandèrent où ils étaient; les enfants sortirent des collèges, et, ne voyant plus ni sabres, ni cuirasses, ni fantassins, ni cavaliers, ils demandèrent à leur tour où étaient leurs pères. Mais on leur répondit que la guerre était finie, que César était mort, et que les portraits de Wellington et de Blucher étaient suspendus dans les antichambres des consulats et des ambassades, avec ces deux mots au bas: *Salvatoribus mundi.*

'Alors s'assit sur un monde en ruines une jeunesse soucieuse. Tous ces enfants étaient des gouttes d'un sang brûlant qui avait inondé la terre; ils étaient nés au sein de la guerre, pour la guerre. Ils avaient rêvé pendant quinze ans des neiges de Moscou et du soleil des Pyramides.'

The exiled royalists return:—

'Le roi de France était sur son trône, regardant çà et là s'il ne voyait pas une abeille dans ses tapisseries. Les uns lui tendaient leur chapeau, et il leur donnait de l'argent; les autres lui montraient un crucifix, et il le baisait; d'autres se contentaient de lui crier aux oreilles de grands noms retentissants, et il répondait à ceux-là d'aller dans sa grand' salle, que les échos en étaient sonores; d'autres encore lui montraient leurs vieux manteaux,

comme ils en avaient bien effacé les abeilles, et à ceux-là il donnait un habit neuf.

'Les enfants regardaient tout cela, pensant toujours que l'ombre de César allait débarquer à Cannes et souffler sur ces larves; mais le silence continuait toujours, et l'on ne voyait flotter dans le ciel que la pâleur des lis. Quand les enfants parlaient de gloire, on leur disait: faites-vous prêtres; quand ils parlaient de l'ambition: faites-vous prêtres; d'espérance, d'amour, de force, de vie: faites-vous prêtres!'

The attempt to govern a nation of morbidly progressive tendencies by galvanised and reactionary forms, soon bore its natural fruits.

'Ce fut comme une dénégation de toutes choses du ciel et de la terre, qu'on peut nommer désenchantement, ou, si l'on veut, *désespérance;* comme si l'humanité en léthargie avait été crue morte par ceux qui lui tâtaient le pouls. De même que ce soldat à qui l'on demanda jadis: A quoi crois-tu? et qui le premier répondit: A moi; ainsi la jeunesse de France, entendant cette question, répondit la première: A rien.'

And then two parties appeared. On the one side were those who felt the hypocrisy and hopelessness of their age, and resigned themselves to the feeling; on the other those who, determined to put aside all feeling, fell back upon a life of Epicurean selfishness.

'L'homme est ici-bas,' they said, 'pour se servir de ses sens; il a plus ou moins de morceaux d'un métal jaune ou blanc, avec quoi il a droit à plus ou moins d'estime. Manger, boire, et dormir, c'est vivre. Quant aux liens qui existent entre les hommes, l'amitié consiste à prêter de l'argent; mais il est rare d'avoir un ami qu'on puisse aimer assez pour cela. La parenté sert aux héritages; l'amour est un exercice du corps; la seule jouissance intellectuelle est la vanité.'

Nothing can be more striking than M. de Musset's picture of this age, and of the feelings to which it gave birth. But on this follows, we think, a somewhat illogical corollary. The hero, an 'enfant du siècle,' disappointed by a faithless mistress, is found, when the romance proper opens, plunged in despair, ready to recommence the frantic passion, and only dissuaded from it by the misconduct of the lady, and by advice received from his friend Desgenais. Desgenais is the model of an honest-hearted and thorough-going materialist — an impersonation of selfishness in despite of himself. But, though intended manifestly as one type of his age, we do not see much more in his philosophy than had been dreamed of by the Don Juans and the Lovelaces of many a preceding century. The hero, at his advice, endeavours to drown remembrance and feeling in debauchery;

and finds debauchery itself as meaningless and incredible as faith and happiness.—But we need analyse no further. We have already indicated the main defects of the work, regarded on the side of manner and passion; we may now add, that M. de Musset appears to us to have but imperfectly fulfilled the main intention of his story. He has brilliantly described a period of disappointment and despair, and a life no less hopeless and unsatisfied. But between the two he has established no fundamental connection, no necessary relation of cause and effect; and the general impression left, in spite of many passages of very unusual force and tenderness, is hence that natural one,—that in the author's first novel we have rather *spes* than *res*,—a promise rather than a fulfilment.

There is a natural circle, Goethe said, in politics, through which every one passes,—from democracy in youth to conservatism in age. The remark becomes a higher truth when applied to the artist. Desire is the first passion of genius: repose is its ultimate perfection. Many steps, weary yet steps of progress, must be trod before that last and most arduous height is attained. And so in the later novels of the writer before us, we see frequent proofs of successful effort to pass from the troubled atmosphere and limited horizon of youth,—from the excesses of the 'romantic' school and that which his lively friend Théophile characterises as '*l'Hugolâtrie la plus cannibale et la plus féroce*,'* to the regions of a calmer and a wider nature, and to the recognition of the fact, that it is life as it is around us, and in us, which can alone give permanent interest or permanent excellence to works of imagination.

A. de Musset's later volume, the *Nouvelles*, containing six tales, does not altogether equal one-twelfth of the bulk of one of the profuse rhapsodies of Sue or Dumas. But we know of few modern tales—if we except the immortal *Vicar*, Goethe's *Werter*, C. Lamb's *Rosamond*, and, perhaps, Miss Austen's *Persuasion*,—equally clear, brilliant, and penetrating. The language everywhere (to borrow a term from sculpture) is clean cut and decisive,—not a word thrown away. Equal skill, and equal temperance, are displayed in the use of the incidents. The events and characters are such as the common life of society can supply at any chance *soirée*, and are borrowed from the source of our nearest interest, the inexhaustible world we live in. But, admirably selected and described with the never-failing happy touch of a Frenchman, the characters stamp themselves vividly on the mind, and carry with them that calm impress of reality which

* See T. Gautier's *Daniel Jovard, ou la Conversion d'un Classique.*

enables us to pursue the thread of their adventures for a second time with increased interest.

Five of these six tales present us with different phases of French life. *Les deux Maîtresses* and *Croisilles* we pass over. *Emmeline* is the history — so often told, and so often to be told again — of the ill-assorted union between the girl of independent and cultivated mind, and the man incapable of understanding the prize which accident has placed in hands unworthy of the treasure. The opening is, we think, very felicitous in its simplicity: —

'Vous vous souvenez sans doute, Madame, du mariage de Mademoiselle Duval. Quoiqu'on n'en ait parlé qu'un jour à Paris, comme on y parle de tout, ce fut un évènement dans un certain monde. Si ma mémoire est bonne, c'était en 1825. Mademoiselle Duval sortait du convent, à dix-huit ans, avec quatre-vingt mille livres de rente. M. de Marsan, qui l'épousa, n'avait que son titre,' &c.

Then follows a charming description of the heroine's youth: —

'Elle étudiait toute la journée dans une salle où se trouvait une grande bibliothèque vitrée, contenant trois mille volumes environ. La clef était à la serrure, mais Emmeline avait promis de ne point y toucher. Elle garda toujours scrupuleusement sa promesse, et il y avait mérite dans cette conduite, car elle avait la rage de tout apprendre. Ce qui n'était pas défendu, c'était de dévorer les livres des yeux; aussi en savait-elle tous les titres par cœur; elle parcourait successivement tous les rayons, et, pour atteindre les plus élevés, plantait une chaise sur la table; les yeux fermés, elle eût mis la main sur le volume qu'on lui aurait demandé. Elle affectionnait les auteurs par les titres de leurs ouvrages, et, de cette façon, elle a eu de terribles mécomptes. Mais ce n'est pas de cela qu'il s'agit. . . Toujours nu-tête, les cheveux en désordre, narguant le vent, le soleil, jamais plus contente que lorsqu'elle rentrait mouillée par la pluie, elle se livrait, à la campagne, à tous les exercices violents, comme si là eût été toute sa vie. Sept ou huit lieues à cheval, au galop, étaient un jeu pour elle; à pied, elle défiait tout le monde; elle courait, grimpait aux arbres, et si on ne marchait pas sur les parapets plutôt que sur les quais, si on ne descendait pas les escaliers sur leurs rampes, elle pensait que c'était par respect humain. . . . Comment lui laissait-on courir tant de dangers? Je ne me chargerai pas de vous l'expliquer.

'Au milieu de ces folies, Emmeline était railleuse; elle avait un oncle tout rond, avec un rire bête, excellent homme. . . Elle jouait avec lui comme avec un enfant, lui sautait au cou quand il arrivait, lui grimpait sur les épaules; et jusqu'à quel âge? C'est que je ne vous dirai pas non plus.'

Emmeline is launched in the great world; she refuses many offers; but M. de Marsan happening to save her life —

and the incident, as involving something of the romantic, is treated with admirable *slightness* and keeping — gratitude takes the disguise of love, and induces her consent to marriage. People wonder at the union — 'those who have not been equally fortunate cannot easily conceive four thousand a year so disposed of without some supernatural motive' — but several years go by in great happiness, and the heroine, though now a woman grown, is still in mind the child she was. She is happy when romping with the village children in the hayfield: happy in the solitary retreat in her grounds, 'ce vrai désert d'enfant, comme celui de Rousseau à Ermenonville, trois cailloux et une bruyère,' where she reads Bossuet's *Funeral Sermons* aloud: and happy when, after an hour at her piano-forte, she can sit and decipher the landscapes and the monsters of fancy enveined on her marble chimney-piece.

But now, left by M. de Marsan for awhile to the care of an old aunt, educated in the corrupt atmosphere of the first Imperial Court, Emmeline is reluctantly instructed by this aged and eager sinner in the profane mysteries of *le monde comme il va.* Some half-dozen pages of admirable description record the contest with which the child, endangered by her very ignorance of evil, is compelled to abandon her paradise of unreflecting and unsuspicious innocence. 'Rien ne corrompt plus vite une jeune femme,' it has been truly said, 'que de croire corrompus ceux qu'elle doit respecter:' the world spares no one, least of all those who do not spare themselves; and Emmeline returns to Paris to confront the temptations of an unsympathising husband, and of a friend, who, if marriages were really made in heaven, would unquestionably have filled M. de Marsan's place. Then follows that long contest, in which love is sure to be victorious over any sense of duty, not fortified by much experience, or sustained by a mind of heroic strength. The heroine is neither experienced nor heroic. Emmeline and Gilbert feel their danger; they attempt to part, and find the attempt hopeless. And then at last knowledge is gained, 'as the world goes,' by the sacrifice of peace. The conflict of feeling recommences; but M. de Marsan's firm generosity restores Emmeline finally to forgiveness and her better mind; Gilbert is reconciled to her loss by his own affection and the wise counsels of her sister; and she bids him what the author seems to imply is a last adieu.

We have given this meagre outline of the tale because it is an example of the excellencies and the defects of M. de Musset's method in the conduct of a story; — because it in-

dicates also the peculiar sphere — the life of ordinary society — within which his prose writings are mainly restricted. We know few writers more successful in the opening of a tale: simple, and yet inviting, it leads us on by happy transitions to the greater features of the story. The story itself, which looks commonplace in our outline simply because it is too common, is perhaps equally happy; but we find something unsatisfactory in the *dénouement*. In this and in many other cases — more especially in M. de Musset's earlier poems — the foundations seem laid for a wider structure than they ultimately support, while the termination, from the author's resolute desire to avoid any mere melodramatic catastrophe, appears to be brought about simply by the process of leaving off. This is no doubt true to the ending of the romances of real life; but in real life, when we know all, we generally find that the total change of the aims, and even the disposition, of the actors, following any catastrophe, or the change of circumstances thence arising, form of themselves one prolonged and satisfactory conclusion. The marriage or the suicide, which so agreeably closes the third volume, is, as it were, the symbol and the epitome of what the novelist is unable to detail at length, and can rarely be dispensed with unless the author is possessed of eminent poetical suggestiveness.

We must pass over two other tales more briefly. *Fréderic et Bernerette* has been, we believe, accepted by the Parisians as the best extant characterisation of that peculiar creation of Gallic soil — the Parisian Grisette. The image of the charming Bernerette — so young, so helpless, so *insouciante*, enjoying life at once and yet so indifferent to it that she prefers death to an *apprentissage*, — is one that we think can hardly fade from the mind of any reader. It is a tale full of the nothingness of a life, and suggestive of a moral not for Paris only. *Margot* — written in the author's most cheerful vein — describes the passion inspired by the heir of the family in an inexperienced country girl, who lives with the Lady Mother in quality of foster-child and companion. We will merely give one brief extract to show the general character of the story. The gentleman is perfectly unconscious of Margot's chemical affinities to his inner nature: not unnaturally he is unable to decipher the delicate imitations of his toilet by which the young admirer hopes to intimate her passion: —

'Gaston avait un petit miroir rond accroché à sa fenêtre, selon la coutume des garçons. Devant ce miroir il se rasait, se peignait, et mettait sa cravate. Margot remarqua qu'il avait de beaux cheveux blonds qui frisaient naturellement; cela fut cause

qu'elle acheta d'abord un flacon d'huile à la violette, et qu'elle prit soin que les deux petits bandeaux de cheveux noirs qui sortaient de son bonnet fussent toujours bien lisses et bien brillants. Elle s'aperçut enfin que Gaston avait de jolies cravates et qu'il les changeait fort souvent ; elle fit emplette d'une douzaine de foulards, les plus beaux qu'il y eût dans tout le quartier. . . . . Gaston avait encore bien d'autres belles choses que Margot ne pouvait imiter ; par exemple, un pantalon rouge et une veste bleue de ciel avec des tresses noires. Margot possédait, il est vrai, une robe de chambre de flanelle écarlate ; mais que répondre à la veste bleue ?'

The scene of *Le Fils du Titien* — a romance grounded on a Venetian anecdote — is laid, of course, in that renowned city, which is more than romance itself. The plot will remind some of our readers of G. Sand's *Maîtres Mosaistes*, and it would be interesting, had we the space, to compare the respective productions of these two distinguished writers, who have both manifestly made the life of Venice and the life of the Artist special objects of study. Pomponio Vecellio, only son of the great Titian, is a man of high inherited genius. But he is too indolent to exert his talent, and prefers gaming-tables and the *dolce far niente* to the homage of Pope and Emperor. In a word, he has the larger share of that luxurious indolence, that 'æsthetic passiveness,' which is one side of the artist's character. Beatrice Donato, a daughter of one of the noblest families, admiring the artist much, and his art perhaps even more, conceives the design of animating Pippo's dormant genius, and restoring to Venice the glory of the father in the person of the son. Prevented by family pride from assuming herself the name of Vecellio, she offers to become the companion of his life, and the inspiring model of his studies. Pippo has not yet seen his bride, but his wealthy imagination easily fills up all intervening hours with pictures of her beauty ; and when she does arrive, Beatrice surpasses even the imagination of a Vecellio. Thus the lover is soon persuaded by his gifted mistress to commence her portrait. Meanwhile, in furtherance of her plan, she endeavours to raise his ardour in the pursuit of his art. Much is looked for from him ; for Titian's own pupils are rapidly dying out, and he is the only inheritor of the glorious School of Venice. Pippo tells the well-known story of the condescension with which, on a visit to his father's *atelier*, Charles V. honoured at once the artist and the Emperor.

'Après ce récit, que Pippo n'avait pu faire sans émotion, Béatrice resta silencieuse pendant quelque temps ; elle baissait la

tête et paraissait tellement distraite, qu'il lui demanda à quoi elle pensait.

'Je pense à une chose, répondit-elle. Charles-Quint est mort maintenant, et son fils est roi d'Espagne. Que dirait-on de Philippe II. si, au lieu de porter l'épée de son père, il la laissait se rouiller dans une armoire?

'Pippo sourit, et quoiqu'il eût compris la pensée de Béatrice, il lui demanda ce qu'elle voulait dire par là.

'Je veux dire, répondit-elle, que toi aussi tu es l'héritier d'un roi, car le Bordone, le Moretto, le Romanino sont de bons peintres; le Tintoret et le Giorgione étaient des artistes; mais le Titien était un roi; et maintenant qui porte son sceptre?

'Mon frère Orazio, répondit Pippo, eût été un grand peintre s'il eût vécu.

'Sans doute, répliqua Béatrice, et voilà ce qu'on dira des fils du Titien: L'un aurait été grand s'il avait vécu, et l'autre s'il avait voulu.

'Crois-tu cela? dit en riant Pippo; eh bien! on ajoutera donc: Mais il aima mieux aller en gondole avec Béatrice Donato.' (Pp. 171, 172.)

And so her persuasions are in vain. Luxurious indolence holds its course, and Titian's son satisfies himself — perhaps not unjustly — that in the existing fallen state of Art, one man, be he who he may, could not set himself against the decline with success. A moment's fit of jealousy against a usurper of the family name induces him to complete the portrait. Nothing of Titian's own was ever more successful. Beatrice steps closer to inspect it with affectionate pride, and sees a few graceful lines inscribed below, which tell her that the only lasting result of love given has been love returned: —

> Le fils du Titien, pour la rendre immortelle,
> Fit ce portrait, témoin d'un mutuel amour;
> Puis il cessa de peindre à compter de ce jour,
> Ne voulant de sa main illustrer d'autre qu'elle.

— And Pomponio, as the story concludes, remained faithful to his word and to his Beatrice.

M. de Musset's *Théâtre* has been, we believe, his last success. But as comedies hold a middle place between prose and poetry, we prefer to invert the chronological order in our review of his productions. And by this procedure we shall be able to indicate his dramatic position in fewer words. For in analysing the Novels we have already anticipated the substance of the Plays; their ingenious and natural plots, the somewhat *sansfaçon* of their occasional terminations, humorous and refined dialogue, and delicate observation of common life in its characteristic traits: whilst the higher and more poetic qualities of diction, the romantic aim of two

or three of the series, with the peculiar power of passionate utterance and passion itself, pushed here and there beyond the verge of English propriety, that they display, will be best touched on and exemplified in our brief analysis of the poems. And we think our readers, when they turn to the *Comédies et Proverbes*, will thank us for our forbearance, and prefer to make themselves acquainted with many striking turns and passages as they arise in their natural sequence. Nothing is so ill-represented by extracts as a good play.

One or two of these little 'caprices' are perhaps too capricious; but in *Fantasio* and *Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, a vein of common sense and practical morality gives truth and lasting interest to a graceful delineation of the language and the feelings of society. The last-mentioned, brought out on the Théâtre Français, in April, 1848, gained a success unquestionably *not* due to appropriateness of sentiment to that agitated crisis. Even a Parisian audience must have found it difficult to detect political allusion in the *philosophie d'une déclaration* debated between Count and Marchioness with finesse so amusing. That adventurous Prince who has restored to the throne of France a name, destined, we cannot but hope, to the distinction of triumphs more honourable and more lasting than were achieved even by the greatest of French sovereigns, was then indeed agitating for the ambiguous vote which *permitted* the return of the Bonapartes. But although *he* perhaps might have read an ironical meaning in the *affiche* that announced *Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, yet it is a proof of the peculiarly pure and imaginative character of the author's genius that M. de Musset has nowhere touched as a politician on political events. This avoidance of the snare into which so many among the greatest of French poets—from Corneille to Victor Hugo—have successively fallen, taken in conjunction with the strongly *realistic* nature of his writings, in every point the utterance of his own age, we hold to be in a French writer worthy of special notice. Without agreement with that exaggeration into which the worshippers of Goethe have distorted some of their great teacher's mystic sayings, we cannot but hold with Goethe that few poets, and *those* perhaps rarely men of the purest poetical inspiration, are born to be the Tyrtæi of their century. To that 'light and holy thing,' the Poet, as Plato defined him, a far different task has been in general assigned than to reconcile opposing factions, suggest declarations of war, or point out of what burdens the commerce of a nation may without peril be relieved.

La politique, hélas! voilà notre misère.
Mes meilleurs ennemis me conseillent d'en faire.
Être rouge ce soir, blanc demain, ma foi, non.
Je veux, quand on m'a lu, qu'on puisse me relire.
Si deux noms, par hasard, s'embrouillent sur ma lyre
Ce ne sera jamais que Ninette ou Ninon.*

Yet, while rarely touching those themes of present interest, which are scarcely amenable to poetic treatment, M. de Musset is essentially and emphatically the poet of his day. In his pages the ways and manners of modern France, — all the complexities of existing civilisation, — are successively represented with satirical force or with lyric condensation. We have Gallic elegance, frivolous at times in its grace, in the Spanish Ballads that gave him his first popularity; mediæval romanticism in the charming *Que j'aime à voir* (i. 101.); passion, sentimental and sensual, in *Don Paez*, *Mardoche*, *Le Saule*, *La Coupe et les Lèvres;* its consequence in the satiety and life-weariness of *Namouna* and *Rafael;* the counter-charm and purification of Nature and Art in the four admirable Night Scenes, throughout which, at the opening of his later volume, the writer's nobler nature displays itself.

Rolla, however, standing first in the *Poésies Nouvelles*, seems significantly placed by M. de Musset to indicate and to form the turning-point between the storms of youth and the reparation of manhood; it is at once the sentence and the justification of much that in his earlier works will, in the calmer atmosphere of England, appear necessarily condemnable from their force and vividness. The subject of this poem, perhaps of the whole series the most remarkable, excludes it entirely from our analysis. But no confession of the worst characteristics of our age more exquisite in art or more poignant in passion, could have been given by the pen of Pascal.

Dors-tu content, Voltaire, et ton hideux sourire
Voltige-t-il encor sur tes os décharnés?
Ton siècle était, dit-on, trop jeune pour te lire;
Le nôtre doit te plaire, et tes hommes sont nés.
Il est tombé sur nous, cet édifice immense
Que de tes larges mains tu sapais nuit et jour . . .
Que te disent . . . tous ces grands corps sans vie,
Ces murs silencieux, ces autels désolés,
Que pour l'éternité ton souffle a dépeuplés?
Que te disent les croix? que te dit le Messie?
Oh! saigne-t-il encor, quand, pour le déclouer,
Sur son arbre tremblant, comme une fleur flétrie,
Ton spectre dans la nuit revient le secouer?

* Concluding sonnet in A. de Musset's *Poésies Nouvelles.*

On this cry of our self-accusing civilisation follows, as we have indicated, the returning appeal to those purer and higher elements which no less characterise the nineteenth century,—our deeper insight into the appearances of Nature, and our higher sense of the purposes of Art: the lessons learnt from childhood in the *Bonne Fortune*, and from bereavement in the *Souvenir*: the four idyllic Scenes that in succession trace the progress from the complaint of despair to the tears that bring resignation or healing.

Whether later years will also bring M. de Musset the 'philosophic mind' idlers alone would speculate. But, glancing aside from the predominating sentiment of his poetry to qualities more *material*, what most forces itself on an English reader is the absence of that rhetorical and *clinquant* something, in style and in language, which leads us tacitly to measure French poetry by the standard of the theatre. Speaking of course always with deference from this English point of view, A. de Musset's language resembles, we think, the prose of his distinguished contemporary, Madame Dudevant, in a certain fulness of tone, in wealth of colouring, in a melody high at once and equably sustained. Not for compliment's sake, but illustration's, we might say in his serious pieces it recalls the qualities of style we find in our own Elizabethan writers, or again in Shelley and in Tennyson. This musical and undeclamatory sweetness, reminding us, again, of the more *naïf* French of Henri III. or Henri IV., of Montaigne and Ronsard, but without the Hellenisms of the first or the other's courtly mannerism, is accompanied naturally in A. de Musset by a fondness for graceful and simple images, and as complete a rejection of the artificial diction, the mythological 'machinery,' of French poetry, as can, we suppose, be required from any Frenchman. Like Lamartine and Victor Hugo, but superior to Lamartine's too prevailing egotism, and to the rhetorical antitheses annoying to Englishmen in the *Odes et Ballades*, and wearisome in the *Voix Intérieures*, A. de Musset has given many descriptions of Nature, felicitous equally in expression, in imaginative depth, and in the skill with which they reflect or contrast with human passion and interest, always in his writings predominant. And, lastly, (to conclude that criticism of special points which the pen of a foreigner can scarce touch too briefly or with diffidence too deep,) these qualities inspire some of the writer's occasional lyrics, as *Tristesse*, the Lines to a Flower, or the rondeaux *Fut-il-jamais*, and *Dans dix ans*, with a peculiar and indefinable graciousness, a beauty like that of the old world, a something that reminds of Ionian and Æolic perfection.

Every English reader who has gone beyond mere novels is aware of the vast discussion which, dating from about 1818 onwards to 1848, has separated French literature between the opposing camps of *classical* and *romantic*. What may be the exact significance of terms, hastily imported by that generalising and gifted lady who first explored *L'Allemagne*, and answered to the satisfaction of all France the question of the mocking sceptic Bouhours, 'whether a German could ever possibly possess genius,' is difficult to ascertain. Of the great mental movement—of the vast mental progress, as no Englishman will hesitate to consider it—which gave origin to the war, Victor Hugo may be regarded as one of the first,—Alfred de Musset as the last exponent. Are we, with that rhetorical poet—the servile worshipper of Bourbons—the foe to Roman freedom—the satirist of a despotism that exiled him from Parisian pleasures—to define 'classical' as synonymous with feebleness and imitation? Are we, with our present ironical author, to consider 'romanticism' as the use of superabundant and unseasonable epithets? An Englishman, we think, will find an easier solution from the works that in France are held typical of the opposing schools.

Taking Corneille as the highest classic, and the *Henriade* as the strongest example of 'classical' exaggeration, when operating on a genius brilliant as Voltaire's,—whilst we recognise everywhere each writer's individual peculiarities, with the inevitable influences of his age and country,—we yet feel that neither has relied on his own genius. Imitation, that weakness of all weaknesses the most fatal, seems never absent; present in the *Cid* in proportions so slight, as to encourage 'romanticists' to range that great drama earliest on the ranks of *their* system,—penetrating so completely Voltaire's pseudo-epic, that 'classicists' themselves refrain from citing its authority. This imitation, it may be argued, is merely of ancient form; and even this limited to the 'machinery' of the poem. But every work of Art is solely an expression of thought; substance determined in and by form—the inward revealed in the outward. True 'form' or 'order' (to quote Victor Hugo's famous *Preface to the Odes*, where we may remark, that by speaking of 'forme extérieure' as a thing separable from substance or thought, the writer shows his own rhetorical incapacity to comprehend the definition he aims at)—'L'ordre résulte du fond même des choses, de la disposition intelligente des éléments intimes d'un sujet.' (p. xxii.) Every poem, as a Whole presenting the thoughts of an individual mind, will consequently require its own form; the ideas clothed and realised

in their own words; the words grouped into metrical expressions the most appropriate to their meaning; the entire system of metre invested with the configuration that most fully embodies the entire idea of the poet. We would not assert that this process excludes *resemblance* to previous works. On the contrary, what gives meaning and interest to human productions is that wonderful identity that underlies ceaseless difference. But this resemblance, by the very fact that it proceeds from the 'maker's' internal and formative impulse, remains yet absolutely original; like Michelangelo's *Adam Created*, that all but took the exact outline of the *Theseus*, hidden *then* on its native pediment from European eyes not less impenetrably than the sculptures of Nineveh.

It was then the error of the 'Classical' School that they endeavoured, more or less, to force into an Athenian form the thoughts which were only so far valuable as they expressed the feelings of Frenchmen living under the epoch of Versailles; by a process whose mechanical nature is felicitously suggested by the term 'machinery,' substituting form artificial for form spontaneous. It was an additional error that their conception of Sophoclean art, and Aristotelic canons, was precisely what could be attained by bad scholars, the courtiers of a bad king: — living the life of slaves in that unhappy land, where religion gave her blessing to despotism, and taste had been exiled with virtue and with liberty. That, in such an age, works should have been produced, excellent as those of the great French classics, is one example among many — we would earnestly hope that M. de Musset may *not* add one more to the number — that under despotism itself the vivid genius of France retains vitality, and amidst evil days yet does not willingly surrender all its original brightness.

But a system radically false on a point so fundamental, among educated and thoughtful men could not for ever maintain itself. Fifty years after the death of Louis XIV., Frenchmen thought not only for themselves, but led the thoughts of Continental Europe, eminently disposed, in coexistence with that vainglorious spirit of which we have all heard, to criticise *themselves* with severity. Abundant traces are scattered through Grimm's *Memoirs* (to take a critic of the school opposed to Rousseau), evidencing that French writers, more rapidly than contemporaneous Englishmen, were awaking, within fifty years from the death of Corneille, to the fatal effects of a theory consecrated in France by names greater than Pope or Johnson. We have alluded to Grimm as opposed to Rousseau. On account of that op-

position, his criticism is the weightier evidence for proof of the commencing reaction against 'classicalism:' for to the great author of the *Héloise* and of *Émile*—great, after a thousand deductions,—the *modern* spirit of French literature is confessedly not less indebted than English 'romanticism' to Scott and to Wordsworth. But these names, Grimm and Rousseau, rising in the mind with the associated images of D'Alembert, Diderot, and Voltaire—names how strangely and sadly eloquent!—are in themselves a treatise sufficient to indicate those peculiar impediments, by which the progress of a truer taste was, with all else in France, on every side distorted and enchained. The age of the 'Classics' bore its fruits, corruption followed slavery, and Revolution came as the crisis in a disease otherwise fatal. Liberty shone only in feverish and fitful flashes; and the triumph of slaves was succeeded by the triumph of despots.

Literature also underwent its revolution; within twenty years frantic under the Convention, classically courtier-like under Napoleon, reactionary and tyrannical under Chateaubriand. Nor were foreign invasions absent; and Shakspeare and Schiller entered France with Blucher and with Wellington. Yet French literature regained strength and nationality earlier than France; and the last ten or twelve years of the Bourbons saw the new Fourth Estate definitely established. The tendencies foreshadowed in *René* had been followed in the *Méditations*, and carried out in *Notre Dame*, had inspired *Lélia*, and were shortly to be hurried to destructive excess in *Monte Christo* and *Les Mystères de Paris*. Romanticism was triumphant.

Although not altogether free from that radical error of the 'classical' imitation, this 'romantic' school is yet on the whole fundamentally national, and expressive in every feature of that great change which separates the France of 1830 from the France of sixty years previous. Following the Revolution, it is distinguished by a rejection of obsolete and unreal forms,—of the limits prescribed to composition by the fancied 'unities,'—of the set and stately metres of Corneille,—of the machinery of Boileau's Odes or the Henriade. But there are further and deeper differences, of which *these* are but the outward expression. It is a fact, not insignificant, that Chateaubriand should be the first name in the new school. Like the political career of the author of *René* and *Les Martyrs*, its tendencies have been in part revolutionist, in part reactionary. But, as with Chateaubriand himself, the return to Feudalism and to Catholicity has been sentimental; the faith in modern civilisation genuine and irre-

pressible. Hence, while borrowing confessedly many inspirations from Shakspeare, from Scott, and even from Calderon, the pictures from Mediæval Europe, with which Victor Hugo's name is, above all, identified, are, like Scott's, fragmentary, distorted, and unreal,—peopled with impossible grotesques, bearing no greater resemblance to real life than the sculptures of some ancient cathedral, ideal saints and ideal demons, seen through its own painted windows. Where reality in *these* works appears, it is where (as with Scott, in his naturalistic subordinate characters), some flaw in the discolouring medium permits a glimpse into the living world—some momentary view of the passing crowd, seen in the light of to-day. We cannot, however, accept *Les Martyrs*, *Hernani*, and *Notre Dame*, so often quoted as typical, for genuine types of the Romantic school. *They* indeed exhibit that tendency to *motifs* mediæval and grotesque, which is one of its dangers. But it is in works representing avowedly the feelings of our present age that the great modern French writers have, necessarily, attained the highest success. This lies in fact at the essence of 'Romanticism,' founded, if we attempt a definition, on the principles that reality in the strictest sense should be the groundwork, and that every real conception implies and brings with it its own legitimate and individual mode of expression.

These feelings apply of course to more than the idea of literature. They imply a tolerance towards past ages: a recognition, more or less complete, that every national development, so far as it is true and real, has found its own expression; that we can rarely say that each in its turn was not inevitable. This tolerance—essentially the result of the great Revolution in its character of practical Scepticism—becomes of course Indifferentism (the 'Irreligion' of l'Univers and Papal Encyclics) in the multitude; philosophical largeness of view and charity in men of earnest purpose; the religion of the religious of modern France. On this the historical views of Guizot, Comte, and Villemain are avowedly framed. We hint in a few words at a subject of gigantic extent—no other than the intellectual tendencies of the existing European race on either side ocean—to indicate the wide bearing of what seems at first sight but a question of literary taste. Taste, properly considered, as the bloom and last result of the cultivation reached by every age, reflects each tendency, frivolous or deep, characterising a given period. Superficially regarded as opposed to the practical, by those who do not consider the results of their own

practice, Taste is in truth the last practical result and summary of a nation's principles.

Returning, however, to modern France, Romanticism, by its first demand of reality, while not excluding the past, so far as genius renders it capable of real reproduction, yet assigns personal experiences—what each man has known and felt—as the field of literature the most safe and the most obvious. It is to this class that M. de Musset's highest poems belong. We have digressed far, and yet before touching on them we must devote a few lines more to the character of modern French literature, convinced that when the circumstances of his mental *status* are set forth, we may safely leave to readers the judgment of what vision and faculty are his by individual inheritance. We hold him indeed to have distanced his compatriots 'in the race where that immortal garland has to be run for;' but this by sureness of foot, not by difference of blood, or supernatural assistance. Like the highest philosopher, the highest poet masters his age only by virtue of most truly representing it.

The nineteenth century has witnessed a revolution in English literature parallel in many respects to that which in France resulted in 'Romanticism.' By a return to Nature, we also have been rewarded in the triumphs of Art. Yet, whilst Englishmen are thus prepared to sympathise with its essential idea, neither the form nor the complexion of French 'Romanticism,' it must be confessed, have escaped failings, grave in themselves, and to the English mind beyond most obnoxious—extravagance and sentimentalism.

As license from despotism, so extravagance is the inevitable recoil from tameness. When, as among the Athenians, perfect taste coexists by natural gift with treasures of genius by no other race so largely inherited, the most complete freedom will be combined with the most finished order and moderation. Where, again, these gifts combined are coexistent also with the youth of a nation, unalloyed by foreign elements and recollections of a former world, the power, with the temptation, of dwelling on foreign themes is impossible. Thus it was with Athens. Modern France, incredulous of the present, and hence perplexed by the past, a country further preeminently passionate of excitement, with modern Europe at large, has forfeited the balance of harmony. The danger attending the true idea of Art (fundamentally embraced by 'Romanticism,') is also the besetting peril of liberty; justly requiring that in place of the imitation of conventional models, genius should be a law to itself, license and exaggeration are the frequent results where genius is either one-sided itself, or loses the idea of external law amidst

the vast complexities of modern civilisation. Hence the violent plots, the far-fetched principles, the grotesque characters, all not so much *unnatural* as *beside* healthy and universal nature, which offend the more moderate and less excitable Englishman when he turns to the contemporary literature of France. But England herself has twice exhibited analogous phenomena. The youth of Shakspeare, and the youth of the great writers of our own century, were each coexistent with, nay, in some degree shared, the same immoderation and extravagance. And yet we justly remember the promise fulfilled rather than the shortcomings, when we review the years that produced *Tamburlaine* and *Andronicus*, *Udolpho* and *Kehama*, contemporaneously with *Othello* and *the Faerie Queen*, with the *Lyrical Ballads* and *The Eve of St. Agnes.*

From this error M. de Musset, as we have indicated in our notice of the Novels, has not escaped. Certain poems of the first volume—the *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie* in particular—exhibit vast powers, combined with vast extravagance; a plot without beginning or end, and a conviction that every character, however monstrous, is redeemed by passion. *Portia*, amongst the early poems one of the most beautiful in passages, presents a whole to sober readers equally unhealthy and incredible. We have a husband, old, vindictive, and jealous on grounds credible only to the *basso secondo* of the opera; the wife, Portia, who, innocent in Part 1., in Part 2. has given herself over without reserve to a youthful admirer:—

Portia, murmura-t-il, cette glace dans l'ombre
Jette un reflet trop pur à cette alcôve sombre;
Ces fleurs ont trop d'éclat, tes yeux trop de langueurs:
Que ne m'accablais-tu, Portia, de tes rigueurs!
Peut-être, Dieu m'aidant, j'eusse trouvé des armes.
Mais quand tu m'as noyé de baisers et de larmes,
Dis, qui m'en peut défendre, ou qui m'en guérira?
Tu m'as fait trop heureux; ton amour me tuera!

Et comme sur le bord de la longue ottomane
Elle attachée à lui comme un lierre au platane,
Il s'était renversé tremblant à ce discours,
Elle le vit pâlir:—O mes seules amours,
Dit-il, en toute chose il est une barrière
Où, pour grand qu'on se sente, on se jette en arrière;
De quelque fol amour qu'on ait empli son cœur,
Le désir est parfois moins grand que le bonheur;
Le ciel, ô ma beauté, ressemble à l'âme humaine:
Il s'y trouve une sphère où l'aigle perd haleine,
Où le vertige prend, où l'air devient le feu,
Et l'homme doit mourir où commence le Dieu.

After these charming lines the melodrama reappears: the husband intervenes and falls by the lover's hand; Portia is found singing to Dati *en gondola;* and the story ends by his confession — that he is a gondolier himself. 'Mes premiers vers,' the Author justly observes, 'sont d'un enfant.'

Our analysis — to pass by further instances of conceits and extravagance — leads us to the allied failing of sentimentalism. How far Germany and Werter, how far Sterne, how far the nineteenth century at large, whose ethics also have partaken in the universal recession from dogmatism, are primarily answerable for this, we do not undertake to decide. Nor need we dwell at length on a fault pointed out already so often, and as it were synonymous in the minds of many with the writings of Chateaubriand, G. Sand, and Lamartine. We notice only the peculiar aspect this feeling has taken in France. Sentimentalism is the 'Romantic' principle transferred from Art and from Genius to Passion. It is 'Passion a Law to itself.'

Aimer est le grand point, qu'importe la maîtresse?

Where the passion is intrinsically pure, sentimentalism in the hands of a great master is an element of the most tragic beauty, and the result a *Romeo and Juliet.* Where alloyed with baser matter, or egotistically identified with the writer, Genius the highest, — Goethe, or Rousseau, or G. Sand, — produces only works of art more or less unsatisfying; eloquent apologies for selfishness, and all the ethics of virtuous vice. Where the passion is altogether degraded and animal, sentimentalism becomes the sole faith of the writer, and naturally uniting itself with extravagance of every kind, leads downward to abysses, where the great powers of Sue or Dumas waste themselves on the attempt to create beauty in Hell, and arrange a world from chaos. Such a literature, like the exhausted *roué*, can end only in reaction or in suicide.

Against the dread of a consummation so devoutly to be deprecated, the later poems of Alfred de Musset (to pass by hopeful signs in other quarters) are a practical reassurance. But from sentimentalism itself, a tone of feeling so pervading and so characteristic of continental Europe, he, by virtue of the representative character of Genius, can claim no exemption. Rather he has given this feeling expression, not only in its lower and egotistical form, as in *Portia*, *Mardoche*, *La Coupe et les Lèvres*, yet always forcibly, but also in the purest and the most perfect. To this class, by common consent belongs Lamartine's famous Lake Idyl.

But far beyond *Le Lac* we should place the four Odes before alluded to, in which A. de Musset—*then*, we believe, scarcely past the age of thirty—has described four Night Scenes: setting the impressions of Nature at her main Seasons,—the mingled reflections of remembrance, defeated hopes and aspirations the more hopeful from defeat itself,—to a melody pure, tender, and passionate as any revealed us by Weber. Whatever exaggeration, whatever sentimentalism degraded into coarseness alloys his earlier writings, has in these later Poems disappeared before a just and manly simplicity, and those touches of Nature in which the whole world sympathises. Whatever of misanthropical humour, and the weariness of life wasted,—deep almost as that of Mephistopheles,—renders the glowing colours of *Namouna* and *Rolla* terrible in their force and reality, has passed in *Les Nuits*, the *Souvenir*, and the shorter songs, into the expression of that sadness with which the poet ransoms his prophetic insight into Humanity:—

> Sich treibt umher ein unbezwinglich Sehnen:
> Da bleibt kein Rath als gränzenlose Thränen.

But this inevitable temperament of 'more prevailing sadness,' differs proportionably to personal circumstances. Some, favoured by Fortune, and perhaps rather above the world they describe than central to it—as our own Wordsworth,—the sad still music of humanity rather subdues to calm, than overwhelms with sympathy. But, judging from his writings, and from what we learn of his life in the foolish sketch included in E. de Mirecourt's *Les Contemporains* (a pretentious periodical now publishing in Paris), Alfred de Musset, like the poet of the *Commedia*, or that other, who, if at all, has personified himself in Hamlet (from *this* point of view we may not unjustly name him with Dante and with Shakspeare), has suffered almost more than he has loved; and we can readily perceive that the *Remembrance* contains a lamentation deeper even than that consecrated in *Le Treize Juillet*, to the loss of the writer's early and cherished friend, the eldest Prince of the House of Orleans. We make a rather long extract from the *Souvenir*, that we may give something like a specimen worthy of the poetry of which it forms part: regretting we must mutilate what, like other works of Art, should be studied only as a whole.

> J'espérais bien pleurer, mais je croyais souffrir,
> En osant te revoir, place à jamais sacrée,
> O la plus chère tombe et la plus ignorée
> Où dorme un souvenir!

Que redoutiez-vous donc de cette solitude,
Et pourquoi, mes amis, me preniez-vous la main,
Alors qu'une si douce et si vieille habitude
Me montrait ce chemin ?

Les voilà, ces coteaux, ces bruyères fleuries,
Et ces pas argentins sur le sable muet,
Ces sentiers amoureux, remplis de causeries,
Où son bras m'enlaçait.

Les voilà, ces sapins à la sombre verdure,
Cette gorge profonde aux nonchalants détours,
Ces sauvages amis dont l'antique murmure
A bercé mes beaux jours.

Les voilà, ces buissons où toute ma jeunesse,
Comme un essaim d'oiseaux, chante au bruit de mes pas.
Lieux charmants, beau désert où passa ma maîtresse,
Ne m'attendiez-vous pas ?

Ah! laissez-les couler, elles me sont bien chères,
Ces larmes que soulève un cœur encor blessé !
Ne les essuyez pas, laissez sur mes paupières
Ce voile du passé !

Je ne viens point jeter un regret inutile
Dans l'écho de ces bois témoins de mon bonheur.
Fière est cette forêt dans sa beauté tranquille,
Et fier aussi mon cœur.

Que celui-là se livre à des plaintes amères,
Qui s'agenouille et prie au tombeau d'un ami.
Tout respire en ces lieux ; les fleurs des cimetières
Ne poussent point ici.

Voyez ! la lune monte à travers ces ombrages.
Ton regard tremble encor, belle reine des nuits ;
Mais du sombre horizon déjà tu te dégages,
Et tu t'épanouis.

Ainsi de cette terre, humide encor de pluie,
Sortent, sous tes rayons, tous les parfums du jour ;
Aussi calme, aussi pur, de mon âme attendrie
Sort mon ancien amour.

Que sont-ils devenus, les chagrins de ma vie ?
Tout ce qui m'a fait vieux est bien loin maintenant ;
Et rien qu'en regardant cette vallée amie,
Je redeviens enfant.

O puissance du temps ! ô légères années !
Vous emportez nos pleurs, nos cris et nos regrets ;
Mais la pitié vous prend, et sur nos fleurs fanées
Vous ne marchez jamais.

Tout mon cœur te bénit, bonté consolatrice !
Je n'aurais jamais cru que l'on pût tant souffrir
D'une telle blessure, et que sa cicatrice
Fût si douce à sentir.

Loin de moi les vains mots, les frivoles pensées,
Des vulgaires douleurs linceul accoutumé,
Que viennent étaler sur leurs amours passées
Ceux qui n'ont point aimé.

Dante, pourquoi dis-tu qu'il n'est pire misère
Qu'un souvenir heureux dans les jours de douleur?
Quel chagrin t'a dicté cette parole amère,
Cette offense au malheur?

En est-il donc moins vrai que la lumière existe,
Et faut-il l'oublier du moment qu'il fait nuit?
Est-ce bien toi, grande âme immortellement triste,
Est-ce toi qui l'as dit?

Non, par ce pur flambeau dont la splendeur m'éclaire,
Ce blasphème vanté ne vient pas de ton cœur.
Un souvenir heureux est peut-être sur terre
Plus vrai que le bonheur.

To sum up: men of this stamp, if anywhere they fall, must be judged tenderly and with reverence. We of a lower and less impressible mould, and who cannot enter, perhaps, into the mysterious sufferings and 'the conflicts of Genius with its angel,' should remember at least that they, in a certain but most real sense, suffer for us, sum up in their's our highest unconscious aspirations, set before us the experience of struggles greater than our own, and are the true confessors of Humanity. And, whilst we distinctly express our conviction — and that with regret the most sincere and the deepest — that many of this writer's earlier poems, with his *Confession*, are *not* appropriate for English drawing-rooms, but works reserved for those alone who have courage, and love of truth, and purity of mind sufficient to render these spectacles of the abysses of human nature one lesson more for their own safe conduct in life, — this allowed, we think no reader will turn to these poems without a recognition of A. de Musset's genius, as something of which the annals of French poetry have as yet furnished no example. Others have displayed more equal dignity; others more condensed perfection; others more of that facility which is, if we may so speak, the less unusual manifestation of grace. But Corneille and Racine never approached the heights of imagination touched often by this writer; his perfection surpasses that of Béranger, as an ode of Pindar surpasses an ode of Horace; his grace is of that passionate, tender, and musical beauty, native to Sappho and Simonides, but hitherto seemingly alien from France, and inherited by the languages of Petrarch, and Shakspeare, and Goethe.

We hold it a real happiness to live in an age when a more

enlarged and generous feeling enables us to do honour to France, without seeming to depreciate England. It is therefore with no common interest that we regard the most gifted genius (for such, if the height of his highest powers be the standard whereby we justly rank a man, we hold Alfred de Musset), among the poets of a land hitherto more singularly fertile in all other gifts of genius than poetry. When we think of the present condition of Spain, Germany, and Italy,—when we reflect on the many arduous problems in religion, in social life, and in politics, that agitate our own country,—we feel it is now high time for Englishmen —putting aside superficial and party judgments,—to acknowledge that France has, in many senses, during the last seventy years, fought the battle of humanity. It has been a warfare waged not without many scars; with the fluctuations and the losses of a night-battle; with rallyings on the treacherous field of reaction; with triumphs, at times, more pernicious than defeat. Yet even ancient England owes to that struggle the preservation of much that we have retained, and much that we have ameliorated in retaining. If A. de Musset's works exhibit this warfare and perplexity on too many eloquent pages,—if he has not escaped from the disease and degradation of suffering,—we trust that he will be judged in England with the reverence due to genius, and the forbearance springing from that larger wisdom which tempers justice with sympathy, and bids the judge first pass verdict on himself. His first claim on us is indeed genius; but we should be hardly less interested in the records of so much suffered, and so much preserved; so many feelings common to all men, and so many in which the highest alone participate,—in a man born of that gifted and heroic temper, to which, after life-long recognition of the vanity of vanities, Beauty never waxes old, or Love fails of his loveliness.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

1. *Of the Plurality of Worlds; an Essay.*
2. *"More Worlds than One;" the Creed of the Philosopher, and the Hope of the Christian.* By Sir David Brewster.

THE titles of these two works will suggest to some of our readers an anecdote which is recorded of an eminent metaphysician of the last generation. He had, it would seem, been endeavouring one day to convince the circle of his listeners that the earth was the only habitable world in the universe. To a lady who was present, and inquired 'What, then, could be the intention in creating so many great bodies, all apparently so useless to us?' he replied, without hesitation, that he did not know, except perhaps to make dirt cheap. We can imagine, that a reader fresh from the perusal of the *Essay of the Plurality of Worlds*, might be tempted to answer the same question with an equally hardy speculation in final causes; substituting only, for the general designation of dirt, the more specific terms of 'mud and lava,' 'slag and scoriæ,' 'ashes and cinders.' But, in a more serious sense, there is something in the contempt so abruptly expressed by the great transcendentalist for forms of matter and for material worlds, which may give rise to graver reflection. We may find in it an exemplification of the often repeated but often forgotten lesson, that it is easy for men to accustom themselves so exclusively to one train of speculation, as to acquire a total incapacity for dealing with questions involving a different order of ideas. And, with immediate reference to the controversy between the Essayist and his distinguished critic, the story may prove not wholly uninstructive, if it inspire us, at the very commencement, with a salutary distrust of the opinions expressed by philosophers of any school upon a question which, in the absence of all direct evidence, they have often thought themselves at liberty to decide, not upon its own merits, but in accordance with their particular prepossessions. The idols of his own den, as Lord Bacon tells us, are apt to haunt the philosopher, even when he attempts to leave it; and it is not sur-

prising to find that in a controversy, which possesses a certain interest both for the scientific and religious world, the disputants pay more attention to what they say themselves, than to what may be said against them; and decide the question, after a partial hearing, in favour of the view suggested by their own favourite pursuits.

Such at least, upon a retrospect of the past, is the general impression left upon us by the history of opinion on this subject. The notion, indeed, of a plurality of worlds belongs exclusively to civilised ages. In the earliest mythology of nations, though the mountains, hills, and streams of our own earth are invariably peopled with creatures of human form and subject to human passions, the real magnitudes of the celestial bodies are supposed to differ so little from their apparent dimensions, that the creative fancy finds no rest there for the sole of its foot. But with the first dawn of conscious reflection on the facts of external nature, the scene begins to change. The effect of distance in diminishing the size of bodies is a part of our earliest and most universal experience: some audacious speculator applies this principle to the moon; and concludes, perhaps, with Anaximander, that it is probably nineteen times bigger than the earth. Its phases, at the same time, begin to be understood, so that its form is assumed to be, like that of the earth, either circular or spherical. What its substance may be is, of course, still a matter of pure uncertainty. But, nevertheless, among the numerous conjectures hazarded by the earliest Greek philosophers on this topic, we are not surprised to find Heraclitus maintaining that the moon consists of earth enveloped in an atmosphere of mist; or Democritus asserting that its surface, like that of our earth, is diversified with mountains, plains, and valleys. This step once taken, inhabitants were soon supplied; for the philosophy of an early people is intimately mingled with mythology, and mythology, like Nature, has an inexhaustible power of producing life. The Pythagoreans, it appears, went so far as to maintain that the Flora and Fauna of the moon were much more perfect than ours; according to them, it supported animals fifteen times the size of any thing existing here. But we find no trace that such speculations ever mingled with the popular belief, or even were widely accredited among philosophers. They received but little encouragement from the sober and exact astronomy of the later times of Greece, and still less from the ethical and dialectical tendencies of the more legitimate successors of the early philosophic schools.

But, later still, we find in Plutarch a distinct account of the controversy respecting the habitability of the moon; and it is almost amusing to meet the same arguments which occur in the present controversy, raised even then upon the narrow basis of comparatively inaccurate and sometimes erroneous conceptions. In Plutarch's Dialogue, *On the Face which appears in the Disc of the Moon*, the question is treated with the utmost possible seriousness: 'It has,' he tells us, 'been the subject of much discussion among the learned, both in jest and earnest.' The palm is evidently allowed to the speaker who pleads in favour of the position, in imitation of Plato, that the moon is inhabited; and in the mythological fiction with which the Dialogue is concluded, the lunar world is connected with the future destiny of the human soul, after a manner which, we conceive, Sir David Brewster would allow to be highly creditable for a heathen, and, on the whole, corroborative of his own opinion. After death the disembodied spirit is conducted by Plutarch to the moon, and there remains in a purgatorial state till it has died 'its second death,' and has become completely clean from all the stains contracted during its connection with the body, and with the principle of physical life.

The Christian Fathers, on the other hand, appear to have rejected the notion of other worlds than ours; not on physical grounds, of which, in truth, they knew but little, but on account of its supposed inconsistency with the scheme of Revelation. As, however, they also denied the existence of the Antipodes upon a similar principle, their decision of the question at issue is not likely to be pleaded as final.

Ever since the Copernican System became the prevailing creed of the people as well as of philosophers, a vague belief in the Plurality of Worlds appears to have become generally prevalent. We cannot for one moment admit the Essayist's assertion that 'this belief has always been regarded as extravagant, and has been maintained only by a few men who have become bywords on that account.' We believe that the exact contrary of this statement would be nearer to the truth. The opinion of the Plurality of Worlds was often represented to be contrary to Revelation, but was not, we think, regarded as in itself extravagant. It must be owned, however, that it was sometimes found in very bad company, and in this way it may have brought upon itself undeserved discredit. The alchemists and astrologers conspired to attribute occult powers to the moon and planets; and the fantastic dreams of certain schools among them individualised these powers into generations of spirits or demons, who had their habita-

tion in the orb of the planet whose influences they were supposed to regulate. But that such wild imaginings ever mingled with the more sober day dreams of men like Huyghens is incredible, and the supposition is contradicted by their works.

We think that the few passages in the Dialogue prefixed to the Essay, which bear on this historical question, are calculated to give a false impression of the state of the case,—an impression, too, which it is important to correct: for the principal object of the Essay is to show, that not only physical evidence, but also that supplied by moral and theological considerations, is against a belief in the Plurality of Worlds; and it is impossible, in estimating evidence of this latter kind, to avoid taking into account the judgment passed upon it by the common sense of mankind. The truth appears to be, that the upholders of astronomical science in Modern Europe were tolerably unanimous in their belief of a Plurality of Worlds; but that their opinion was in general discountenanced by the Church both in England and on the Continent. We must of course admit that the astronomers grounded their belief on evidence of a very different nature from that by which they would have accredited the observed facts, or demonstrated theories, of their science. The only evidence they had—if evidence it can be called—was of a purely analogical kind, of which they might be the best, but certainly were not infallible, judges. But on the other hand, the passive resistance of the Church to the prevalent opinion of astronomers has no indisputable claim to our respect. When we remember that the system of Copernicus, the discoveries of Galileo, and the law of gravitation of Newton, were all in turn received in the same quarter with equal disfavour, we shall be inclined to attribute that resistance, not to any clear perception of the comparative weakness of the arguments for a plurality of worlds, but to a general dislike of any description of positive knowledge which did not come recommended by the sanction either of Scripture or antiquity, and to a vague apprehension that a closer scrutiny might discover something in the tenet inconsistent with the doctrines of Revelation. This reluctance on the part of the Church to accept what were the certain, and what were represented as the probable, conclusions of science, was soon turned to account by the adversaries of Religion. Their victory was easy, when the apologists of Christianity were willing to identify its cause with that of exploded astronomical errors. This temporary advantage they lost when, through the exertions of Bentley and others,

the whole of the Newtonian astronomy became the established creed of the religious as well as the scientific world. From that time astronomy ceased to be an arsenal of arguments against Christianity; for every part of astronomy was accepted alike by the Christian and the Deist. The opinion of the plurality of worlds alone remained, believed by the majority of astronomers, although no part of scientific astronomy, and rejected in general by theologians, not as absolutely irreconcilable with Christianity, but rather as furnishing an apparent presumption against it. But divines were not wanting who exerted themselves to obliterate the last vestiges of a discreditable feud; and, by so doing, they deserved well of the sacred cause which they defended. Such writers maintained, that the apprehensions entertained with regard to the opinions in question were perfectly groundless: that so far from being inconsistent with Christianity, it might also be said to favour it. The late Dr. Chalmers, though far from the earliest of these writers, is much the most eminent among them. Whatever opinion we may form of the philosphical exactness of the reasoning unfolded in his celebrated *Astronomical Discourses,* one fact, at least, they establish beyond a doubt,—that an ardent belief in the plurality of worlds may coexist with the sincerest piety. We own, therefore, that in this point of view we are sorry for the revival of a controversy, in which it is the interest of one party to represent a favourite fancy of many scientific men, if not as contrary to Christian doctrine, yet, at least, as uncongenial to sober religious feeling.

The *Essay of the Plurality of Worlds* is unquestionably very interesting; and few, we think, of the many readers it has found, can have read it without the greatest pleasure. It is interesting, moreover, not only from the nature of the subject, but rather from its possessing, in an eminent degree, the literary excellences which ensure the popularity of a semi-scientific work. It is, however, interesting rather than convincing. The good faith of the author is evident. He firmly believes in every argument he advances, and in every opinion he expresses. But his conviction is that of an acute dialectician rejoicing in his invincible strength, and ready with an answer for every comer, rather than that more tranquil assurance, which is the reward only of a patient and dispassionate search for truth. One is continually tempted to appeal from the judgment of the Essayist, in his character of a victorious disputant, to his judgment as a philosopher and man of science. 'The views,' he tells us, 'which I have at length committed to paper have long been

in my mind. The convictions which they involved grew gradually deeper through the effect of various trains of speculation. And I may also say that when I proceeded to write the Essay, the arguments appeared to me to assume, by being unfolded, greater strength than I had expected.'

It may seem a grotesque perversion of the meaning of this passage, but one cannot help finding in it a confession that the Essayist's dialectical skill, his powers of lucid statement, and copious command of illustration have imposed upon himself, and have led him to attribute more value to his arguments than they deserve. He has mistaken the perfection of the form in which he has clothed them, for an indication of their substantial truth. We do not ever remember to have read a book which left more strongly upon our mind the impression of this singular species of self-deception. What still further confirms us in it is that the Essayist appears to have no correct apprehension of the force of the arguments that may be directed against him. Within his own mind he has already overborne them. In the Dialogue at the beginning of the Essay, the earlier letters of the alphabet, who appear as the objectors, conduct themselves so much like simpletons that one wonders at their being thought worthy of so long an interview with the enlightened *Z*.

A work so brilliant and so suggestive deserved a more elaborate reply than that which Sir David Brewster has given to it. In his knowledge of particular physical facts, Sir David is no doubt a full match for his opponent. But he has no chance against him when it comes to questions of a moral or religious bearing. He is wholly wanting in that peculiar kind of subtlety, so essential in such discussions, which consists in clearly seeing the consequences of the assertions we undertake to defend, and guarding ourselves by careful limitations against the most inconvenient of them. In the present controversy, Sir David possesses neither moderation nor the art of affecting it; and he is consequently continually laying himself open to attack. We regret to add that he is frequently deficient in common courtesy, and has allowed his temper and angry feelings to mingle in a discussion which surely is too remote from all meaner interests to deserve to be so sullied. There is something in the irony of the Essayist which is, we own, provoking; and in particular we think the stars and planets have a right to resent the scientific persiflage which he has directed against them. But what is Sir David to the stars, that he should take up their quarrel as if it was his own? Better had he called to

mind what Dante tells us of one of the occupants of the celestial spheres,—

Ma ella è beata e cio non ode.

As might have been expected, in the Dialogue prefixed to the second edition of the Essay, the Essayist has avenged himself by commenting on his critic, not indeed in the spirit of meekness, but still (to his honour be it spoken) without the faintest infringement of the laws of literary courtesy.

Notwithstanding all its literary faults, and, we must add, notwithstanding many scientific inaccuracies of the grossest kind (attributable, no doubt, to mere overhasty writing), *More Worlds than one* has attracted, and has deserved, a considerable share of public attention. There is a charm in the enthusiastic faith, coupled with the great knowledge of the author, which makes one ready to forgive him for anything. It is true that he frequently overstates his case; but then this is done so palpably that it strikes one at the first glance. It is impossible to say that he leaves the impression that his argument is worth more than it really is; on the contrary, the reader is apt to feel that in the hands of a more skilful disputant, the cause would have fared better. It is like listening to a plain, incautious, overvehement reply, to the circumspect and elaborate attack of a practised advocate. Besides all this, the cause which Sir David represents is, we suspect, the popular one; and one great merit of a popular writer he certainly does possess; his arguments may sometimes be easy to answer, but they are always easy to understand.

It would be impossible for us within our present limits to attempt, in vindication of what we have said, a detailed examination of the Essay, or of the answer to it. A few of the most important points we intend, however, to touch on; and we begin, where the Essayist begins, with a consideration of the religious aspect of the question.

The Essayist takes as his starting point the beautiful verse in the Psalms: 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?' He pursues with regard to it the same train of reflection which has been followed by Dr. Chalmers in his Astronomical Discourses. We think, however, that he has somewhat overstrained the meaning of his text; an error, perhaps, not uncommon in discourses in which it is less excusable. The words of the Psalmist are evidently intended to contrast, not the greatness of the

celestial works of God with the brief history and narrow dwellingplace of man, but rather the greatness of the Creator himself with the littleness of his creature. The Psalmist's wonder is not that God should visit man when man is so mean an object of his care, compared with the sun and stars, but that God, the Maker of heaven and earth, should stoop from his throne to be mindful of a creature so immeasurably beneath him. To speak, therefore, of the Psalmist's words as containing the expression of a religious 'difficulty,' is a perversion of their meaning. There is no 'questioning,' or 'perplexity;' there is simply adoration of the goodness of a condescending God. But though we may well doubt whether any such difficulty was likely to arise in the mind of the Psalmist, or has found any expression in his words, we do not pretend to deny that in our own days the belief in the plurality of worlds is sometimes, though rarely, urged, and still more rarely felt, as a difficulty in the way of revealed, and even of natural, religion. That it should ever have been urged as an argument against natural religion, is surprising. The difficulty comes, in fact, to this, — that if the universe be really so very large, it is too vast for Infinite wisdom to comprehend, or for Infinite power to rule; or else, it is that He who made the greater things of the world may perhaps attend to them, but that its lesser concerns are either too numerous or too trivial to expect any share of his regard. Such a difficulty implies a conception of the Divine Nature, which might have been allowed by the school of Epicurus, but would have shocked the least enlightened philosopher of the Porch or the Academy. We almost regret that, in grave defences of the universal faith of mankind, serious reasoning should be directed against such imaginary dangers. It is a frequent, we will not say a just, charge against the writers of evidences, that they do not grapple with really formidable objections, but content themselves with refuting arguments which are not really urged by their opponents. What amount of truth there may be in such a charge, we are fortunately not called on to determine; but it is certain that this disposition to attribute to an adversary reasonings which he has never employed, and which he cannot but regard as puerile, tends rather to confirm his confidence in the arguments upon which he has in fact relied. Whether, again, the 'answer from the microscope,' as described in the pages of the Essay, be any answer at all, is a question we leave to those to whom that answer is addressed. If, on the one hand, to a mind duly impressed with the infinitude of the Creator's attributes, the microscope

can but tell the same tale as the telescope; so, on the other hand, to a mind capable of admitting the doubt at all, it would seem to double instead of removing the objection. The reflections of Sir David Brewster on this subject are just and forcible.

'The difficulties, or "scruples," so distinctly stated in the preceding extract, whether we view them as an objection urged by an opponent of religion, as Dr. Chalmers does, or as a difficulty felt by the Christian, have, in our opinion, no existence; and, if they had, we consider the discoveries of the microscope as having no tendency whatever to remove them. It is a singular doctrine to maintain, that "the truths of natural religion" were ever exposed to danger by the discoveries of the telescope, or that astronomical truth ever excited the "doubts or difficulties," stated by our author, either in the minds of Theists or Christians of the most ordinary capacity. We have never read any works containing such doubts, nor listened to any conversations in which they were the subject of discussion. * * * Is it conceivable that a Theist or a Christian of the smallest mental capacity could suppose that there are *degrees of omnipotence*, and imagine that the Almighty might be prevented, by the *many worlds under His management*, from taking care of the Earth and its inhabitants?' (*More Worlds than One*, pp. 154, 155.)

Admitting freely that the 'difficulty' as hitherto stated is not of much force, the Essayist proceeds in a different form to develope a more formidable inconsistency (as he conceives it to be) between what astronomers wish to believe about the plurality of worlds, and what they must believe about the intellectual, moral, and religious history of man. On this earth man stands in an exceptional position. He is separated, it may be by a wider interval, from any other animal, than any two classes of brutes are from one another. Is there not something in his nature and history which impresses us with the conviction that his place in the universe is no less singular and exceptional than it is upon the earth? The Essayist's answer to this question is developed at great length, in a form, however, which, according to Sir David Brewster, is 'so unintelligible that he acknowledges his inability to comprehend it.' For our own part we have seldom seen an argument more ingeniously put, or more absolutely inconclusive. It is exactly what a well-known controversialist of the present day would term 'a difficulty of the imagination.' The Essayist commences with an elaborate assertion of the intellectual preeminence of the human species, and of the progressive character of human reason; two propositions which, in the sense in which they are maintained in the Essay, have

not often been disputed. Then comes the superstructure built on this sure foundation.

'The intellectual progress of the human species has been a progress in the use of thought, and in the knowledge which such use procures; it has been a progress from mere matter to mind; from the impressions of sense to ideas; from what in knowledge is casual, pratial, temporary, to what is necessary, universal, and eternal. We can conceive no progress, of the nature of this, which is not identical with this; nothing like it, which is not the same. And therefore, if we will people other planets with creatures, intelligent as man is intelligent, we must not only give to them the intelligence, but the intellectual history of the human species. They must have had their minds unfolded by steps similar to those by which the human mind has been unfolded: or at least, differing from them, only as the intellectual history of one nation of the earth differs from that of another. They must have had their Pythagoras, their Plato, their Kepler, their Galileo, their Newton, if they know what we know. And thus, in order to conceive, on the Moon or on Jupiter, a race of beings, intelligent like man, we must conceive, there, colonies of men, with histories resembling more or less the histories of human colonies: and indeed resembling the history of those nations whose knowledge we inherit, far more closely than the history of any other terrestrial nation resembles that part of terrestrial history. If we do this, we exercise an act of invention and imagination which may be as coherent as a fairy tale, but which, without further proof, must be as purely imaginary and arbitrary. But if we do not do this, we cannot conceive that those regions are occupied at all by intelligent beings.' (*Essay*, pp. 119, 120, ed. 2nd.)

That is to say, we cannot conceive the planets to be inhabited, except we are prepared to construct an intellectual history for their inhabitants. But as we can conceive of no intellectual history different from our own, if they are to have any such history it must have been the same as ours; and this we are to regard as an assumption so palpably gratuitous that it amounts to an absurdity. It will occur, we think, to the cautious reader to doubt whether he can or cannot conceive of any intellectual progress unlike his own, and if (after much meditation) he come to the conclusion that he cannot, he will, perhaps, attribute that inability not to the essential impossibility of the thing in itself, but to the simple fact that he has had no experience of any other. We can at least conceive a tolerably intelligent inhabitant of Jupiter (if such a creature exist) constructing an equally rigorous *à priori* demonstration of the non-existence of reasonable beings upon the Earth.

This progressive character of the human species is rightly

supposed by the Essayist to argue a special guidance and government of our race. 'We have not,' he continues, 'so far as we can perceive, any reason for supposing that the Creator exercises a like guidance and government over any other planet.' And then, a little further on, the religious difficulty which is supposed to arise out of these considerations is thus stated: —

'The Earth and its human inhabitants are, as far as we yet know, in an especial manner, the subjects of God's care and government, for the race is progressive. Now can this be? Is it not difficult to believe that it is so? The earth, so small a speck, only one among so many, so many thousands, so many millions, of other bodies, all, probably, of the same nature with itself, wherefore should it draw to it the special regards of the Creator of all, and occupy his care in an especial manner? The teaching of the history of the human race, as intellectually progressive, agrees with the teaching of Religion, in impressing upon us that God is mindful of man: that he does regard him: but still, there naturally arises in our minds a feeling of perplexity and bewilderment, which expresses itself in the words already so often quoted, What is man, that this should be so? Can it be true that this province is thus singled out for a special and peculiar administration, by the Lord of the Universal Empire?' (*Essay*, pp. 121, 122.)

In this passage there is, we think, a confusion of thought. We assert that the human race is the special object of providential care only because we previously concluded that it was the only progressive race in existence. To the question, What is man, that he should receive this special and exclusive care? the Essayist has already given a conclusive reply, that he is the only progressive creature in the universe. If there are other intelligent and progressive creatures in the universe, we cannot believe that we are the objects of exclusive care; if there are none, we cannot wonder that we are.

The word 'especial' is a favourite one in this part of the Essay, and perhaps the author has permitted himself to play a little on the ambiguity of its meaning. 'Especial' does not mean, or ought not to mean, 'exclusive.' In one sense every class of creatures, nay every individual living thing, is the object of the Creator's especial care. It receives that measure of regard which its nature renders it capable of receiving. When we speak of our own race as especial objects of Providential care, we ought only to mean that the higher endowments and the greater necessities of our nature have given us a larger, but not an exclusive interest in the Divine Benevolence. If there be other creatures in the universe requiring equally with ourselves the same continual

care for their intellectual progress or moral improvement, why should we doubt that they equally with ourselves receive it?

The moral nature of man is next discussed in the same spirit. We are first asked, whether we can venture to extend such a nature to the hypothetical inhabitants of other worlds. 'Would it not be too bold an assumption to speak of the conscience of an inhabitant of Jupiter? Would it not be a rash philosophy to assume the operation of remorse or self-approval on the planet, in order that we may extend to it the moral government of God?' And then the same chain of reasoning. Since we cannot imagine a different moral nature for the imaginary beings, they must have the same as ours; but since we cannot venture to make so arbitrary an assumption, we must infer that they do not exist at all as objects of moral government.

'Here again, therefore, we are led to the same difficulty which we have already encountered: Can the earth, a small globe among so many millions, have been selected as the scene of this especially Divine government?' (*Essay*, p. 125.)

We can only answer as before, if there be other creatures beside ourselves possessing a moral nature, we are in no exclusive sense under a Divine government. If there are none beside ourselves we cannot be surprised at finding ourselves the special objects of Divine care. It may strike us as singular that the Creator should have selected this earth as the proper domicile for the highest order of his creatures; but that, wherever placed, they should be objects of distinguished care, may call for our gratitude, but cannot excite our wonder.

The Essayist applies a similar process of inquiry to the religious history of our species, but on this sacred ground we forbear to follow him at length. 'We have given,' he tells us, 'a view of the peculiar character of man's condition, which seems to claim for him a nature and a place unique and incapable of repetition in the scheme of the universe.' Sir David denounces this conclusion as 'incomprehensible,' an epithet perhaps not fairly applicable to it. Yet, as the only argument by which it is supported appears to be derived from the difficulty we should have in picturing to our own minds a race of beings like ourselves, and yet not ourselves, we think its singular definiteness and universality contrast strangely with the shadowy nature of the basis on which it rests. It is more pleasing to find that the Essayist fully admits the validity of the answer given by Chalmers to the assertion that the notion of a plurality of worlds is contrary to

the doctrines of revealed religion. That answer consists—as many answers to objections against religion ever must consist—in an assertion of our ignorance. We do but know in part the plan of God's government with regard to our planet; and it is surely no concern of ours to frame a general scheme of Divine government for the whole universe. To make such an attempt, and then, because we find it fail of success in our feeble hands, to conclude that there can be no Divine government beside that which exists here, is the part neither of humility nor of wisdom. 'Many persons,' observes the Essayist, 'find great difficulty in conceiving such an operation of the Divine plan [as shall extend it to other worlds] in a satisfactory way.' We hope that but few persons would sanction such language as a true description of their own feelings. We cannot imagine a more painful spectacle of human presumption than that which would be afforded by a man who should sit down to arrange, 'in a satisfactory way,' a scheme for the extension of Divine mercy to some distant planet, and who, when he found 'great difficulty in conceiving' such an extension of the Divine attribute, instead of desisting from his vain attempt, should go a step further still, and infer that no such scheme can exist, because he fails to discover a *modus operandi* for it. From such a picture we turn with pleasure to the admirable words of Dr. Blunt, which the Essayist has quoted with the highest praise, and which we cannot refrain from inserting here:—

'How does the zealous Christian, alive to the honour of God, and troubled, like Elijah, to see his followers few, rejoice in every speculation by which he can persuade himself that the borders of his dominion are extending; that the cords of his tent are gaining length. How does he hail the Christian settlements amongst the horde of savages in the solitary islands of the Southern main! How does he anticipate in his glowing thoughts the day when the knowledge of the Lord is to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea! How does he even indulge in fanciful but innocent conjectures on the relation the Incarnation and Atonement of Christ may bear to the *inhabitants of other planets* besides our own! So vast does he naturally think must be the effect of the Sacrifice of Him who was with God, and who was God, and by whom all things were made. He can scarcely persuade himself to contemplate that great mystery merely in respect to this little earth. He is reluctant to circumscribe its virtues to the limited compass of a plot of ground like this. Behold then *we show unto him a more excellent way!* Let him turn his meditations to this doctrine of the Communion of Saints, and his heart becomes *lawfully* enlarged. In that direction he may give his thoughts leave to wander in the full assurance of faith. There he finds a vast population of souls, some in the

body, some out of the body, wherever dwelling, wherever the Paradise of God may be; of which the earth however is but the ante-chamber, and death the door; and he beholds troops of spirits in unceasing succession in the act of emigrating to that ample colony, never to be overpeopled, till the day when God shall have made up the number of his elect!'

While admitting, as we have just said, the validity of Chalmers' reply to the objection against Christianity which the Plurality of Worlds is supposed to furnish, the Essayist, nevertheless, represents it as incomplete, and hastens to assure the reader that modern science can supply another more satisfactory. The results of astronomy, he maintains, so far from teaching us to believe in the habitability of the stars or planets, are calculated to produce an exactly opposite impression. For the gradual development of this surely somewhat paradoxical thesis, we are first prepared by an interesting series of speculations connected with geology. After a rapid, but masterly and philosophic, sketch of the outlines of that science, our attention is concentrated on two undeniable facts; first, that man is a being of a totally different order from any animal at present existing, or that has existed in any earlier geological creation; and, secondly, that countless ages must have elapsed during which those inferior creations were the only tenants of the earth. These two facts we conceive to be so indisputable that they hardly needed the copious illustrations of the Essayist to establish them. We are sorry to find Sir David Brewster endeavouring to persuade us that there may (for aught we know) have existed rational creatures on the earth during early geological times, and that if we only dig deep enough, and search well below the gneiss and granite, we may chance to light upon the mortal remains of some of these pre-Adamite races. He even suggests a doubt whether it is, after all, certain that human beings did not coexist upon the earth with the animals of the palæozoic period. And he evidently imputes to geologists a disposition, in the interest of their science, to exaggerate, beyond all reasonable limits, the duration of the periods intervening between the successive epochs of geological time. But we think that the Essayist will command the sympathy of all persons interested in the cause of science, when he claims for the main results of geology the same indisputable certainty which we have long since learned to attribute to the other, and older, parts of our knowledge. We applaud him when he claims for 'the vigorous youth of geology' the same respect which is willingly paid to 'the old age of astronomy.' But we cannot so unhesitatingly approve of the

inferences which he has drawn from the general survey of his favourite science.

'Is the objection this; that if we suppose the earth only to be occupied by inhabitants, all the other globes of the universe are wasted; — turned to no purpose? Is waste of this kind considered as unsuited to the character of the Creator? But here again, we have the like waste, in the occupation of the earth. All its previous ages, its seas and its continents, have been wasted upon mere brute life; often, so far as we can see, for myriads of years, upon the lowest, the least conscious forms of life; upon shell-fish, corals, sponges. Why then should not the seas and continents of other planets be occupied at present with a life no higher than this, or with no life at all? Will it be said that, so far as material objects are occupied by life, they are not wasted; but that they are wasted, if they are entirely barren and blank of life? This is a very arbitrary saying. Why should the life of a sponge, or a coral, or an oyster, be regarded as a good employment of a spot of land and water, so as to save it from being wasted?' (*Essay*, p. 195.)

'The earth, in its former conditions, was able and fitted to support life; even the life of creatures closely resembling man in their bodily structure. Even of monkeys, fossil remains have been found. But yet, in those former conditions, it did not support human life. Even those geologists who have dwelt most on the discovery of fossil monkeys, and other animals nearest to man, have not dreamt that there existed, before man, a race of rational, intelligent, and progressive creatures. As we have seen, geology and history alike refute such a fancy. The notion, then, that one period of time in the history of the earth must resemble another, in the character of its population, because it resembles it in physical circumstances, is negatived by the facts which we discover in the history of the earth. And so, the notion that one part of the universe must resemble another in its population, because it resembles it in physical circumstances, is negatived as a law of creation. Analogy, further examined, affords no support to such a notion. The analogy of time, the events of which we know, corrects all such guesses founded on a supposed analogy of space, the furniture of which, so far as this point is concerned, we have no sufficient means of examining.' (*Essay*, pp. 197, 198.)

The foregoing paragraphs appear to us to contain the fundamental ideas of the Essay. In substance we believe the same reflections may be found in Mr. Hugh Miller's *First Impressions of England*, but we do not need the express assertion of the Essayist to convince us that he was not aware of that coincidence till after the publication of the Essay. We should even venture to hazard a conjecture that we owe the whole Essay to the impression naturally, and almost inevitably, produced upon a mind equally familiar with astronomy and geology, by such a comparison of the

two sciences as that which we find here attempted. It looks as if the rest of the work had grown up around this central idea, and had been intended to illustrate and confirm it. But however this may be, it is impossible to deny that by the progress of geological science the Essayist has been enabled to introduce a really new and most important element into the ancient controversy with which he is dealing. It is unquestionable that many of the old *à priori* arguments which have been adduced to prove the existence of other worlds besides our earth, would equally tend to prove that our earth itself during the long ages of its past existence, was the scene of intelligent as well as conscious life, instead of being 'wasted' on the monstrous '—theria' of the geological vocabulary. They prove too much, and, therefore nothing at all. And yet (so wonderful a thing is faith) we can easily conceive that a determined believer in the plurality of worlds may feel his faith confirmed instead of shaken by the facts of Geology. That a whole universe should contain but one inhabited earth appears of itself to such a philosopher as Sir David Brewster a conclusion of portentous improbability. But to be told that Time has been as unproductive as Space, and that if there exist but one fertile earth there have existed but six thousand fruitful years, will seem to him to increase the improbability beyond all power of calculation. On the other hand, the whole matter will appear to him capable of easy explanation if he view it in the light of his own theories of the universe. He is willing to believe that among the stars there are some to be found in every possible condition of existence, or, as he would rather phrase it, in every possible stage of progressive development. To find that the earth has passed through such a series of phases, will seem to him exactly what might have been expected. He will take it as a proof that the earth is not an isolated or exceptional thing in Nature, but precisely what he has hitherto believed it to be, an ordinary planet among the planets,—one among the many myriads of the host of Heaven,—exempted by no special privilege from the law of growth, perhaps of decay, to which the rest are subjected. When he is reminded that for ages the earth was in a state of chaos, he will probably feel that this only renders it the more imperative on him to believe that during that long period there were other worlds in which the antagonistic forces of Nature had already attained the state of stable equilibrium essential to the existence of any higher organisation. He will, probably, be only too anxious to accept the earth's geological history as a type of what may

be now happening on the surface of some, at least, among the stars. Only he will protest against being compelled to admit that change without improvement, or succession without progress, is a law of Nature, either there or here.

On a question which, like this of the Plurality of Worlds, really lies outside the domain of human knowledge, arguments are very apt to tell both ways. The same facts are interpreted by both parties in accordance with their previous convictions; and, since the explanation of any apparent difficulty tends so far to establish the truth of the principles which have led to it, it is easy to see how both sides may be disposed to appeal with equal confidence to the same order of phenomena. For our own part, we shall be greatly surprised if the author of the next work in favour of the Plurality of Worlds does not make the evidence supplied by geology the very centre and stronghold of his argument. So far, however, as this part of the question is concerned, we willingly admit that the Essayist remains as yet the undisputed master of the field, and that he is likely to do so until his opponents can find a representative of their cause, uniting the same extensive knowledge of geological research with the same felicity of language and command of popular reasoning. At any rate, Sir David Brewster's treatment of the geological question in *More Worlds than One*, is probably that part of his whole work which is least calculated to satisfy the reader, or obliterate the impression produced by the eloquence of the Essayist.

But whatever assistance we may succeed in obtaining from geology, whether by analogical reasoning or otherwise, the point at issue is, after all, an astronomical one; and it is Astronomy to which we must look for the only direct evidence which can be brought to bear upon the question. Accordingly, we find that, whatever popular impression there may exist in favour of the plurality of worlds, is traceable exclusively to astronomical notions. The Essayist, no less than Sir David Brewster, is perfectly aware of this. The most considerable portion of the Essay is therefore devoted to what we may term a rigorous criticism of Sidereal and Planetary Astronomy. The Essayist is what Coleridge would have termed a *minimi-fidian* in astronomy. It is not too much to say, that he believes as little of it as he can. He sifts it from beginning to end with the most inexorable severity, accepting all the facts, but refusing to be bound by any hypothesis whatever which, however probable, cannot lay claim to demonstrative certainty. If this were all, there would be no just ground of blame. But it is not

all. We find in the pages of the Essay, that the Author has not been proof against the temptations to which others have yielded. Not content with rejecting the opinions commonly received by astronomers about the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies, he frames counter-hypotheses of his own, which, as a general rule, have less intrinsic probability than those which they are designed to replace, and are announced with equal confidence.

Imitating the course adopted by Humboldt in his *Cosmos*, the Essayist commences with the most distant of the celestial objects, and examines them in regular succession, till he comes to the nearest of all — the Moon. In his own words, he 'finds little promise of inhabitants' in any of them; but then it is only too clear that he experiences no kind of disappointment at this negative result. Very many of his remarks on the physical condition of the heavenly bodies are really valuable, and well deserve the attention of the more confident of his opponents; but there is hardly a page in this part of the Essay which does not bear evident traces of having been, to say the least, 'stimulated by the exigencies of a theory.' He so shrinks from acknowledging even a possibility of inhabitants in a star, that he occasionally seems to entangle himself unconsciously in a perfect network of assumptions.

We propose to follow this astronomical argument with as much minuteness as our limits will allow, through some, at least, of its stages.

It is so ungrateful to apply the rigour of criticism to a writer whom it is impossible to read without pleasure, that, if we are compelled to single out the points in which we differ from the Essay, and to pass by the mention of those in which we agree with it, we trust that this circumstance will be attributed to our want of space, and not to our want of good will.

To begin with the nebulæ. Our readers are doubtless aware that astronomers are as yet by no means unanimous in the account they give of these singular phenomena. Conjectures were early hazarded, that though apparently consisting of one continuous texture of faintly luminous cloud, they might nevertheless be really composed of separate stars, so distant from us, and so near to one another, in proportion to their distance, that they had become confused into one haze of evanescent light. These conjectures acquired a certain amount of probability when it was discovered by the powerful telescopes of the elder Herschel that several of these nebulæ were not really continuous in their texture,

but that, when examined under a high magnifying power, they resolved themselves into a multitude of closely adjacent, yet still distinct, luminous points. On this fact Sir W. Herschel grounded his distinction of nebulæ into resoluble and irresoluble; leaving it, however, undetermined whether that distinction depended on a difference of physical structure in the nebula itself, or simply in the inequality of their distances from us. The class of resoluble nebulæ, since the death of Sir W. Herschel, has been continually increasing at the expense of the other; and the late magnificent discoveries of Lord Rosse's telescope appear to most astronomers to leave no reasonable doubt that were our optical powers sufficiently great, and our atmosphere sufficiently tranquil, no nebula whatever could escape resolution. Perhaps it would have been better for the Essayist if he had surrendered this point at once. Though satisfied that the luminous points of a resolved nebula are 'dots' and only 'dots,' or, at the most, 'lumps of light,' not suns or stars, he yet seems to have a certain fear of these 'dots' or 'lumps,' and displays a desire to confine their number within as narrow limits as possible. (P. 215.) Nay, in assigning reasons for his disbelief of the universal resolubility of nebulæ, he actually employs an argument which tells powerfully against himself. To prove that there may exist nebulous matter, not resoluble, he cites as instances from our own system, the tails of comets and the zodiacal light. These objects are comparatively close to us, and yet no telescope has ever resolved them; therefore, concludes the Essayist, there may exist irresoluble nebulous matter. Granted; but if so, this only proves that those nebulæ which, notwithstanding their immense distances, have been resolved, exist in a state of physical aggregation, so utterly different from that of comets and the zodiacal light, that to include them under one general name of 'nebulous matter,' implies considerable inexactness in the use of words; and to argue from the condition of a comet's tail to that of a resolved nebula, is to argue on the similarity of two things, of which all we know is, that they are unlike.

Alluding to these nebulæ which he admits to have been resolved, the Essayist observes, in a passage of brilliant irony: —

> 'Some nebulæ are resolvable; are resolvable into distinct points; certainly a very curious, probably an important discovery. We may hereafter learn that *all* nebulæ are resolvable into distinct points: that would be a still more curious discovery. But what would it amount to? What would be the simple way of expressing it, without hypothesis, and without assumption?

Plainly this: that the substance of all nebulæ is not continuous, but discrete; — separable, and separated into distinct luminous elements; — nebulæ are, it would then seem, as it were, of a curdled or granulated texture: they have run into *lumps* of light, or have been formed originally of such lumps. Highly curious. But what are these lumps? How large are they? At what distances? Of what structure? Of what use? It would seem that he must be a bold man who undertakes to answer these questions. Certainly he must appear to ordinary thinkers to be *very* bold, who, in reply, says, gravely and confidently, as if he had unquestionable authority for his teaching: — "These lumps, O man, are Suns; they are distant from each other as far as the Dogstar is from us: each has its system of planets, which revolve around it; and each of these planets is the seat of an animal and vegetable creation. Among these planets, some, we do not yet know how many, are occupied by rational and responsible creatures, like Man; and the only matter which perplexes us, holding this belief on astronomical grounds, is, that we do not quite see how to put our theology into its due place and form in our system.' (*Essay*, pp. 215, 216.)

We certainly do not wish to adopt without reserve either the teaching or the language of the speculative astronomer here introduced; but we nevertheless think that there are several considerations which may serve to give much plausibility at least to his two first assertions. The question is, what evidence have we that the luminous dots in a nebula are bodies of the same general character as an isolated fixed star? and, though we may candidly confess, that after all we have not much, we nevertheless have enough to render the opinion on the whole more probable than any other hypothesis which has yet been devised to explain the facts. We must remember, in the first place, that though we find in the sky isolated fixed stars and nebulæ, we are not to imagine that these very dissimilar objects are to be immediately contrasted, and that there are no intermediate classes of objects which may facilitate the comparison. On the contrary, we find stars crowded together in groups of five or six, of fifty or sixty, in globular or irregular clusters, of greater or less condensation, in some of which the stars can be counted, while in others they cannot. These most numerous clusters again pass over, by almost insensible gradation, into the most easily resoluble nebulæ, and these again, by a still more imperceptible declension, into the faintest and least definite nebulous forms, which change their outline and their aspect at every increase of optical power. It is very difficult to avoid admitting the probable conclusions to which this consideration leads us. Were there any

à priori improbability in the hypothesis that the nebulæ consist of stars—if, for example, we had the faintest ground, metaphysical or physical, for considering it unlikely that so very many stars should exist—or if there were, on the other hand, any reason whatever to suppose that an aggregation of fixed stars would not produce the appearance of a nebula, the case would certainly be different. As it is, we may form very different estimates of the amount of probability which attaches to the conclusion, but few will assert with the Essayist that it is entirely baseless. By admitting that the luminous points of the nebulæ look like stars, the Essayist forgets that he admits all that his adversaries can well ask: 'By all means,' he says, 'let these dots be stars if we know what we are talking about, if a star merely mean a luminous dot in the sky.' (p. 215.) But the reader should remember that there is not a star in the whole sky, not even Sirius or Canopus, which would not (but for optical causes) appear as a luminous dot, without parts or magnitude, in the focus of the most powerful telescope; and that consequently, if the luminous points of a nebula be really stars, it is as much as we can expect of them that they should appear as dots; they can, for the present, give us no other evidence of their starry nature.

To form any exact estimate of the distance of two luminous points in a nebula is impossible in the present state of our knowledge; and as the distance of Sirius from our sun is hardly known, we may charitably interpret the imaginative astronomer's allusion to the Dogstar as a figurative intimation of his ignorance. We can only say, that if two objects, situated at such a distance from us that viewed from either of them the area of the earth's orbit dwindles to a geometrical point, do yet appear to us distinct and separate, this affords us a demonstrative proof that the distance between them is greater than the orbit of our earth; though how much greater is more than we can say. We commend this elementary reflection to any person who may bethink himself of comparing comets' tails with resolved nebulous matter, or who may consider that 'He has good reason to believe that nebulæ are vast masses of incoherent or gaseous matter, of immense tenuity, diffused in forms more or less irregular, but all of them destitute of any regular system of solid moving bodies.' (P. 235.)

We cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that our author, while bestowing so much attention on the ambiguous forms of spiral nebulæ, should have wholly neglected to consider the most glorious of all sidereal objects, the Milky Way.

We should certainly have read with pleasure his account of the nature of that splendid ring of nebulous light, which encircles our whole sky, and in the plane of which our planet, and consequently our sun and system, have their appointed place, But it seems to us that the facts which astronomers have hitherto ascertained respecting it, contradict, rather than support, his doctrine of vapoury nebulæ. It is certain that the Milky Way is composed of distinct points of light, and it is certain, in the words of Sir John Herschel, that these points of light are 'of every magnitude, from such as are visible to the naked eye, down to the smallest point of light perceptible with the best telescope.' In whatever sense, then, we apply the name of star to the brighter luminaries of the Milky Way, we can hardly refuse the same name, in the same sense, to the telescopic points which form the majority of its components. No astronomer, we presume, would imagine the stars to be all of one size, any more than all at one distance. But neither can any astronomer suppose that the apparent photometric magnitudes of the stars give us even a general indication of their relative dimensions; or that inequality of light is to be explained by assuming a total difference of physical constitution in the stars themselves, instead of assuming a simple difference of size or distance.*

But, if the Milky Way has been treated with neglect in the Essay, the case is by no means the same with the Magellanic clouds, which, however, in their turn, as well as the argument founded on them, are left totally unnoticed by Sir David Brewster, in his reply. The argument in question rests on a remark of Sir J. Herschel's, and is in substance as follows: — The Magellanic clouds are, as is well known, two apparently nebulous masses in the southern hemisphere, of an irregular oval figure, and occupying, the one about 42, the other about 12 square degrees.

'The general ground of both consists of large tracts and patches of nebulosity in every stage of resolution, from light, irresolvable with 18 inches of reflecting aperture, up to perfectly separated stars like the Milky Way, and clustering groups sufficiently insulated and condensed to come under the designation of irregular, and in some cases pretty rich clusters. But besides

* In the *Dialogue* (2nd edition) a similar objection, founded on the nature of the Galaxy, is indeed taken into consideration, but the Essayist has refrained from expressing his own opinion of the nature of its constituent stars, and it is consequently difficult to tell what explanation he would have us adopt of the apparent gradations of magnitude which they exhibit.

those, there are also nebulæ in abundance, both regular and irregular; globular clusters in every state of condensation; and objects of a nebulous character quite peculiar, and which have no analogue in any other region of the heavens.'

'Taking the apparent semidiameter of the Nubecula Major at 3°, and regarding its solid form as, roughly speaking, spherical, its nearest and most remote parts differ in their distance from us by a little more than a tenth part of our distance from its centre. The brightness of objects situated in its nearer portions, therefore, cannot be *much* exaggerated, nor that of its remoter *much* enfeebled, by their difference of distance; yet within this globular space, we have collected upwards of 600 stars of the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th magnitudes, nearly 300 nebulæ, and globular and other clusters, *of all degrees of resolubility*, and smaller scattered stars innumerable of every inferior magnitude, from the 10th to such as by their multitude and minuteness constitute irresolvable nebulosity, extending over tracts of many square degrees. Were there but one such object, it might be maintained without utter improbability that its apparent sphericity is only an effect of foreshortening, and that in reality a much greater proportional difference of distance between its nearer and more remote parts exists. But such an adjustment, improbable enough in one case, must be rejected as too much so for fair argument in two. It must, therefore, be taken as a demonstrated fact, that stars of the 7th or 8th magnitude and irresolvable nebula may co-exist within limits of distance not differing in proportion more than as 9 to 10.' (*Outlines of Astronomy*, pp. 613, 614.)

In commenting on this passage, the Essayist appears to assume that, in the opinion of his adversaries, the irresolubility of a nebula is determined solely by its distance. It is not likely that a majority of the astronomers who maintain the existence of stars in nebula, would admit this as a fair representation of their view. In fact, we now certainly know that many stars of the sixth or fifth magnitudes are nearer to us than some of the first, so that it is only in a very general way that we can regard the comparative brightness of stars, as any indication of their comparative magnitude. Adopting, merely for example's sake, the value that has been assigned to the parallax of the bright star Capella and of *α* Centauri, we may readily satisfy ourselves, that if the former were removed to the same distance as the latter, it would be only of the twentieth order of magnitude in the photometric scale of Sir J. Herschel. It would appear as a minute telescopic star, visible only in the most powerful instruments, and by no means probably too bright to figure as an unobtrusive 'dot' in an ordinary resolvable nebula. If, then, we must expect to find stars of the first or second magnitude, at precisely the same distance from us as stars of

the twentieth, we can feel no absolutely insuperable difficulty in admitting, within the globe of Nubecula Major, of the presence of distinct stars as well as nebulæ. We need only assume a sufficiently great distance from our system, and the phenomena which the nubecula presents, may be probably explained by the simple hypothesis that it contains stars of very unequal sizes, or rather of very unequal brightness. We are afraid, however, that this explanation will but excite the indignation of the Essayist, disposed as he is to show but little mercy to those astronomical speculators who, as he says, 'have been in the habit of overwhelming the minds of their listeners with gigantic estimates' of the distances by which the heavenly bodies are separated from one another and from us. But we cannot help expressing our conviction that the abstract aversion which the Essayist appears to entertain for great numbers and great distances in astronomy, is unphilosophical. From the constitution of our own minds (so, at least, we gather from the pages of the Essay, p. 155.), we know that there exists an infinity of space, that there has existed an infinity of time past, and will exist an infinity of time future. Here, then, we have the scale on which the universe is built. The estimate is in truth gigantic; it is overwhelming to any finite mind; but after this, how can we quarrel on purely abstract grounds, about a few multiples of the distance of our sun from Sirius? With a limitless space before us, we need not cramp our explanations, nor dwarf our conceptions, for want of a few units more or less. Nor can we ever admit that the probability of an astronomic hypothesis depends on the absolute greatness or smallness of the distances or areas it assumes; it can only depend on the complexity of the facts it undertakes to explain, and on the more or less satisfactory character of the explanation. 'Is not infinite space large enough,' as the Essayist elsewhere asks, 'to admit of machines of any size without grudging?' (*Essay*, p. 327.) It is amusing to find that Sir David Brewster, who contends as if *pro aris et focis* in defence of astronomical space, cannot yet resist the temptation to make an inroad of the same kind, by way of reprisal, into geological time. For our own part, we willingly leave both astronomers and geologists to the facts before them, content that they should take as much of space and as much of time as the facts may seem to require. Our knowledge extends over but a finite part of space, and a finite portion of time; and it is a part and proof of our ignorance that we cannot exactly tell what extent of space, or what duration of time, is thus actually accessible to us.

This we may one day learn, but it will be from observation of the facts of Nature, and not by putting together conclusions based only on the impression which the numerical expressions of enormous distances are calculated to produce upon our minds. On this point at least it is certain that there is no *à priori* consideration which can give us the faintest clue.

Having now duly disposed of the nebulæ, and having ascertained that they consist of a substance like comets' tails, either 'curdled' or else 'twisted into spires,' we descend a step lower in our cosmology. The next objects that attract our attention are the globular clusters of stars. The author accepts Sir J. Herschel's speculation as to the dynamical theory of these clusters, but by an extraordinary, though doubtless accidental, ambiguity of language, an incautious reader might be led to conclude that Sir J. Herschel's theory proves the total mass of such a cluster to be extremely small; so that perhaps the whole cluster might not contain material enough to furnish forth a single earth like ours. The passage is so curious that we must quote it entire.

'If, for instance, our sun were thus broken into fragments, so as to fill the sphere girdled by the earth's orbit, all the fragments would revolve round the center in a year. Now there is no symptom, in any cluster, of its parts moving nearly so fast as this; and therefore we have, it would seem, evidence that the groups are much less dense than would be the space so filled with fragments of the sun. The slowness of the motions, in this case, as in the nebulæ, is evidence of the weakness of the forces, and therefore, of the rarity of the mass: and till we have some gyratory motion discovered in these groups, we have nothing to limit our supposition of the extreme tenuity of their total substance.' (*Essay*, p. 239.)

The dynamical argument by which it is here shown that the density of the system must be small if the periodic time be large, is exceedingly ingenious, as well as perfectly exact. But 'mass' and 'density' are two very different things; for a number of suns like ours, disposed at very considerable intervals, would form a system of low density, but of prodigious mass. We must observe, therefore, that there is no evidence whatever that the total mass of a globular cluster is small. And yet, if the concluding words of our quotation mean anything, they appear to mean this. If the volume occupied by the globular cluster were known, some conjecture as to its mass might indeed be hazarded. As it is we can only meet the assertion in the Essay by one of which we imagine it was meant to be the direct negative —

'we have nothing to limit our supposition of the enormous magnitude of their total mass.' The low density of the system can be inferred from the periodic time alone, the mass depends on the relation of the periodic time to the volume. Though the periodic time were thousands of years, the system might yet consist entirely of bodies as large and as dense as our sun, it would be only requisite that the intervals between them should be sufficiently great.

The Essayist next calls on the binary stars for a testimony in his favour. The rapid progress of sidereal astronomy in recent times, has shown that a very large proportion of the total number of stars are binary; and astronomers have been so fortunate as to succeed in determining the parallax of certain binary stars, whose periodic times are likewise known, as well as the angular dimensions of their orbits. From these data it is easy to calculate (though very roughly) the absolute dimensions of the orbit described, and the combined mass of the two stars which form the binary system. In this way it has been found that in the space of five centuries, either of the two stars composing 61 Cygni, describes an orbit round the other greatly exceeding in dimension that of Neptune in our own system, and that consequently the mass of the two stars taken together is equal to about a third part of the mass of our sun. Similarly, but from data far less exact, it is inferred that the two stars composing *a* Centauri, taken together, are a good deal less than our sun. Till the discovery of the parallax of these two stars, astronomers, we believe, had no ground for forming any estimate of the mass of the fixed stars, except by a very uncertain comparison between the stars and our own sun, based on the double assumption that the extent of the surface of a star is correctly measured by its light, and that its mass may be inferred from its volume. This combination of assumptions was itself precarious, and is now disproved by the case already cited of *a* Centauri. That double star (we now know) emits about twice as much light as our sun, while its mass is decidedly less. This fact, we think, tells *pro tanto* in favour of the Essayist; first, as tending to reduce within lower limits the idea we might otherwise form of the magnitude of stars which, like Sirius, certainly emit many times more light than our sun; and, secondly, as giving some colour to the hypothesis that *a* Centauri has a lower density as well as a less mass than our sun. For its greater light is an argument in favour of greater size, and from a greater size coupled with a lesser mass, we infer an inferior density. But to this argument the Essayist does not refer. He contents himself

with expressing an opinion — we should rather say a wish — that the mass of the binary stars may be so much diffused as to render them as rare as his favourite celestial object — a comet's tail. But the conjectural reason assigned for this really gratuitous guess is wisely relegated to a foot-note, which we take to be a sign that the Essayist himself attaches no great importance to it. 'Each of the two stars,' he imagines, 'may have its luminous matter diffused through a globe as large as the earth's orbit; and in that case would probably not be more dense than the tail of a comet.' It is worth while to add, that if this be the case with *α* Centauri, each of the two stars composing it will possess a real visible disk of one second nearly in diameter; a conclusion, we venture to think, which will not be admitted without hesitation.

The hypothetical planets, revolving round the stars of a binary system, are next disposed of. To assume, as certain, the existence of such bodies is, we think, very unwise; but it is equally so, to speak of such a system as 'impossible to arrange in a stable manner.' If the Essayist possessed a mathematical demonstration of his proposition, he could not speak more strongly. And yet he immediately proceeds to borrow from Sir J. Herschel a description of one arrangement, at least, by which stability might probably be ensured, according to principles closely resembling those of our own system. But even, apart from this, any person who reflects how very incomplete our knowledge is of the general dynamical problem, which is presented to us, in one of its particular cases, by our own Solar System, should hesitate to affirm that it is impossible for Nature to ensure astronomical stability except by confining herself strictly within the limits of our existing *mécanique céleste*. We are sorry to find that the Essayist has no such hesitation. With much apparent satisfaction he contemplates the fate which may await the unfortunate planets, even if they do exist, in consequence of the imperfection of the dynamical principles upon which they have been set going:—

> 'Their sun may be a vast sphere of luminous vapour; and the planets, plunged into this atmosphere, may, instead of describing regular orbits, plough their way in spiral paths through the nebulous abyss to its central nucleus.' (*Essay*, p. 243.)

We next come to the single fixed stars: as in the case of the nebulæ and binary stars, the Essayist commences by insisting on the probable extreme tenuity of their mass. No intelligible ground for this probability is, however, given; the fact simply is, that he is resolved to have us believe that

all matter external to the solar system exists in a condition of extreme rarity. We can only say, '*stat pro ratione voluntas*,' unless, indeed, we are to admit as an abstract truth, that it is more probable that matter exists in a state of rarity than the reverse; and, therefore, except we can prove that a body is dense, we are entitled to assume that it is rare.

The variable stars furnish a narrower but a less purely visionary basis for an argument, and we find that it is made the most of. It is certain that some stars vary periodically: as many as twenty-four have been enumerated by Argelander, the astronomer who has devoted most attention to this subject. This variation has been attributed, with some show of probability, to an inequality in the brightness of different regions of the star's surface, manifested to us by a revolution of the star round an axis. So far, then, these stars do not much resemble our sun, which does indeed revolve upon an axis, but is certainly not a periodically variable star. But then they are, comparatively speaking, few in number, and their periodicity can have but little bearing on their fitness or unfitness to serve as suns to a system of inhabited planets. The alternation of years of twilight with years of clear daylight would indeed be highly inconvenient to the longer-lived of the animal species with which we are acquainted; but there is nothing in such a vicissitude necessarily destructive of animal life, which in the Arctic regions of our own planet, is found capable of withstanding the effects of a six months' night alternating with a six months' day. Again, it has been ascertained that the periods of variation of some of the variable stars fluctuate; and the Essayist eagerly grasps at this doctrine, because it appears to show that the star has not yet attained a final and permanent condition, but is in a state of progressive change. The point is hardly worth arguing for its own importance in the general argument; but we cannot lightly pass by the inaccuracy of reasoning, or incorrectness of expression, which the Essayist has allowed himself on this occasion also. It is maintained, it seems, by Argelander, as a probable result of his own observations, that the fluctuations in the period of Mira Ceti (one of the most interesting variable stars) are not progressive, but periodical. For several successive periods, according to that astronomer, the periods grow shorter and shorter until a minimum value is reached, after which they begin to increase, and continue to do so till they have attained their original value. In like manner it has been observed that the periods of Algol are at present diminishing; and it has been conjectured by Sir J. Herschel that this fluctuation may

be periodic and not progressive. The conjecture is uncertain enough, but the reply of the Essayist is surprising. 'The cases in which an acceleration of motion is retarded, checked, and restored, all belong to our solar system.' We had imagined that the motion of a binary star in passing from its aphelion to its perihelion was accelerated, and that this acceleration was subsequently retarded, checked, and restored; and we do not know in what words the phenomenon could be more appositely and exactly described. Before we have recovered our surprise at this announcement, we come to the following passage: —

'With regard to the existence of such a cycle of faster and slower motion in the case of Algol, the most recent observed facts are strongly against it; for it has been observed by Argelander, that not only there is a diminution of the period, but that this diminution proceeds with accelerated rapidity; a course of events which, in no instance, in the whole of the cosmical movements, ends in a regression, retardation, and restoration of the former rate.' (*Essay*, p. 256.)

We can only understand this to mean that when an astronomical magnitude varies periodically, it is never observed that for any part of the period its diminution or its increase proceeds with accelerated rapidity. This assertion is not only contrary to experience, it is self-contradictory. The idea of a continuous periodic variation distinctly implies not only alternate increase and diminution, but also a variable rate of increase, and a variable rate of diminution; as any one capable of the most elementary geometrical reasoning may speedily satisfy himself. If, however, the Essayist only intended to say that a period in astronomy is never subject to periodic change, that a period of periods is unknown in 'the cosmical movements,' we can only say that he is strangely forgetful. He ought to have remembered the slight periodic changes which affect the sidereal year of every planet of our system. It is a pity that a writer so evidently familiar with every part of astronomy should allow his love of argument, and his eager interest in the cause which he maintains, to delude him into the use of weapons which cannot really avail him.

The planets we must speak of with less minuteness. The Essayist, we must repeat, is not content with asserting that astronomy supplies us with no grounds for believing in the existence of inhabitants in the celestial bodies — he maintains that it distinctly favours the contrary hypothesis. In the account he gives of the planets we are compelled to notice the same kind of precipitate and incautious reasoning of

which we have complained in the case of the stars. Not content with the facts which really are ascertained with respect to the physical constitution of the planets, the author of the Essay mingles with our positive knowledge several singular conjectures of his own, which are always ingeniously conceived, as well as plausibly defended, but which are frequently destitute of any kind of physical probability. Where we know little, it is easy to theorise much; but it is equally easy to theorise upon either side. It would not be difficult to write a physical description of the planet Jupiter, which should not contradict any ascertained fact, nor borrow more largely from imagination, than is done by the description in the Essay, and which, nevertheless, should be as unlike that description as light is unlike darkness, or our earth unlike a chaos. The Essayist attempts to show that the ascertained conditions of the planetary bodies exclude the ascertained conditions of organic life, and he effects this purpose by systematically, though of course quite unconsciously, over-colouring the astronomical facts, and by the expressly-stated assumption that life is impossible, except under circumstances almost exactly similar to those under which we have an opportunity of studying it at the surface of our own planet. We think it a question whether this last position be a tenable one. Disguise it as we may, it comes in fact to this, that we may take our knowledge of what exists here for an exact measure of what may exist elsewhere. And in such an assumption there is considerable danger. It implies what we believe to be an exaggerated idea of the completeness of our physical knowledge. It rests on a false estimate of the inductive extent, as well as of the deductive completeness, of the sciences. We know but very few laws of Nature, and we are able only imperfectly to foresee or calculate the remoter consequences of the few we do really know. Change the conditions of a problem but a very little, and our prediction of the results which will follow from the operation of the best understood laws of Nature becomes a mere conjecture. For example: our knowledge of the principles of motion is exact and rigorous, and yet we have already had occasion to remark how difficult it is for us to determine what effects may follow from those principles when they are applied to systems arranged a little differently from our own; and how little reason we have for assuming that the motions of our own system are the necessary type of the motions which may exist in other parts of space. But what is our knowledge of the laws which regulate the phenomena of life, compared with the knowledge which we have possessed since the

time of Newton of the laws of astronomical motion? Here it is not our knowledge of the law that fails us, it is our inability to calculate its consequences. Were it not for that inability, we might pronounce exactly on the mechanical conditions that would render it possible or impossible, for systems of planets, or clusters of stars, to exist in a state of permanent orbitual motion. As it is, the human mind has hitherto failed to develope the full meaning of the truths it has itself discovered; even though it has been able, in this case, to avail itself of the assistance of mathematical analysis, the most perfect instrument of deductive reasoning ever as yet invented. But in the case of organic life, it is the laws themselves that fail: they are wholly and absolutely wanting. It may be true, so far as our experience on this earth extends, that organic life is never developed except in the presence of water and air; and that every organic texture is composed of certain definite chemical elements. But will any one venture to maintain that it is absolutely impossible, even without disturbing the general analogy of the organic creation, to replace these elements by others, it may be, absolutely non-existent here? We know that the physical circumstances of gravitation and of light are exactly similar at the surfaces of no two of the planets. And we know, also, that a variation in these circumstances must, if uncompensated, produce a corresponding variation in the characters of organic life. But it is vain to attempt to prove the impossibility of the existence of life, from differences, the effect of which may be enhanced, but may also be counteracted, by other equally important differences, of which our observations can teach us nothing.

'If we are to reason at all,' observes the Essayist, 'about the possibility of animal life, we must suppose that heat and light, gravity and buoyancy, materials and affinities, air and moisture, produce the same effect, require the same adaptations, in Jupiter or in Venus, as they do on the Earth. If we do not suppose this, we run into the error which so long prevented many from accepting the Newtonian system:—the error of thinking that matter in the heavens is governed by quite different laws from matter on the earth. We must adopt that belief, if we hold that animals may live under relations of heat and moisture, materials and affinities, in Jupiter or Venus, under which they could not live on our planet. And that belief, as we have said, appears to us contrary to all the teaching which the history of science offers us.' (*Essay*, pp. 336, 337.)

In this passage there is surely some confusion of thought. Such properties of matter as we have learnt to consider equally essential to it, in all its modes of existence accessible

to our inquiries, it would be certainly unphilosophical to confine to the ingredients of our own earth; not to mention that those properties of matter, which present themselves as necessary consequences of the law of gravitation, are certainly known to extend as widely as that law itself. But the case is very different when we are considering properties which we know to be peculiar to certain varieties of matter, of the existence of which, beyond the limits of our own experience, we have no proof. We should have reason to be surprised, if we were to discover that matter may exist in Jupiter wholly destitute of such a physical property as that of weight; but we should, on the whole, rather expect to find that the catalogue of its chemical constituents does not wholly coincide with that of our own planet. Our knowledge of the vital force is probably more limited than our knowledge of any other force in Nature; but the little that we do know of it, teaches us that it is a force of a very *special* character; that it is developed only under very restricted conditions, and that its manifestations are dependent on the chemical functions of a very few elements. Were the place of one of these elements supplied by another resembling it, but not identical with it, it far exceeds the limits of our knowledge to determine whether the development of vital power might or might not be possible with the new materials; and whether it might not clothe itself in forms more widely different from any that we meet with here, than they are from one another. Nor is the idea of such an omission and substitution a mere arbitrary imagination; it is immediately suggested to the chemist by many well-known facts in crystallography, and by a comparison of marine with terrestrial vegetation. But, of course, not even the most sanguine of the confident speculators who people the stars with life, would wish to take his stand on any such vague suggestion; and it is mentioned here as an illustration, not of the extent of our knowledge, but of its imperfection.

The Moon we are compelled to surrender at discretion; and we own ourselves, on this point, unable to withstand the desolating rhetoric of the Essay. Still, when we are told that the Moon is 'a mere cinder,'—a 'collection of sheets of rigid slag and inactive craters,'—we feel that the Essayist is abusing his victory. We must remind him that he is describing his own conception of the Moon, and not the appearance presented by that body in a telescope. The mention of 'slag' and 'cinders,' substances formed by very peculiar and complex processes, as existing at all on the

surface of the Moon is at least premature. To represent the whole surface as consisting of such materials, is, we conceive, in the present state of selenography, a harmless, but quite visionary fancy. We find, too, that the most recent researches in the dynamical theory of the Moon's motion have led to a very curious result, which is unexpectedly favourable to the advocates of its habitability. Astronomical observations, of undoubted accuracy, compel us to admit that the hemisphere of the Moon which is turned towards our Earth is not surrounded by any atmosphere at all; or, at least, that any atmosphere which does exist must be so rare and so low as to be quite unfit for the support of animal and vegetable life. It now appears, however, that this circumstance is attributable rather to the peculiar constitution of the Moon herself, than to a total want of any lunar atmosphere whatever. It is well known that the Moon revolves once upon her own axis during one revolution round the Earth, so that she would constantly turn the same hemisphere towards us, if it were not that, owing to the effect of a slight oscillation in her movement, which astronomers call her libration, there is a narrow marginal zone on either limb of her surface, which is sometimes visible and sometimes concealed. To account, on mechanical principles, for the permanence of this arrangement, it is necessary to assume either that the figure of the Moon is that of a very irregular spheroid, or else that her mass is distributed very irregularly within her surface. The former supposition is precluded by the accurate measurements which have been made of the Moon's disc in different states of libration; we have no choice, therefore, but to accept the latter. It is, therefore, exceedingly probable that the centre of the Moon's figure does not coincide with her mechanical centre, or centre of gravity; and this conjecture has suggested to Professor Hansen — probably the most eminent authority among living astronomers upon the Lunar Theory — a very interesting astronomical investigation. From an accurate comparison of the libration of the Moon with the perturbations which she experiences in her orbitual motion, Professor Hansen infers that 'the centre of the Moon's figure lies about 59,000 metres, that is, about eight geographical miles (reckoning fifteen miles to a degree of the equator) nearer to us than the centre of gravity; and hence it follows, that between the two hemispheres of the Moon there must exist a considerable difference with respect to level, climate, and all other circumstances depending thereon.' 'It follows,' he continues, 'if we suppose the Moon to be a sphere, that

the centre of the visible disc of the Moon lies about 59,000 metres above the mean level, and the centre of the opposite hemisphere almost as much under the same level. We need not, then, under these circumstances, wonder that the Moon when viewed from the Earth appears to be a barren region, deprived of an atmosphere and of animal and vegetable life, since if there existed upon the Earth a mountain proportionably high, and having, consequently, an elevation of 216,000 metres, or twenty-nine geographical miles, there would not be recognisable upon its summit the slightest trace of an atmosphere, or of any thing depending thereon. We must not, however, conclude, that upon the opposite hemisphere of the Moon the same relations exist, but, rather, we should expect, in consequence of the distance of the centre of figure from the centre of gravity, that an atmosphere and vegetable and animal life may there find place. Nearly at the Moon's limbs the mean level must exist; consequently we might reasonably expect to discover there some trace of an atmosphere.' We wonder whether any enthusiast for the plurality of worlds will avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded by the learned professor to construct an Utopia on the farther and safer side of the Moon. Such a situation offers at least one advantage — that it must remain eternally screened from the scrutiny of the incredulous. The telescope which enables us to examine every square mile of the nearer surface of the Moon is not likely to throw much light on the nature of the further one.

If it were only for the sake of fair play, we would willingly undertake the defence of Jupiter against the allegations of the Essayist. The unfortunate planet is attacked with something like personal bitterness: —

'Taking into account, then, these circumstances in Jupiter's state; his (probably) bottomless waters; his light, if any, solid materials; the strong hand with which gravity presses down such materials as there are; the small amount of light and heat which reaches him, at five times the earth's distance from the sun; what kind of inhabitants shall we be led to assign to him? Can they have skeletons, where no substance so dense as bone is found, at least in large masses? It would seem not probable. And it would seem they must be dwellers in the waters, for against the existence there of solid land, we have much evidence. They must, with so little of light and heat, have a low degree of vitality. They must then, it would seem, be cartilaginous and glutinous masses; peopling the waters with minute forms: perhaps also with larger monsters; for the weight of a bulky creature, floating in the fluid, would be much more easily sustained than on solid ground. If we are resolved to have such a popu-

lation, and that they shall live by food, we must suppose that the waters contain at least so much solid matter as is requisite for the sustenance of the lowest classes; for the higher classes of animals will probably find their food in consuming the lower. I do not know whether the advocates of peopled worlds will think such a population as this worth contending for: but I think the only doubt can be, between such a population, and none. If Jupiter be a mere mass of water, with perhaps a few cinders at the center, and an envelope of clouds around it, it seems very possible that he may not be the seat of life at all. But if life be there, it does not seem in any way likely, that the living things can be anything higher in the scale of being, than such boneless, watery, pulpy creatures as I have imagined.' (*Essay*, pp. 285, 286.)

These ill-fated 'boneless, watery, pulpy creatures' (which are, moreover, characterised as 'imperfect and embryotic lumps of vitality,') are, however, unthinkingly sacrificed a few pages further on to the exigencies of an arctic climate. In the *Dialogue* this inconsistency is confessed, and an apology is made for it. In reply to a question from *P.*, 'What, then, becomes of your polyps and marine monsters?' *Z.* candidly replies,—

'Even let them go. I have no special love for them. I spoke of them mainly for the purpose of gratifying (as far as I could) those who wish to have the planets inhabited. I said that, in my opinion, the choice lay between such a population and none; I have no wish to *defend* my theory, as you call it, of Jupiter's inhabitants.' (*Dial.* p. 27.)

The opponents of the Essayist, we are afraid, will hardly be as grateful as they ought for this attempt to gratify them. The kindness extended to them will probably remind them of the Calabrian boor in Horace, who entertains his guest with 'watery pulpy' pears; and on his declining to be crammed with the unpalatable food, gently remarks that he sets no great value on them himself, and means to give them that evening to the pigs.

The facts upon which the physical description of Jupiter given in the Essay depends, are indisputable enough. The only doubt is as to the reasoning based on them. It is certain that the mean density of Jupiter is not very much greater than that of water; it is possible, therefore, that the globe of the planet may consist principally of that fluid. But, with the fact of the figure of our own Earth before us, we cannot allow that the ascertained oblateness of Jupiter affords any confirmation of this conjecture. It is a proof that Jupiter, like our Earth, must once have been in a fluid state, but no proof that he is so now. Upon no surer foun-

dation than this rest the probable water and possible cinders of the Essay. Besides, the Essayist himself has called our attention to the important fact, that when we look at Jupiter we see not the body of the planet, but the cloud-laden atmosphere by which it is unquestionably encircled. When, therefore, astronomers specify the dimensions of Jupiter, we must remember that their calculations depend entirely on micrometric measures of his apparent disc, and that, consequently, what they give us is not the size of the planet, but of the planet's atmosphere. As it is very difficult for us to assign a limit to the depth of this atmosphere, we see that the dimensions, and therefore the density, of the more substantial globe, surrounded by the gaseous envelope, are really quite problematical.

In the next place, it is also certain that, owing to the greater mass of Jupiter, the weight of bodies at his surface is greater than it is here in the proportion of five to two, or thereabouts; and if, as we have just conjectured, the surface of the planet be covered to any very considerable depth by its atmosphere the difference will be still greater. If, therefore, animals similar to ours exist there, they will require to be built of materials in the same proportion stronger, and to be endowed with muscular powers correspondingly energetic. Considering that the whole question is of a thoroughly hypothetical character, neither of these two suppositions appears to us to involve much serious difficulty. The Essayist comes to a different conclusion. He apprehends that there might be a difficulty in finding materials for the skeletons of vertebrate animals, upon the surface of a planet, on which 'no substance so dense as bone is found, at least in large masses.' This time, however, he confesses the weakness of his almost playful reasoning in a note, and expresses a wish, in which we willingly concur, that it may be estimated at its true value. *Valeat quantum valere debet.*

But the differences between our Earth and Jupiter, which lend most force to the objections against the habitability of the latter, are connected with their unequal distances from the Sun. The smallness of the amount of light and heat received by Jupiter from the Sun is supposed to be inconsistent with the maintenance of organic life upon his surface.

The answer given by Sir David Brewster is probably as good as the present state of science can supply:—

'In studying this subject, persons who have only a superficial knowledge of astronomy, though firmly believing in a plurality of worlds, have felt the force of certain objections, or rather difficulties, which naturally present themselves to the inquirer. The distance of Jupiter from the sun is so great that the light

and heat which he receives from that luminary is supposed to be incapable of sustaining the same animal and vegetable life which exists on the Earth. If we consider the heat upon any planet as arising solely from the direct rays of the sun, the cold upon Jupiter must be very intense, and water could not exist upon its surface in a fluid state. Its rivers and its seas must be tracks and fields of ice. But the temperature of a planet depends upon other causes,—upon the condition of its atmosphere, and upon the internal heat of its mass. The temperature of our own globe *decreases* as we rise in the atmosphere, and *approach* the sun, and it *increases* as we descend into the bowels of the Earth and *go farther* from the sun. In the *first* of these cases, the increase of heat as we approach the surface of the Earth from a great height in a balloon, or from the summit of a lofty mountain, is produced by its atmosphere; and in Jupiter the atmosphere may be so formed as to compensate to a certain extent the diminution in the direct heat of the sun arising from the great distance of the planet. In the second cese, the internal heat of Jupiter may be such as to keep its rivers and seas in a fluid state, and maintain a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon our own globe.

'These arrangements, however, if they are required, and have been adopted, cannot contribute to increase the feeble light which Jupiter receives from the sun; but in so far as the purposes of vision are concerned, an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and an increased sensibility of the retina, would be amply sufficient to make the sun's light as brilliant as it is to us. The feeble light reflected from the moons of Jupiter would then be equal to that which we derive from our own, even if we do not adopt the hypothesis, which we shall afterwards have occasion to mention, that a brilliant phosphorescent light may be excited in the satellites by the action of the solar rays.' (*More Worlds than One*, pp. 67. 69.)

The planets exterior to Jupiter are, as might be expected, disposed of in the Essay with still greater facility. If Jupiter be so damp and cold that it would be the death of any highly organised creature to have to live there, the case must be still worse with Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. And so it is, according to the Essayist. Saturn, it is true, has moons, but then so has Jupiter, and so had our earth during long ages in which both earth and moon were useless. As for Saturn's ring, it is worse than useless, it serves but to hide the sun, for fifteen years together, from large portions of the planet's surface.

'For such reasons, then, as were urged in the case of Jupiter, we must either suppose that he has no inhabitants; or that they are aqueous, gelatinous creatures; too sluggish, almost, to be deemed alive, floating in their ice-cold waters, shrouded for ever by their humid skies.' (*Essay*, p. 289.)

There is nothing new under the sun. One of the very

earliest speculations of Greece about the Moon was that she consisted of a cloud packed and compressed. The Essayist, in a similar spirit of speculation, applies the same theory somewhat more elaborately to the four exterior planets. In the description which he gives of his nebular cosmogony, he describes these four bodies as 'water and air packed into rotating masses,' 'the vapour which would otherwise have wandered loose about the atmosphere' of the central sun, having been 'neatly wound into balls.' They are 'only huge masses of cloud and vapour, water and air.'

About Mars, the Essayist has very little to tell us, except that he is somewhat smaller, somewhat colder, and somewhat darker than the earth; and that he has no moon. The physical circumstances of the two planets are, in fact, in many respects, so similar, as to leave but little reasonable doubt that Mars is fit to be the scene of organic life. Upon the whole, the Essayist appears to think it possible that he may be inhabited; but he transfers him to a paleontological period by peopling him with creatures analogous to land and sea Saurians, to Iguanodons and Dinotheria.

On a general review of the astronomical part of the Essay it is difficult to escape the conviction that they are written, not in the spirit of an astronomer, but in that of an advocate. In fact, one cannot read a single page without the impression that the writer is defending opinions relating to physical facts which he has adopted on grounds wholly different from physical evidence; that the train of thought developed in the first six chapters is allowed to determine the answers given to the questions discussed in the three or four following. In the *Dialogue* (p. 54.) *Y.* exclaims, 'Yes, you build the philosophy of your Essay on a religious basis. You take for granted the truths of Revelation, and you reason from them. But that is not the way to arrive at true views of the physical universe.' So overstated, the charge is easily refuted. But the impression on the reader's mind remains unshaken, that the astronomy of the Essayist is so far ancillary to his theological speculations, as to take its tone and character, not from observation and calculation, but from foregone conclusions obtained in a different sphere of thought. If he had confined himself to showing that that previous train of speculation is not palpably contradicted by any of the observed facts of astronomical science, we could not but have agreed with him. He would have spoken nothing but the language of common sense and common reason. We none of us believe that astronomers can see men in the moon or cathedrals in the sun. Had he contented himself with

further pointing out, how circumspect we ought to be in the use of arguments of analogy, where the analogy by its very nature is unsusceptible of verification, the caution might have been unnecessary to persons versed in the methods of physical science, but would still have been just. When, however, an attempt is made to persuade us that the facts of astronomy are against a Plurality of Worlds; that, upon the whole, they leave us with the impression that the existence of any higher organisation is impossible or improbable at any point of an infinite universe but that which we ourselves occupy, we feel that an argument undertaking to prove a proposition so singular in itself, and so contrary to the prevailing opinion of astronomers, deserves the closest scrutiny that we can give it. What the result of such a scrutiny might probably be, it has been our object in the preceding pages to show.

But it is time for us to leave the ever-fascinating field of astronomical inquiry, and, still following the course of the Essayist, to revert once more to a consideration of the more immediate and more sacred interests of our species, with which he and others have sought to connect the question of the Plurality of Worlds. That any such connexion does really exist we in the main disbelieve; and we own that we look with something like aversion on a controversy, which is calculated neither to extend the domain of science, nor to strengthen the foundations of religion. For this, as we think, unfortunate intermixture of science and religion, neither of the present disputants are, in the first instance, answerable; they found the controversy begun by others, and did not begin it themselves. But we cannot persuade ourselves that either of the two has fully considered all the difficulties of the question. Our knowledge of the plan of Nature is more partial, and the results to which it leads are more ambiguous, than either of them seem willing to concede. Sir David Brewster would have us believe that the doctrine of final causes, as sanctioned by the teaching of natural religion, furnishes a conclusive argument in his own favour. But this may well be questioned. To invert the argument from final causes is at all times signally unsafe. From the existence of design to conclude the existence of a designer, is an ancient and irrefragable inference, confirmed by the common sense of the great body of mankind. But from the nature of the designer to infer the nature of his design, and, in accordance with this hypothetical design, to determine on the existence or non-existence of things in nature,—this is to begin exactly where we should end. Such reasonings

may be useful, but they are useful only as guides to inquiry, and not as grounds of belief. As soon as they cease to suggest inquiry, or lead to results incapable of verification, they are useless as aids to the attainment of scientific knowledge.

That this world of ours should be the only one, and that the rest of the universe should be a wilderness, may indeed seem to us unlikely. Such a design may present itself to us at times as inconsistent with what we know of the character of the Designer. We know that the Divine attributes infinitely exceed our comprehension, and we naturally seek a commensurate sphere for their exercise. To us the Creator is revealed in Nature as the Giver and Upholder of life; and the feeling is irrepressible which prompts us to ask, whether that crowning evidence of goodness and power can be wanting everywhere but here? So far as our science or reasoning can extend, our planet has been created for the sake of living things. The goodness we ascribe to the Creator is goodness towards living things; and it is in the phenomena of organic life that we seem to trace the nearest evidence of his immediate working. The science of geology has but served to strengthen this impression. The one lesson of that science is, that during periods of immense, although unknown duration, life, in forms of more or less perfection, was maintained in an uninterrupted succession on the surface of our planet. And yet, notwithstanding all this, no one duly impressed with a sense of human ignorance will venture to say, that a scheme of creation which should confine conscious life to our own planet would be unworthy of the wisdom or the power of the Creator. We shrink, it is true, from the bare appearance of permitting our little minds to prescribe a limit to the working of Infinite Goodness; but we shrink with no less aversion from the rash and hasty feelings which might prompt us to regard as narrow or unworthy the only sphere of creative power of which we certainly know. We dare not negative the expression of the Essayist,—

> 'One such fertile result as the Earth, with all its hosts of plants and animals, and especially with Man, an intelligent being, to stand at the head of those hosts, is a worthy and sufficient produce, so far as we can judge of the Creator's ways by analogy, of all the Universal Scheme.' (*Essay*, p. 332.)

Yet if our contemplation of the material universe was not meant to stop with a merely formal inference of the existence of a presiding Intelligence; if it was also intended to awaken in us a sense, not only of gratitude for the Providential care

of which our own race is the object, but also of admiration of the infinite fulness of omnipresent power by which we are surrounded; we hardly know how we can refrain from extending in our thoughts the operation of that power, even beyond those limits within which it is observable by us. To our imagination, at least, it is painful to believe that all its nobler manifestations are crowded into a space so small as that afforded by our earth, and into a time so brief as that included in its history. And even apart from such a religious sentiment, there must be something in the facts of organic life which renders the human mind peculiarly open to such an impression. We need but a very hasty retrospect of old philosophies or religions to ascertain that men have held all kinds of opinions about the source of that agency which supplies the perpetual profusion of conscious life upon the earth. Some have denied its beneficence; for there is no manifestation of life which is not closely attended by pain and death; others have attributed to it the character of a purely impersonal intelligence; and others have explained it as the result of unknown physical laws, established no one can tell how, before the world was. But in assigning to it the one attribute of unceasing diffusive energy they have all agreed. We cannot wonder, then, that men actuated by no religious feeling, like Laplace, as soon as they had satisfied themselves that many of the laws to which matter is subject here, exist in undiminished force in the other planets, should have concluded without hesitation that the vital force was manifested there also. Still less can we wonder that to minds more fortunate in their religious faith, the inference should seem almost irresistible. Nor can we severely blame them, if they invest such a belief, though founded, as we own, on feeling, and not on reason, with something of that religious sanction which should belong only to truths more rigorously attested. To such feelings we cannot think that the Essayist has shown very much regard; or, at least, we would on this ground partly excuse, if we cannot defend, the angry tone adopted towards him by Sir David Brewster.

The Essayist could not, of course, escape from considering the question, whether a belief in the unity of the world (in his strange sense of that ancient philosophic term) does or does not weaken the evidence for natural religion from final causes. But his peculiar opinions with regard to sidereal and planetary astronomy have not allowed him to represent it in a perfectly fair light. Astronomy has not in recent time discovered any new facts tending to modify the nature of the evidence from design. If any modification be requisite, it

is required not by the progress of the science, but by the interpretation which the Essayist (prompted by a desire to avoid an apparent difficulty in the way of revealed religion) has thought it necessary to put on the facts of astronomy. If, therefore, any minute portion of our former evidences has now become untenable, it is not new astronomical facts that have made it so, but a discrepancy, hitherto unobserved, between Revelation and some of the arguments by which it had been attempted to confirm the truths of natural religion.

'It may be hoped that the world is now so much wiser than it was two or three centuries ago, that if any modification of the current arguments for the Divine Attributes, drawn from the aspect of the universe, become necessary, in consequence of the rectification of received errors, it will take place without producing pain, fear, or anger.' (*Essay*, p. 317.)

If we could believe that there were any errors hitherto received among astronomers, which are now rectified in the Essay, we should acknowledge the applicability of this remark. As it is, we cannot for a moment admit that the Essayist is in the position of a man compelled by facts to modify the current arguments for the Divine Attributes. The compulsion, if any, arises from theological opinion. But, be this as it may, no one can help admitting, and the Essayist himself admits, that the argument for design so far as based on astronomy is considerably weakened by a denial of the plurality of worlds. It is an objection as old as Lucretius that, had the world been ordered by an Intelligent Designer, there would have been less waste of space upon the earth's surface.

> Principio quantum cœli tegit impetus ingens
> Inde avidam partem montes sylvæque ferarum
> Possedere: tenent rupes vastæque paludes
> Et mare, quod late terrarum distinet oras.
> Inde duas porro prope parteis fervidus ardor
> Assiduusque geli casus mortalibus aufert.

But what is the waste of a torrid or frigid zone compared with the waste of an infinity of space? If the planets are not made for inhabitants, but are made for our use, since some of them are of no use to us, and are not likely to be of any, it appears that there are things created without any use at all. And this is a dangerous element to admit upon so large a scale into our calculation of the evidence for design. The Essayist himself, by the use he has made of the science of Geology, has put the objection in a still clearer light. He has pointed out for how short a space of time the human race has occupied the earth compared with the long succes-

sion of unintelligent creatures that preceded it. In energetic language, he has reminded us how 'the intelligent part of creation is thrust into the compass of a few years in the course of myriads of ages;' how 'the earth was brute and inert compared with its present condition, dark and chaotic, so far as the light of reason and intelligence are concerned, for countless centuries before man was born.'

It is impossible within our limits to do justice to the Essayist's defence of the position in which he has placed himself. It is in the main satisfactory; we need not say that it is always ingenious and eloquent. He observes, and we conceive with the utmost truth, that the increase of physical knowledge has never proportionally increased the cogency of the argument from design. He is as certainly right in maintaining that, even if we admit his doctrine of the Unity of the World, we shall still find overwhelming evidence of creative design, and that there is no difficulty new in kind introduced by supposing 'waste' in the celestial spaces, when waste of the same kind is admitted to exist on the earth. It sounds like a translation of the verses of Lucretius, when we read,—

'How large a portion of the surface of the earth is uninhabited, or inhabited only in the scantiest manner. Vast desert tracts exist in Africa and in Asia, where the barren sand nourishes neither animal nor vegetable life. The highest regions of mountain-ranges, clothed with perpetual snow, and with far-reaching sheets of glacier ice, are untenanted, except by the chamois at their skirts. There are many uninhabited islands; and were formerly many more. The ocean, covering nearly three-fourths of the globe, is no seat of habitation for land animals or for man.' (*Essay*, p. 334.)

Many other circumstances are adduced to show that waste, in a certain sense of the term, is by no means excluded from the Divine economy; and that, from the analogy of creation here, we may expect to find it elsewhere. Thus the Essayist points out to us how much of beauty and regularity there exists in the material world, which yet, in no way conceivable to us, subserves the good of any sentient creature. 'It is,' he says, 'as if the Creator delighted in beauty and symmetry, independent of the purpose answered.'

'We judge in a contrary way to a vast range of analogy, which runs through the whole of the universe, when we infer that, because the objects which are presented to our contemplation are beautiful in aspect and regular in form, they must, in each case, be means for some special end, of those which we

commonly fix upon, as the main ends of the Creation; the support and advantage of animals or of man?' (*Essay*, p. 351.)

A somewhat more metaphysical, and, perhaps, more questionable argument, is derived from a consideration of the union which we find in Nature of general laws, with adaptations to special purposes. The general law is wider in its application than the purpose which it is intended to serve. It is observed in cases where no use can be perceived to result from its observance. It leads to consequences which seem merely accessory to the general design, not essential or even auxiliary to it. The inference we are meant to draw from this is, that if we should find that the general laws by which the planets were formed have produced but one habitable world, there would be in this nothing contrary to the analogy of the rest of creation. The special purpose — the production of the earth — would have been attained, but the law would not have been confined within the limits of that single instance. We wish neither to deny the facts in Nature on which this remark is founded, nor, up to a certain extent, the possible legitimateness of the application to our sidereal and planetary systems; but if we are to understand that the general scheme of the physical universe is determined by laws producing an unlimited number of results, of which the great majority are simply results, tending to no end, while a few only, in the language of the Essayist, are 'fertile flowers,' we are bound to reply, that such a notion is contradicted, perhaps by common sense, and certainly by our whole knowledge of Nature, so far as it goes. If we were compelled to make our choice, we would sooner abide by the old formulas of the Aristotelian physics, that 'Nature never works in vain;' that 'Nature always attains her end, except when she is controlled by some external power.' Many of the illustrations which occur in the Essay, so far from supporting the view there advocated, tend rather to establish the contrary. One of the most remarkable general facts in organic nature is expressed by certain physiologists as the Law of Development from the general to the special. The researches of comparative anatomists prove that animals of widely different species are yet constructed upon the same type. The skeletons of all vertebrated animals are framed upon one and the same general plan. But this general plan is so modified in the case of each particular species, that the resulting framework has all the appearance of being specially adapted to the requirements of the individual animal. And this adaptation is always of such a kind that the type is rigorously

preserved, and that, even in cases in which no good, that we can discover, can result to the animal from its preservation. The Essayist rightly observes that we have here an evidence of something beside design, — we have evidence of the operation of a general law. But surely we do not here find a general law, producing a single successful result, and failing in every other case. It is the exact opposite of this. We find a law uniformly asserted in a multitude of individual cases, and uniformly productive of variously perfect results. We should be sorry to imitate the precipitation with which the Essayist transfers this analogy to the solar system. But if we were to do so, it would lead us to expect a very different scheme of that system. We should expect to find worlds constructed upon the same general type, but we should also expect to find the general type modified in the case of each particular planet, so as exactly to adapt it for the purpose for which it was intended.

We should not be surprised to find the general analogy of the planets maintained, even where no purpose can be gained by adhering to it. If we found, for instance, that Jupiter's four seasons differed so slightly from one another that they hardly deserved the name, and that they could not be conceived to be of any use to his hypothetical inhabitants; we should be reminded by those 'rudimentary seasons' of the osteological facts on which the Essayist dwells so much, of the rudimentary fingers in the hoof of a horse, or the rudimentary paws with which a snake is said to be endowed. But the one thing we should not be prepared to find would be a wasted, imperfect, uninhabitable planet. We should know of no facts in zoology with which to compare such an occurrence. The crust of our earth is filled with the remains of departed life, but we find not a vestige of imperfect attempts, of forms moulded after the vertebrate type, and yet incapable of animation.

There is, we think, a similar misconception traceable in the following passage:—

'We reply, that to work in vain, in the sense of producing means of life which are not used, embryos which are never vivified, germs which are not developed, is so far from being contrary to the usual proceedings of nature, that it is an operation which is constantly going on, in every part of nature. Of the vegetable seeds which are produced, what an infinitely small proportion ever grow into plants! Of animal ova, how exceedingly few become animals, in proportion to those that do not: and that are wasted, if this be waste! It is an old calculation, which used to be repeated as a wonderful thing, that a single female fish con-

tains in its body 200 millions of ova, and thus, might, of itself alone, replenish the seas, if all these ova were fostered into life. But in truth, this, though it may excite wonder, cannot excite wonder as anything uncommon. It is only one example of what occurs everywhere. Every tree, every plant, produces innumerable flowers, the flowers innumerable seeds, which drop to the earth, or are carried abroad by the winds, and perish, without having their powers unfolded. When we see a field of thistles shed its downy seeds upon the wind, so that they roll away like a cloud, what a vast host of possible thistles are there! Yet very probably none of them become actual thistles.' (*Essay*, p. 330.)

'The universe is so full of such rudiments of things, that they far outnumber the things which outgrow their rudiments. The marks of possibility are much more numerous than the tale of actuality. The vitality which is frustrated is far more copious than the vitality which is consummated. So far, then, as this analogy goes, if the earth alone, of all the planetary harvest, has been a fertile seed of creation;—if the terrestrial embryo have alone been evolved into life, while all the other masses have remained barren and dead:—we have, in this, nothing which we need regard as an unprecedented waste, an improbable prodigality, an unusual failure in the operations of nature: but on the contrary, such a single case of success, among many of failure, is exactly the order of nature in the production of life.' (Pp. 331, 332.)

The examples of this quotation are perhaps likely to produce an exaggerated or even an erroneous impression, if we consider them as isolated facts, and not in connexion with our knowledge of the general condition of the animal creation. Whereas, if considered in their proper connexion, the analogical argument founded on them by the Essayist is considerably weakened. A female herring, we are told, contains in its body 200,000,000 of ova. There is a certain grotesqueness in transferring such analogies to the stars and planets; but for this the Essayist is responsible, and not we. Leaving, then, the blame to be borne by him, we allege in reply, that the reason why a herring has 200,000,000 ova, is, that if it had fewer the species represented by it would soon become extinct. The herring, at every moment of its life, is in imminent danger of being eaten, and should this contingency occur there would be a total loss of one 'actual' and 200,000,000 'possible' herrings. But supposing that this total loss is not sustained, it is yet possible that the great majority of the ova may never be fecundated at all. And even if any of them are so fortunate, the perils by which they are environed are so incessant that their chance of attaining maturity is faint indeed. The result apparently is, that only one out of a hundred million becomes a full grown fish, and the number of herrings in the ocean, taking one

year with another, remains on an average perpetually the same. If this be work in vain, the whole animal kingdom is work in vain from the beginning to the end. It is a mere play on words to say that we have here a law of wide extent, asserted in many cases that it may serve a special purpose in a few. There is no superfluous profusion of these 'marks of possibility;' if there were fewer of them the end of nature could not be attained. The species could not be preserved, and the 'tale of actuality' would soon be adequately expressed by a single nought. There is absolutely nothing in it but what meets us at every turn in organic nature, and what is indispensably necessary if organic nature is to be maintained at all under its existing circumstances. There is no more of 'waste' in the destruction of thousands of ova than there is in the destruction of a single full-grown animal. The present conditions of the animal creation require that both the one and the other should take place hourly. The aim of Nature is to preserve the species which she has once produced; and until it can be shown that she is unnecessarily lavish of her means, there is no room for talking about waste. If creatures are made to be eaten by one another, or are made to take their chance of life under circumstances generally unfavourable to them, they must be prolific or they will perish altogether. Profusion is not waste, where profusion is absolutely indispensable for the attainment of an end.

Whether the case of the stars can fairly be compared with that of living creatures on the earth, our readers must decide for themselves. We confess that we know of no facts in their condition analogous to those we have just described as affecting the case of the herring. If they are present in such countless numbers, it certainly is not because they are in any danger of being destroyed. If we were to find upon inquiry that Nature, in order to produce one good egg, produced one hundred million bad ones, the argument in the Essay would be less easy to deal with. As this, however, is not the case, we cannot perceive upon what analogy we are to credit the announcement, that in order to make one tolerable globe she has filled creation with the chaotic forms of millions. The comparison of our Author wholly fails because he has confused destruction occasioned by circumstances external to the organisation, with failure consequent upon an insufficient internal power of development. It is true, that of animal ova few indeed become animals; therefore, says the Essayist, few stars become habitable worlds. We reply, that all ova which do

not get eaten, and are not otherwise destroyed, eventually become full-grown animals. And so the inference, if we were to make any inference at all, would be, that all stars which do not suffer premature extinction will eventually become habitable worlds.

Too clear-sighted wholly to overlook the obvious distinction which his argument appears to ignore, the Essayist proceeds to show that, after all, we must not press too far the analogy between organic and inorganic nature.

'When we speak of uninhabited planets, as cases in which vital tendencies have been defeated; in which their apparent destiny, as worlds of life, has been frustrated; we really do injustice to our argument. The planets had no vital tendencies: they could have had such given, only by an additional act, or a series of additional acts, of Creative Power. As mere inert globes, they had no settled destiny to be seats of life: they could have such a destiny, only by the appointment of Him who creates living things, and puts them in the places which He chooses for them.' (*Essay*, p. 333.)

This is very true. But the question is not whether a planet will become inhabited, but whether it will become habitable; and these are two very different things. The Essayist supposes that the very same laws which made our earth into a habitable globe, operated to produce the other planets also. The laws which formed the planets had a tendency to form habitable globes; for they did succeed in forming one. If such globes were not formed, but, instead, a series of chaotic 'lumps,' we cannot attribute this to a total want of internal formative power, but, instead, to an insufficient manifestation of that power, which certainly has no parallel in the regular order of organic nature. We need, perhaps, hardly say that to reasoning of this kind we do not attach very much importance either way, and we should be sorry to rest our belief or disbelief of any physical theory on such considerations as those which the Essayist has introduced into his Chapter on *The Argument from Design;* and still less, perhaps, on those which we have here offered by way of reply. In any very general speculation respecting Nature there is sure to be something arbitrary; and the systematic connexion which, for the purposes of such speculation, we are obliged to suppose in the facts of Nature, is very likely to have no reality corresponding to it, but to arise entirely from the inevitable tendencies of the human mind.

We are unwilling to dismiss the Essayist without, at least, a passing allusion to his singularly ingenious 'Theory of the

Solar System.' Up to a certain point he adopts the celebrated nebular cosmogony of Laplace, upon which so much of argument, and so much more of vituperation, has been lavished. There is, however, this difference, that while Laplace imagined the same thermic and centrifugal forces, which have done so much for our own system, to be equally efficacious in the distant nebulæ, and to be gradually reducing them from a primæval state of gaseous diffusion into suns and systems, our Author, on the other hand, expresses his conviction that the process, though successful here, is not likely to have succeeded elsewhere. The difference between the two, if we may trust Sir David Brewster, comes, in fact, to this;—that while Laplace believed his cosmogonic principles to have been successful in the hands of Nature, the Essayist considers them, with one signal exception, to have totally failed. It is not our intention here to attempt an exact appreciation of the Essayist's edition of Laplace's hypothesis. That hypothesis, at best, is but a series of not impossible conjectures; and we do not think that the stability of so weak a structure is likely to be increased by the addition of a new story. But we cannot easily forgive the language of Sir David Brewster in this part of the controversy. We do not blame him for disbelieving the Nebular hypothesis on scientific grounds. We do not blame him for regarding it as opposed to Scripture as well as reason. But we do blame him; and we think that, on calmer reflection, he would blame himself, for the attempt that he has evidently made to direct a current of intemperate religious feeling against the opinions of the Essayist. It is of no use to tell us that he speaks 'sincerely and without desiring to give offence,' if he deliberately adopt such expressions as this,—'That it is at open war with the calm lessons of inductive truth, and in any interpretation that we can give it, bears upon its front the stamp of folly and irreverence towards the God of Nature.' It is no use to tell us that he is 'unwilling to charge the author of such theories with cherishing opinions hostile to religion,' when we are told in the next few lines, 'that he has forgotten the truths of inspiration, and even those of natural religion, amid the excitement of discussions, from which he is to win the high reputation of having accounted for, and reduced into consistency and connexion, a very extraordinary number of points hitherto unexplained.' In the *Dialogue* the Essayist very properly censures his opponent for misrepresentation, in attempting vaguely to connect the doctrine of the Essay with the wider system of guesses contained in the *Vestiges of Creation.* Our

sympathy with him, however, would have been more complete, if he had not proceeded, in three or four solemn 'warnings,' to retort upon his adversary the charge brought against himself. It is seldom that scientific men can mix questions of religion with scientific controversy, and come out of it with perfectly clean hands. With the faint exception we have just mentioned, the Essayist, we gladly own, is free from all blame in this respect. And it is gratifying to be able to extend the same praise to the more voluminous works of the author of *Indications of a Creator*, with whom the Essayist appears not unwilling to be identified. In the present case, he would, we think, have done more wisely if he had boldly defended the principle which is common to himself and the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, instead of calling attention to collateral, though no doubt equally important points, on which they differ. The Essayist proposes a hypothesis, implying that our earth and solar system assumed their present form by the operation of secondary causes. He is met by the assertion, that such a scheme of creation is inconsistent with Revelation as well as with the facts of nature. The reply made is in substance this: that though he attributes the order of organic nature to secondary causes, he is yet far from considering it possible that the facts of animal and intellectual life can be similarly explained.

This answer is no answer at all; and though we believe the Essayist might readily have disposed of the objection, we doubt whether his explanation would satisfy the critic, upon whose praise he congratulates himself, and who is described in the *Dialogue* as 'taking habitually a religious view of literary works,' and as 'quoting with strong approval' the really noble passage in which the Essayist, without either surrendering or compromising his theory of nebulous atmosphere and centrifugal rotation, attributes the formation of the world to the direct and personal agency of Omnipotence.

'And perhaps, when the view of the universe which we here present has become familiar, men may be led to think that the aspect which it gives to the mode of working of the Creator is sufficiently grand and majestic. Instead of manufacturing a multitude of worlds on patterns more or less similar, He has been employed in one great work, which we cannot call imperfect, since it includes and suggests all that we can conceive of perfection. It may be that all the other bodies, which we can discover in the universe, show the greatness of this work, and are rolled into forms of symmetry and order, into masses of light and splendour, by the vast whirl which the original creative energy

imparted to the luminous element out of which they were formed. The planets and the stars are the lumps which have flown from the potter's wheel of the Great Worker ;—the shred-coils which, in the working, sprang from His mighty lathe :—the sparks which darted from His awful anvil when the solar system lay incandescent thereon ;—the curls of vapour which rose from the great cauldron of creation when its elements were separated. If even these superfluous portions of the material are marked with universal traces of regularity and order, this shows that universal rules are His implements, and that Order is the first and universal Law of the heavenly work.' (*Essay*, pp. 353, 354.)

PERSIAN LITERATURE.

NATIONS, once fallen, seldom rise again; the innate vigour of a people, when once it is exhausted, rarely recruits itself for a second youth. Nations, like individuals, have their periods of growth and decay; and when the symptoms of decline manifest themselves, it is usually hopeless to arrest their slow but certain progress. The national spirit begins to languish, as prosperity and luxury relax the discipline of earlier times; and with the degeneracy of the national character, the arts also, and poetry, and even language, commence their downward course. This sad history has been repeated in many of earth's noblest races; the culminating point in the national development is but a moment; and the same law of progress which had forced it upward, by the efforts of successive generations, now, as by an ebb, relentlessly draws it downward, when once that moment is past. In most cases this backward impulse cannot be stayed; the nation sinks irrevocably to its fall. And yet history has some splendid exceptions to the general law, where other causes have supervened to modify or counteract its effects. Persia has seen three successive rises and falls; three times has the national spirit awoke as from torpor, and for a season put forth a vigorous life; and three times has it burned itself out, and left the nation dead as before.

The rise and fall of the Persian empire, as founded by Cyrus, are well known to us in their external history, as they influenced the state of Greece; but of the inner history of the national character antiquity is silent. During the centuries which intervened between Cyrus and Darius Codomannus, a great and fatal change must have been passing over the Persian character, but we can only dimly trace it by its effects. The few glimpses which history gives us are meagre and unsatisfactory, but they amply prove how true were Cyrus's warning words, when he told the Persians, (Herod. ix.) that 'the effeminate clime produces effeminate inhabitants, nor can the same soil produce excellent fruits and men valiant in war.'

The second outburst of Persian nationality occurs under Artaxerxes, who in A.D. 226 established the Sassanian dynasty. Some glorious names, as of Sapor and Nushirván, occur in the line of his successors; but we know little of the national character. Neither this nor the preceding era called forth much mental development, if we except the movements connected with Zoroaster,—whose doctrines in their earliest form, as the Zendavesta, (which dates some centuries before Christ, though the precise era is doubtful,) and their later Pahlavi rifaccimento under the Sassanian kings, are the sole remaining monuments of early Persian thought. We know from other sources that Persia had a national ballad literature*, and that Pilpay's fables were translated from the Sanscrit in the sixth century of our era, by order of Nushirván; but no remnant of these survives.

But Persia's brightest period was yet to come. Her literature was to rise higher than ballads or translations of Hindu fable. With the irruption of the Arabs, who overthrew Yezdjird A.D. 641, everything for a while was swept away in one common ruin; but as the power of the caliphs declined, the provinces began to assert their independence, and towards the close of the ninth century, Persia began to show symptoms of vitality. The positive doctrines of Mohammed had supplanted the dreamy follies of the later Zoroastrian creed, and, with all their errors, had still effected a most important change in the national belief. Henceforth Persia has a national literature,—a literature with its own peculiar characteristics, original in its beauties and its faults,—a poetry which rose as the natural expression of the national sentiments, where the poet, fettered by no arbitrary rules, and cramped by no foreign imitation, spoke as nature or temperament inspired him, and found an enthusiastic audience, because all hearts were tuned like his own.

No poetry has ever been more peculiarly national than that of Persia; none has ever fixed a deeper or more lasting hold on the people's love. It is now some three centuries since her lyre has been silent, yet the people of Persia still treasure with peculiar fondness the memory of their past poets. The old traveller Kæmpfer relates how in his time the odes of Hafiz were heard repeated everywhere,—'in collegiis et scholis, in palatiis et casis, in officinis et tabernis;' and more modern accounts still confirm his report, and prove that the Persians have lost none of their enthusiastic love

* See Dinon, quoted by Athenæus, xiv. 33.; cf. also Athen. xiii. 35., and Ælian Var. Hist. xii. 48.

for their national poets, however they may have lost the power to imitate their genius. Sir John Malcolm tells us in his history of Persia,—'I found several of my servants well acquainted with the poetry of their country; and when I was in Isfahan in 1800, I was surprised to hear a common tailor, who was at work repairing one of my tents, entertain his companions with repeating some of the finest of the mystical odes of Hafiz.' (*Hist.* ii. p. 398.) The same tone of mind manifests itself in the universal passion for gardens and flowers: the rose is not more familiar to the Persian's ear, as the monotonous burden of its name perpetually recurs in every poem, like the unvarying cadence of a brook, than its colours are to his eye, as the national favourite flower. The humblest peasant's cottage has a patch in its court reserved as a flower-garden,—a little gleam of Nature's poetry amid the arid and waste prose of life, as poverty and oppression render it to him. 'The moon shines bright,' says an Eastern poet, 'even over the outcast's cottage;' and one cannot but rejoice that the long, dreary round of despotism, from generation to generation, has failed to stifle this spontaneous feeling in the Persian character.

Poetic feeling, of course, by no means implies a correspondent poetic or creative power. The majority, indeed, of educated men, in every age, possess the former, but only learn, after repeated disappointments, that nature has denied them her higher gift,—'and happy they,' says Goethe, 'who soonest discover the gulf which lies between their aspirations and their powers.' But in Persia all classes seem remarkable for their enthusiastic susceptibility to the emotions of poetry. In no modern nation, perhaps, is poetic sympathy more widely diffused: the stream may run more shallow to compensate for its broader surface; but it seems certain that the lower classes in Persia display an intelligent admiration for their country's poets, which we should vainly seek to parallel among their brethren in the more civilised nations of Europe.

This poetic temperament has exercised a powerful influence on all the various departments of Persian literature: all things are viewed through an imaginative medium, which throws its own hues on every object. History, morals, philosophy, are all treated in a vague and exaggerated style, which would explain an unknown fact by an hyperbole, or reduce a law of action to a metaphor. There is a total absence of that stern and rigorous ἀκρίβεια of thought, to which the genius of Europe owes its noblest triumphs; we are too often bewildered by a cloud of words, which only

conceals the writer's ignorance instead of removing our own. Yet this poetic temperament, however obtrusive and wearisome when it essays the severer tasks of strict science, is peculiarly attractive in its own sphere, where we enter the enchanted gardens, which the 'lawful magic' (to adopt a Persian phrase) of the Eastern imagination creates for itself to revel in. Persian poetry, as we see it in its highest efforts, possesses a peculiar charm, not more from the novelty of its images, than the warm atmosphere of poetic feeling, which bathes them as with a tropical glow. The poet projects himself everywhere: nature and life present themselves to his view, deeply coloured by his present emotions, while he sings. Hence the higher Persian poetry is rarely descriptive; it rarely bursts out into that enthusiastic admiration of Nature in herself, which forms so marked a feature in all the poetry of the Hindus. Persian poets may describe the aspects of nature, under the varying succession of the seasons, but they paint them from the head rather than the heart; their pictures are vague and indefinite; and instead of opening their bosoms to the impulse and inspiration of the hour, they too often weary us with extravagant metaphors, or bewilder us with inexplicable conceits.

The peculiar feature of Persian poetry — its distinguishing charm — is the mystical tone which universally pervades it. This mystical tendency is not confined to mere isolated passages; with but few exceptions it extends its influence everywhere. By this we do not mean that it is everywhere obtruding itself; for this perpetual intrusion would annihilate the charm, one main element of which consists in the vague and undefined feeling of its presence. The outer form of the poem may appear a romance or a song; it may tell of the loves of Yusuf and Zulaikha, or of Majnun and Laili; or it may plant us by the bowers of Mosella, amid the light-hearted revelry of the wine-worshippers of Shiraz; and to the idle listener the words may have conveyed nothing more. But just as in Calderon's comedy of *The Open Secret* (*El Secreto à Voces*), the very words, which to the common persons of the drama only conveyed a common meaning, bore to the two partners of the secret the whole history of their sorrows and joys, — so to the ear, which is rightly attuned, in these utterances of the Persian Muse, echoes of a deeper harmony untwine themselves from the confusion of sounds. This mystical meaning never obtrudes itself; we may, if we will, pass it by, confining ourselves exclusively to those passages which sing of a mortal love, or an earthly summer and wine. But the vague and undefined shadow

remains; the feeling of a greater presence will still hang over us; and

> 'Memories of his music shall descend
> With the pure spirits of the sunless hours,
> Sink through our hearts, like dew into the flowers,
> And haunt us without end.'

The following ode of Hafiz will serve as an interesting specimen of a large class of these poems: it appears to be addressed to an earthly object, who is apparently dissatisfied with the poet's mystic idolatry; and the ode seems intended to justify his abstracted passion, while it shows (like Spenser's odes to heavenly and earthly love) how —

> 'Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
> An outward show of things, that only seem.'

When thou hearest the words of the wise, say not, 'there is an error:'
Oh heart-stealer, thou knowest not their meaning,—the error is *here.*
My thoughts stoop not to the present or futurity;
Allah be blessed for the passion which rages in my heart!
Wounded as I am, there is a something, I know not what, within my soul,
Which, while I keep silence, bursts forth in loud and tumultuous cries.
My heart rushes forth from the veil; where art thou, oh Minstrel?
Oh raise that lament again; at its note my hopes revive.
Never have I paid regard to the things of the world;
For it was ever *thy* cheek, which in my eyes adorned it so fair.
I cannot sleep for the image, which I carry with me at night;
The languor of an hundred sleepless nights is mine,—where is the wine-tavern?
For this in the Magian's wine-tavern they hold me in honour,
For in my heart is burning the perpetual fire.
What melody was that which the minstrel played?
Life hath passed, yet the echo still fills my soul.
Last night they raised within me the proclamation of thy love,
And the chambers of Hafiz's breast still ring to the sound!

There is a similar passage in the poet Jámi:—

> In this wine-tavern of pleasant stories,
> I hear no echo of the heavenly strain.
> My friends have drunk wine, and are gone,
> They have emptied the tavern, and are gone!
> And I see no wise man among the idle revellers,
> In whose hand is a cup of the mystic wine.

Another of Hafiz's wilder odes, which we subjoin, will help to give the English reader a very different idea of his

poetry to that usually entertained. We have been too much accustomed to consider his works, as indeed those of most of the Persian poets, as the careless effusions of the Eastern reveller, absorbed in the pleasures of the hour, — effusions bright, indeed, with all the rich hues of Eastern colouring, like the skies over his head, or the gardens around him, but yet transient as the summer's roses, or the nightingale's notes which welcomed them. This may be true of much of Eastern poetry as regards its *form;* but under all this outer imagery lies an inner meaning of far other and more permanent interest, where feelings and desires of the soul find an utterance, which we should in vain seek in the pagan literature of Greece or Rome.

My heart's phœnix is on the wing,—the highest heaven its nest;
Sick of the body's cage, and weary of the world.
When once it takes its flight from off this heap of ashes,
Once more will it fix its roost at the gate of that rose garden.
When once it flies from the world, the Sidrah tree * shall be its home,
For know that our loved one's resting-place is on heaven's highest pinnacle.
In the two worlds it hath no home save high above the highest heaven;
Of knowledge is its essence, and in all space is not found its place.
On the head of the world shall many a shadow of good fortune fall†,
If once our phœnix pass over it with its wings outspread.
Oh Hafiz, forlorn as thou art, while thou proclaimest the unity of God,
Write with the pen of his grace on the pages of Spirits and Mankind!

Our space will not allow us to enter into any detailed account of the peculiar doctrines of the Sufis; but there is the less need for such details, as the various sects among them are by no means agreed on the several points of their system. Sir John Malcolm has well said, that 'the essence of Sufeyism is poetry,' as, indeed, the Persian temperament might easily lead us to anticipate. The value or interest of its philosophy does not consist in its logical accuracy, or the pitiless rigour of its deductive method, such as we cannot help admiring in the Pantheistic subtleties of the Hindú; for these qualities are totally foreign to the Persian mind.

* A tree in Paradise.

† The Eastern superstition is, that every head which the phœnix overshadows will in time wear a crown.

The general reader in England will feel little or no interest in the various dogmas of the different Sufi sects, or the various watchwords of their party warfare; but few will fail to recognise the charm of the poetic colouring with which their greatest writers have overspread their works.

Sufeyism, in fact, has risen from the bosom of Mohammedanism, as a vague protest of the human soul in its instinctive longings after a purer creed.* Starting from certain tenets of the Koran, the Sufis have erected their own system thereon, professing, indeed, to reverence its authority as a divine revelation, but, in reality, substituting for it the oral voice of the teacher, or the secret dreams of the mystic. Dissatisfied with the barren letter of the Koran, Sufeyism appeals to human consciousness, and from our nature's felt wants, seeks to set before it nobler hopes than a gross Mohammedan paradise can fulfil. The soul, it teaches, is an exile from God, who is its home, and life is its period of banishment; it has seen the celestial face of truth ere it fell, but here it catches only a dim and passing side view. These glances serve to awaken the slumbering memory of the past, but they can only vaguely recall it; and Sufeyism undertakes, by a long course of education and moral discipline, to lead the soul onward from stage to stage, till it arrives at the goal of perfect knowledge and peace.

We have here, in fact, an eastern version of the Platonic myth of *ἀνάμνησις*, as Socrates relates it to Phædrus under the spreading planetree by the banks of the Ilissus. In Plato, however, the doctrine is not merely, or even chiefly, religious, but rather forms the mythical base of his philosophical system, as explaining the origin of universals; it being essential to the nature of man† that he should detect the one in

* The following interesting remarks occur in Dr. Pusey's preface to the second part of Nicoll's Cat. of MSS. in the Bodleian:—

'Adnotavi præterea (quotiescunque id mihi innotuit), qui scriptores, quæve opera è Sufiorum scholâ profecta essent, quippe quorum ingenia atque proprietates, à Tholuckio jam optimè reseratas, penitus perspectas habuisse, Christiano nomini, ut mihi quidem videtur, aliquantum saltem proderit. Eam enim doctrinam ex arido atque exili Mohammedanismi solo tam cito esse enatam, res est per se admiratione digna, quæque desiderium illud, menti humanæ ingenitum, disertè attestatur, quo extra se proripitur et cum Deo rursus conjungi, necessitate quâdam naturæ, vehementer cupit; nobis porro ob frigus illud, quo subinde opprimimur, pudorem merito incuteret alienorum fervor; multum denique interesse mihi visum est, eos qui Mohammedanos, Persas vero præsertim, ex erroribus suis revocare studuerint, verum, quod in horum placitis insit, à falso distinguere, et pro adminiculo quodam veritatis Christianæ uti scire.'

† Phædrus, § 62.

the many, or, in other words, from the individual presentations of Nature recall the idea which the fleeting objects of time are imperfectly endeavouring to exhibit. In Sufeyism, however, this philosophical element disappears, and the religious element entirely usurps its place. The study of the Aristotelian logic in the Persian universities (derived, with so much of all their learning, from the Arabians) had doubtless preoccupied this part of their system, and hence all their Platonising tendencies turned in their full force to the religious point of view.

The soul, as we said, has been united to God in a prior state of existence. The Sufi tradition holds, that at the Creation God called all the created spirits before Him*, and solemnly asked them, '*Alasto birabbikum?*' 'Am I not your Lord?' whereto they all replied, '*Bala!*' or 'Yea!'—and this primeval compact is continually alluded to in all the mystical Mohammedan writers. Music, Poetry, and the Arts are the unconscious aspirations of the soul, as it hurries along in its restless impulses through the world, stung by the echo of *alast!* yet ringing in its ear, but with no visible object to claim the passionate adoration which it burns to pour forth. The odes of Sufeyism, as we find them in the *diwáns* of Hafiz and Jelaleddin, are supposed to be the natural expression of these vague and mysterious longings; in these its dumb and struggling aspirations find a voice, while it passes from stage to stage in the journey of Sufi development, learning to recognise the divine original with continually clearer intuition, as it gradually escapes from matter and its selfish tendencies.

Human speech, however, is weak and imperfect; and, since ordinary language is only framed to convey the daily wants and impressions of mankind, these higher experiences of the soul can only be represented by symbols and metaphors. Hence the Sufi poets adopt a form of expression which to the uninitiated ear can convey no such depth of meaning. Under the veil of an earthly passion, and the woes of a temporal separation, they disguise the dark riddle of human life, and the celestial banishment, which lies behind the threshold of existence; and under the joys of revelry and intoxication they figure mystical transports and divine ecstacies. In the words of their great Maulá, 'they

* This legend is founded on a verse in the Koran (*súr.* 7. v. 171.); but in this, as in so many other cases, the Sufis have developed the latent poetry from the original's bald prose. De Sacy (Pend Nameh, p. 73.) compares with this doctrine of the primeval compact a somewhat similar idea in Plato's *Timæus*.

profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual in their sect, all is mystery within mystery.' To similar purport speaks the poet Jami, —

Sometimes the wine, sometimes the cup I call thee;
Sometimes the lure, sometimes the net I call thee.
Except thy name, there is no other letter on the tablet of the universe;
Say by what appellation shall I call thee?

Persian poetry may be lyrical, as in the odes of Hafiz, or romantic, as in the *Yusuf* of Jami, or it may string together moral apologues, as in the *Rosegarden* of Sadi; but nearly all the Persian poets were Sufis, and Sufeyism forms the burden of their song. Thus, amidst all the moving pictures of Jami's celebrated romance, which float before the reader's eye like some gorgeous panorama of Eastern scenery, — amidst all the various scenes of Zulaikha's hopes, disappointment, and despair, there comes ever and anon the mystic voice of the poet, as the hierophant's to the awestruck ἐποπτης in some pageant of the ancient mysteries, — reminding us in a few pregnant couplets that it is no mere common lovestory which he is singing, but something of older date, — a sorrow, whose birth-time stretches far back

'Into the deep immortal ancient time.'

In the present brief sketch of Persian literature we can only give a very rapid glance at its history; for a detailed account of the more distinguished writers would occupy us far too long, and a mere catalogue of barren names and dates would only weary the general reader. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a passing notice of three or four of the most celebrated names, supporting our criticisms by such extracts from their works as are of general interest, while, at the same time, they may serve to illustrate our previous remarks.

The earliest Persian poet of note is the great Firdusi, who was born at Shadab, a district of Tus in Khorassan, about 940 A. D. He was employed by Mahmud of Ghazni to form a connected series of heroic poems on the ancient history of Persia. He spent years in collecting the various legends of old times, which were preserved among the peasants and farmers of Persia, especially in the eastern provinces; and these he incorporated in his immense *Shahnameh* or *Kingbook*, which in some 60,000 couplets preserves all that Persia remembers of her ancient glories.

The *Shahnameh* essentially belongs to the pre-Moham-

medan period; like Horatio in *Hamlet*, 'more an ancient Roman than a Dane,' Firdusi must have moved among his contemporaries like one of the Seven Sleepers awakened, — a rugged relic of a long-forgotten time. His tastes and sympathies were all with the past; his thoughts were ever carrying him far away from the present among the old heroes of Zoroastrian tradition; he always dwells on the fire-worship with peculiar fondness, and loves to bring in any mention of the old Zend-avesta prayers. No wonder that he was misunderstood, and his motives maligned; that his thirty years of toil were spent in vain, except so far as they won for himself an immortal name; and that his great national poem should at once be the glory and the shame of Mahmud's reign. The latter years of his life were spent in exile, embittered by the Sultan's unrelenting persecution; and as we read his sad story, we think of Dante wandering from place to place in search of 'rest.'

Firdusi's poems, as we said, have no connexion with that phase which Persian literature subsequently assumed; they stand alone and apart. Their subjects and sympathies seem all strange to us, when we come to them from the study of other Persian works: the very language in which they are written is quite different from that of any other Persian author. The use of Arabic was even then beginning to corrupt the pure Persian, — a fashion which in the course of another century grew so prevalent that the vocabulary of the language became almost entirely Semitic, though the old Persian element still retained sufficient vitality to impress an Indo-Germanic form upon these foreign accessions. Firdusi, on the contrary, clings to the pure Persian, and eschews every Arabic form, if an equivalent of native growth can possibly be found: his soul seems instinctively to recoil from the language of his country's conquerors, while he sings the long line of her heroes in the old centuries before the fatal battle of Cadesia, where the Sassanian dynasty succumbed to the fanatic zeal of the Arab invaders. Hence, while modern Persian has long ceased to grow, and has thereby lost all interest to the comparative philologer, the language of Firdusi has still some vital energy, and maintains a living connexion, through the Pahlavi of the Sassanian dynasty, with the language of the inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes on the rocks of Behistun, and the Zend of the older parts of the Avesta.

The same aversion to Arabian influence, which thus gives to Firdusi's language a modern interest of which he himself little dreamed, appears also in the whole character of the

poem. Sufeyism, which was then rife in the Arabian schools, has left no trace there; everything is cast in an ancient Persian mould. In a sketch of modern Persian poetry like the present, the *Shahnameh* need hardly claim a place, especially as any extracts must necessarily be of an inconvenient length, if they are to convey any just idea of Firdusi's peculiar merits.

As we are not intending to give any detailed history of Persian literature, but only a few rapid sketches of some of its more brilliant 'moments,' we pass on, without lingering by any intermediate names, to Sadi of Shiraz, who flourished in the 13th century, and whose *Gulistán* or '*Rose-garden*' has long enjoyed something of a European celebrity, having been published at Amsterdam in 1651, by Gentius, with an uncouth Latin translation. Sadi's writings are a very favourable specimen of those collections of moral apologues which are so popular in the East. His two best works are the *Gulistán* and *Bostán;* the former in prose, interspersed with distichs and quatrains, and sometimes with longer poems; the latter entirely in verse. The *Gulistán* has been lately translated by Professor Eastwick, who has also edited the original text, and from his translation we give the following very graceful fable: —

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, 'What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?'
Then wept the grass, and said, 'Be still! and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of my Lord I grew.'

The *Bostán* has never been translated into English, although much of it well deserves it. Sadi, unlike many Eastern authors, is never wearisome; his stories are always short, and his remarks pithy and to the point. His vein of poetry is not of the highest order; but his thoughts are graceful, and his language exquisitely polished; and there is a genial fund of strong good sense and humour, which never fails to refresh the reader. The following apologue will not be new to some readers, for Jeremy Taylor has given it from a Jewish source in his *Liberty of Prophesying*, yet it may still come with a certain novelty and freshness in the form of a genuine Oriental apologue of Sadi.

I have heard, that for one whole week no wayfarer *
Came to the open tent of the 'friend of God.'

* Literally, 'no son of the way.'

With no happy heart would he take his morning meal,
Unless some forlorn wanderer came in from the desert.
Forth he fared from his tent, and looked on every side,
To the skirts of the valley did he direct his gaze.
There saw he an old man, like a willow, alone in the desert,
His head and hair white with the snows of age.
With affectionate kindness he bade him welcome;
After the manner of the munificent he made his salutation:
'Oh thou,' he said, 'who art dear as the apple of mine eye,
'Deign to honour me by partaking of my bread and salt!'
With a glad assent the old man leaped up and set forth,
For well knew he the saint's character,—on whom be peace.
The servants in charge of Abraham's tent
Placed in the seat of honour that poor old man;
And the master bade them make ready to eat,
And they all sate in order round the table.
But when they commenced their solemn grace in the name of God,
They heard no response from the old man's lips.
Abraham said to him, 'Oh old man of ancient days,
I see not in thee the religion and devotion of age;
Is it not thy custom, when thou eatest bread,
To name the name of the Lord, who giveth that daily meed?'
He answered, 'I never practise customs,
Which I have not learned from the old priest of the Fire-worshippers!'
Then knew the prophet of blessed omen
That the old man was a lost unbeliever;
And he drove him ignominiously from his tent,
When he saw the stranger in his foulness in the presence of the pure.
Then came there an angel from the glorious Creator,
And with awful majesty rebuked the prophet:
'For a hundred years, oh Abraham, have I given him daily food and life;
And canst not thou bear his presence for a single hour?'

The following apologue from the *Gulistan* may remind us of the well known story of the Greek philosopher, who, when asked to explain the nature of God, demanded a day to consider his answer, and on the morrow demanded a second respite, and so on for each succeeding day; until at last he confessed his inability to grapple with the problem, each day only serving to bring out more of its vastness, as he thought over it.

'A holy man bowed his head on the bosom of contemplation, and was immersed in the ocean of mystic reverie. When he recovered from his vision, one of his friends said to him, "From that garden, where you have been, what gift have you brought for us?" He answered, "I purposed in my heart, that, when

I reached the rose-bush, I would fill my lap with the flowers, and bring them as a present to my friends; but when I came there, the scent of the rose so intoxicated me that my garment slipped from my hands!'

Our next author is Jelaleddin Rúmi, who was born at Balkh, in Khorassan, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and died in 1260, having passed the whole of his life as a Sufi.

His great work is the *Mesnavi*, a long poem in six *defters*, or cantos, in many respects one of the most remarkable productions of the Eastern mind. It is written in the form of apologues, varying in merit and length, and alternating from idle jokes to pathetic narratives or splendid allegories. Amidst these stories are interspersed, with no sparing hand, long digressions of Sufi doctrine, which are continually leading us away from the apologue to the obscurest depths of mysticism. The stories themselves are generally easy, and told in a delightful style; but the disquisitions which interrupt them are often 'darker than the darkest oracles,' and unintelligible even to the Persians themselves without a copious commentary. When he is clear, no Persian poet can surpass his depth of thought or beauty of imagery; the flow of fine things runs on unceasing as from a river-god's urn. The apologue which we have selected is only a specimen among many such which might tempt insertion; we have omitted all the mystical digressions, which here, as elsewhere, mar the clear flow of the story; and we give the fable in its own simplicity, leaving it to speak for itself of the mystical moral which it is intended to convey.

There was once a merchant, who had a parrot,
A parrot fair to view, confined in a cage;
And when the merchant prepared for a journey,
He resolved to bend his way towards Hindustan.
Every servant and maiden in his generosity
He asked, what present he should bring them home,
And each one named what he severally wished,
And to each one the good master promised his desire.
Then he said to the parrot, 'And what gift wishest thou,
That I should bring to thee from Hindustan?'
The parrot replied, 'When thou seest the parrots there,
Oh, bid them know of my condition.
Tell them, that "a parrot, who longs for your company,
Through heaven's decree is confined in my cage.
He sends you his salutation, and demands his right,
And seeks from you help and counsel.
He says, 'Is it right that I in my longings
'Should pine and die in this prison through separation?

Is it right that I should be here fast in this cage,
While you dance at will on the grass and the trees?
Is this the fidelity of friends,
I here in a prison, and you in a grove?
Oh remember, I pray you, that bower of ours,
And our morning-draughts in the olden time;
Oh remember all our ancient friendships,
And all the festive days of our intercourse!'"
The merchant received its message,
The salutation which he was to bear to its fellows;
And when he came to the borders of Hindustan,
He beheld a number of parrots in the desert.
He stayed his horse, and he lifted his voice,
And he repeated his message, and deposited his trust;
And one of those parrots suddenly fluttered,
And fell to the ground, and presently died.
Bitterly did the merchant repent his words;
'I have slain,' he cried, 'a living creature.
Perchance this parrot and my little bird were close of kin,
Their bodies perchance were two and their souls one.
Why did I this? why gave I the message?
I have consumed a helpless victim by my foolish words!
My tongue is as flint, and my lips as steel;
And the words that burst from them are sparks of fire.
Strike not together in thy folly the flint and steel,
Whether for the sake of kind words or vain boasting;
The world around is as a cotton-field by night;
In the midst of cotton, how shall the spark do no harm?'
The merchant at length completed his traffic,
And he returned right glad to his home once more.
To every servant he brought a present,
To every maiden he gave a token;
And the parrot said, 'Where is my present?
Tell all that thou hast said and seen!'
He answered, 'I repeated thy complaints
To that company of parrots, thy old companions,
And one of those birds, when it inhaled the breath of thy sorrow,
Broke its heart, and fluttered, and died.'
And when the parrot heard what its fellow had done,
It too fluttered, and fell down, and died.
When the merchant beheld it thus fall,
Up he sprang, and dashed his cap to the ground,
'Oh, alas!' he cried, 'my sweet and pleasant parrot,
Companion of my bosom and sharer of my secrets!
Oh alas! alas! and again alas!
That so bright a moon is hidden under a cloud!'
After this, he threw its body out of the cage;
And lo! the little bird flew to a lofty bough.
The merchant stood amazed at what it had done,
Utterly bewildered he pondered its mystery.

It answered, 'Yon parrot taught me by its action:
" Escape," it told me, " from speech and articulate voice,
Since it was thy voice that brought thee into prison;"
And to prove its own words itself did die.'
It then gave the merchant some words of wise counsel,
And at last bade him a long farewell.
'Farewell, my master, thou hast done me a kindness,
Thou hast freed me from the bond of this tyranny.
Farewell, my master, I fly towards home;
Thou shalt one day be free like me!'

Beside the *Mesnavi*, Jelaleddin also wrote a collection (or *Díwán*) of mystical odes, which are full of very remarkable passages. The following has been rendered into English verse by the late Professor Falconer, in the *Asiatic Journal* of 1842: his translation, which we subjoin, is not less admirable for fidelity to the spirit of the original than for elegance of diction as a composition:—

Seeks thy spirit to be gifted
With a deathless life?
Let it seek to be uplifted
O'er earth's storm and strife.

Spurn its joys—its ties dissever;
Hopes and fears divest;
Thus aspire to live for ever—
Be for ever blest!

Faith and doubt leave far behind thee;
Cease to love or hate;
Let not Time's illusions blind thee;
Thou shalt Time outdate.

Merge thine individual being
In the Eternal's love;
All this sensuous nature fleeing
For pure bliss above.

Earth receives the seed and guards it;
Trustfully it dies;
Then, what teeming life rewards it
For self-sacrifice!

With green leaf and clustering blossom
Clad, and golden fruit,
See it from earth's cheerless bosom
Ever sunward shoot!

Thus, when self-abased, Man's spirit
From each earthly tie
Rises disenthralled t' inherit
Immortality!

The following extract from the same work will show how Jelaleddin, and indeed the Sufis generally, endeavour to

sublime the letter of Mohammedanism, in order to express their own more elevated views,—how they adopt the various formulæ of the creed, while they expand them indefinitely by their own system of interpretation. To enable our readers to understand its allusions, we add the following extract from Sir John Malcolm:—'Mohammed's doctrine is termed *Islám*; faith is termed *Imám*, i.e. a belief of the creed; and religion in its practical sense *Deen*. The duties of religion or practice are prayer according to the prescribed forms, alms, fasting, and the pilgrimage to Mecca.'

Oh! thou who layest a claim to Islám,
Without the inner meaning thy claim hath no stability.
Learn what are the pillars of the Musulman's creed,—
Fasting, pilgrimage, prayer and alms.
Know that fasting is abstinence from the fashions of mankind,
For in the eye of the soul this is the true mortification.
Pilgrimage to the place of the wise
Is to find escape from the flame of separation.
Alms are the flinging at His feet
All else beside Him in the whole range of possibilities.
Depart from self that thou may'st be joined to Him,
Wash thy hands of self that thou may'st obtain thy prayer.
If thou fulfillest these four 'pillars of *Islám*,'
In the path of religion (*deen*) a thousand souls of mine are thy ransome!

The odes of Hafiz, which Western readers have been taught to regard as the careless effusions of an epicurean votary of pleasure, are regarded in a far different light in the East, where, supported by traditional interpretation and the precedent of so many avowed mystical writings, the Sufis have unanimously claimed him as their own. That in Hafiz's poems the tone of mysticism is far less open and unequivocal than in those of Jelaleddin, we readily admit, and in many of his odes a European reader would hardly recognise its existence; but in others it stands out in such marked prominence that it at once arrests the attention, and it is, we believe, by the light of these that the former are to be truly understood. We have already given two odes, which no system of interpretation can narrow down to earth and time; and we now add two others, which, although on the surface they do not wear such a Sufi form, are yet, we believe, to be understood in the same symbolical sense:—

The red rose is in bloom and the nightingale is intoxicated,—
'Tis the proclamation of gladness, ye mystical worshippers of wine.
The foundations of our penitence, whose solidity seemed as of stone,—

See this cup of glass, how easily hath it shattered them!
Bring wine, for in the audience-hall of the Spirit's Independence*
What is sentinel or sultan, what the wise man or the intoxicated?
Since from this caravanserai with its two gates† departure is inevitable,
What matter whether the arch of life's lodging be high or low?
Only by toil and pain can the post of joy be won;
Yea, they have affixed the condition of evil to the compact of *Alast.*‡
For existence or non-existence vex not thy soul,—be glad of heart;
For non-existence is the end of every perfection that *is*.
The pomp of Asaf§, and his steed of the wind, and his flying circle of birds,—
All have passed to the wind, and their lord derived no profit!
Rise not on the wing to quit the path, for the winged arrow
Takes the air for a little space, but it sinks to the earth at last!
The tongue of thy pen, oh Hafiz, what thanks shall it utter,
That men carry the gift of thy words from hand to hand!

The following ode has more of passion than we usually find in Hafiz; several of the couplets are admirable examples of that extreme condensation of thought, which so strongly characterises his poetry, in contradistinction to other Persian writers: —

Should a thousand enemies purpose my destruction,
If thou art my friend, I care not for enemies.
'Tis the hope of thy presence which keeps me alive;
Else in a hundred ways from thy absence am I threatened by death.
Unless every moment I inhale thy odour from the breeze,
Every minute for sorrow shall I rend my collar, like the rose.
Whither shall I go? what shall I do? what help shall I devise?
For I am slain by the tortures of Fortune's tyranny.

* *Istighná* (ἀνταρκεια) is a technical term with the Sufis, which they apply to the *fourth* of the seven stages of the soul's progress towards God; 'c'est-à-dire, cette disposition de l'ame où l'amour et la contemplation de la Divinité tiennent lieu de tout, et semblent anéantir tout le reste.' (De Sacy, Pend Nameh, p. 177.) The continual occurrence of these mystical terms in Hafiz (as, e.g., the *bala'* and *alast*, a few lines later) is a very strong argument against the literal interpretation of his odes.

† The world is a caravanserai, with its two gates of birth and death. The caravanserai is an open area, surrounded by a wall, in which are built numerous arched recesses, where the travellers lodge for the night.

‡ This mystical allusion to the primeval compact at creation has been already explained. see p. 163.

§ Asaf, in Eastern fable, is Solomon's vizier. Solomon is always represented as having the wind at his command, and wherever he went a canopy of birds attended to shield him from the sun.

Can my eyes, for thy image, fall into sleep? away with the thought!
Can my heart be patient under thy absence? God forbid!
If thou smitest the blow, it is well, for thou art the plaster*;
If thou givest the poison, it is well, for thou art the antidote.
Death from the stroke of thy sword is to me life immortal;
The only value of life is to offer it a sacrifice to thee.
I will not turn my reins, if thou smitest me with thy scymitar;
I will make my head my shield, nor raise my hand from the saddlebow.
How should every eye see thee as thou art?
Every one comprehends according to his power of seeing.†
Hafiz will then be honoured in the eyes of men,
When he lays the head of poverty in the dust at thy door.

We can only add a brief account of Jami, a poet of the fifteenth century, whose seven poems (called in Persia *The Seven Thrones*) abound with beautiful passages, and are likewise deeply imbued with Persian mysticism. We have already alluded to his poem on the loves of Yusuf and Zulaikha, several extracts from which were given some years ago in Miss Costello's *Rose Garden;* we will therefore confine our extracts to two of his works, which, though published by the Oriental Text Society, have hitherto been left unnoticed in England.

The first of these, the *Tuhfat-ul-Ahrár*, or *The Gift of the Noble*, is a collection of mystical apologues, interspersed with short digressions on various points of Sufi doctrine. From it we select the following, which may serve as a specimen of the whole: —

One whose heart was alive, from the company of earth's frozen ones,
Went to seek society among the dead.
He turned the back of weariness on the habitations of men,
And the face of desire he turned towards the sepulchre.‡
He read the letters of mortality on each tablet,
He sought the breath of eternity from their pure spirits.
Swiftly he hurried from the world's maligners,
Like a fleet deer from the hunter's hounds. §

* These lines may also be rendered: — 'If thou smitest a blow it is better than another's plaster; if thou givest poison, it is better than another's antidote.'

† Cf. Carlyle's aphorism: — 'The eye sees what it brings with it to see.'

‡ *Mazár*, 'the place of resort,' a beautiful Arabic expression for the grave. Cf. St. John, xi. 31. — 'She goeth unto the grave, to weep there.'

§ Cf. Cowper, —

'I was a stricken deer that left the herd
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.'

A wise man of the world, to learn his condition,
Came and asked of him many questions;
'What meaneth this flight away from all living creatures?
Why bendest thou thy path towards the dead?'
He answered, 'Earth's noble ones lie in the grave,
Earth's purest natures lie buried in the dust.
The dead in heart walk on the face of the earth;
Wherefore should I dwell with the dead?
Companionship with the dead bringeth death;
Association with the frozen freezeth the heart.
Those who lie scattered under yonder dust,
Though they be dead in the body, are alive in the soul.
My heart was dead ere I came here,
I was the slave of every "how?" and "wherefore;"
But I became alive from their pure presence,
And their dust hath been to me the water of life!'

The other poem, the *Salámán and Absál*, is an allegory, which describes the connexion of the soul and the body under the form of a love story, and relates the gradual disentanglement of the soul from material ties as it rises nearer and nearer to the contemplation of heavenly beauty. From it we select the opening invocation, one of the most remarkable passages in the whole range of Persian poetry. The parallel passage, which is subjoined, from Leighton and St. Augustine, will serve to illustrate what the reader of Sufi writings is continually reminded of, how near at times the more passionate language of St. Augustine or St. Bernard approaches that of the great Sufi poets, if we only modify the Pantheism, which is so native to the East.

Oh! Thou whose memory refreshes the lover's soul,
The water of whose kindness moistens the lover's tongue,
From Thee hath fallen a shadow on the world,
And earth's fair ones have traded on this as their whole capital.
Earth's lovers fall in homage before that shadow,
At the sight of that capital are they filled with frenzy.
Ere from Laili rose the secrets of Thy beauty,
Her love excited no flame in Majnun.
Ere Thou had'st made Shírín's lips like sugar,
Her two lovers' hearts were not filled with blood.
Ere Thou had'st given Azrá her silver cheeks,
No quicksilver tears filled Wámik's eyes.
From Thee, and Thee alone, comes mention of beauty and love;
Lover and loved, there is none save Thee.
The beauty of earth's fair ones is a veil before Thee,
Thou hast hidden Thy face behind the veil.
It is Thou that with Thine own beauty deckest the veil;
'Tis for this that the heart is fixed thereon as on a veiled bride.
Long enough hath Thy divine face been concealed by the veil;
We cannot distinguish Thy face from the curtain.

How long wilt Thou shoot Thy glances from behind its folds,
With a whole world enraptured at the picture of a veil?
It is time for Thee to remove the veil from before Thee,
And to display Thy face unclouded by its screen;
That I may be lost in the revelation of Thyself,
And freed from all power to distinguish good or ill,
That I may be Thy lover, enlightened by Thee,
With my eyes sealed to all other objects.
Thy goings are concealed under the various forms of truth;
Under all the creatures we see only Thee.
Though I look forth from every place of seeing,
In all the world I behold none other than Thee.
Thou adornest Thyself under the image of the world,
Thou art the keen-eyed censor in the guise of man.*
There is no admission for separate personalty within thy sacred chamber;
There is no mention *there* of great or small.
From separate consciousness, oh, make me united to Thyself,
Oh! grant me a place in Thy assembly,
That like that Kurd in the story †, escaped from personalty,
I may say, 'Is it I, oh God, or is it Thou?
If it be I, then whence this knowledge and power?
And if it be Thou, whence this weakness and frailty?'‡

Before we conclude, there are yet two points of view in which Sufeyism may be regarded, which we would not pass over without a brief notice. For the *first*, it is in these mystic poems of the East that we find one of the strongest arguments for the mystical interpretation of Canticles; for the most glowing language in Solomon's Song may be in every case exactly paralleled by the avowed mystical writings of the poets of Persia. For the *second*, it is to the progress of Sufeyism, which is continually spreading among the people of Persia, that we must look for that preparation of the Mohammedan mind, which in due time may lead to the overthrow of Islam for a purer creed. That in many cases the language of Sufeyism is adopted to hide the grossest licentiousness, is only too true; but if we may receive the testimony of travellers, it is not so with all. Dr. Wolff expressly bears witness to the Sufis of Bokhara§ that 'they are of a far higher order than those of Persia'—'they are

* The Apollonius in Keats' *Lamia.*

† The story which succeeds is omitted, as its grotesqueness mars the effect of the rest,—at least to our more polished Western taste.

‡ 'The mind that makes God its refuge, after it has been much tossed to and fro, and distressed in the world, enjoys perfect peace and security; and it is the fate of those, and those only, who put into this safe harbour, to have what Augustine calls a very great matter, "the frailty of man together with the security of God."' (*Leighton's Theological Lectures.*)

§ Wolff's Missionary Tour, p. 205.

people who really try, as they express themselves, "to come nearer to God," by a moral life, separation from the world, meditation, prayer, and reading the books of other religious sects. Many of them are like Cornelius, whose prayers and alms went up as a memorial before God.' This is not the language of a student in his library, who reads the Sufis' thoughts in their books, where the written words tell only their stated message, and are dumb if we question them further, — who may therefore be easily deceived by the same vain words which may have deceived the writers themselves, — but this is said by one who had seen and heard living Sufi teachers, and, as the testimony of an eye-witness, at the very least it deserves to be thoughtfully weighed.

CRIME AND ITS EXCUSES.

WHAT constitutes criminality? what makes a faulty action imputable? Moralist, legislator, and judge, falter alike in the answer; and yet it is a matter of daily practice, and cannot be put by. A man is tried at Lewes for the unprovoked and sudden slaughter of a policeman, and is hanged; a youth in London, professing to follow the Lewes example, shoots a gun-maker whom he does not know, and is acquitted as insane. The two cases seem precisely similar; yet the one is a capital felony, the other the act of a madman. Edward Oxford fires at her Majesty the Queen; he comes, it is proved, of an eccentric or insane father and grandfather; he has a peculiar conformation of head, indicating a tendency to insanity; he is discharged from his place of pot-boy at a public-house for laughing unseasonably; and, on the whole, there is no doubt that his mind is somewhat deficient. He is acquitted by the jury as insane. About a year after the occurrence, a law is passed, which seems to have had just such cases as Oxford's in view, to visit such offenders with milder penalties than those of treason. One can hardly help the suspicion, that if the law had been made before Oxford's trial, he might possibly have received the whippings, not more than three, permitted in the 51st of 5 & 6 Vict., no one but himself lamenting; and under that rude treatment, assisted by the milder means known to the physician, might have been cured of unseasonable laughter, and of sham regicide, instead of being a 'criminal-lunatic' by irreversible definition of law, and a permanent inmate of Bedlam. Then came the case of Robert Pate, tried for unmanly violence against the Queen. Oxford had laughed immoderately; but Pate had been pronounced and treated as mad long before his offence; he had left the regiment in which he held a commission, because of his strange behaviour, and his friends had consulted about placing him in an asylum. Every one, from the colonel of his regiment to the cabman who drove him every day to mow down thistles on a heath, pronounced

him insane. Dr. Conolly and Dr. Munro gave that opinion of him, just as Dr. Conolly and Dr. Chowne had done for Oxford. Yet the jury found him guilty, and he was transported, the judge holding it up as an indulgence to his position and former profession that a whipping was not included in his sentence. It does not become a non-professional writer to say what madness is, or which of these offenders was mad, or whether either was; but we may put them side by side, and confess our utter inability to discern anything in the one which made its issue so different from that of the other. Was it that mercy prevailed when it was a question of the scaffold, but that when the punishment is milder, and the offence one which turns pity into disgust, it requires stronger evidence to prove to a jury that the culprit is diseased and afflicted, fit for a hospital, but sacred from the prison and the lash?

Before the throne of Zeus, says Hesiod, Dikè weeps whenever the earthly judge decides wrongly. No wonder that ingenious sculptors, on county-halls, represent her with bound eyes; she has gone weeping-blind.

Nature and law are certainly at issue, for the one insists on the erection of a tangible boundary between responsible and irresponsible acts, whilst the deepening tinges and shadows of mental derangement wrought by the other, admit of no such sharp line of division. Accordingly, one test of responsibility after another has been abandoned, wholly, or in part, by legal authorities. 'Where a man is totally deprived of his understanding and memory, and does not know what he is doing, any more than an infant, a brute, or a wild beast,' said Mr. Justice Tracy, in Arnold's case, 'he will be exempted from punishment.' And as *such* a lunatic does not often appear at the bar—for he would scarcely be capable of planning a crime, and as Arnold, though probably insane, was not insane in that form, the obedient jury found him guilty, and it was for Lord Onslow, whom he attempted to shoot, to save him from death by a merciful intercession. In Lord Ferrers' case, the test applied was different. The prosecutor held that if a person could 'comprehend the nature of his actions, and discriminate between moral good and evil,' he was responsible. But modern science knows that in a large asylum you may only find three or four per cent. of the patients who are quite unable to distinguish between right and wrong; and the government and discipline of a good institution of this kind are secured by appealing to the moral sense of patients in whom it is often obscured, but scarcely ever extinguished. The test of delu-

sion has fared no better. 'The true criterion is,' said Sir J. Nicholl, in delivering judgment in the case of Dew *v.* Clarke, 'where there is delusion of mind there is insanity; that is, when persons believe things to exist which exist only, or at least in that degree exist only, in their imagination, and of the non-existence of which neither argument nor proof can convince them, they are of unsound mind.' He follows Lords Coke and Hale, and has many medical writers on his side. But it is now laid down by a great authority—Dr. Pritchard, and by almost all modern writers on the subject, that a propensity to homicide may exist without any delusion of the understanding—nay, with the fullest consciousness of the dreadful nature of the act to be committed. Let one of the cases which Dr. Pritchard cites suffice for illustration. 'M. R., a distinguished chemist and a poet, of a disposition naturally mild and sociable, committed himself a prisoner in one of the asylums of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. Tormented by the desire of killing, he often prostrated himself at the foot of the altar, and implored the Divine assistance to deliver him from such an atrocious propensity, and of the origin of which he could never render an account. When the patient felt that his will was likely to yield to the violence of this inclination, he hastened to the head of the establishment, and requested to have his thumbs tied together with a riband. This slight ligature was sufficient to calm the unhappy R., who, however, finished by endeavouring to commit homicide upon one of his friends, and perished in a violent fit of maniacal fury.' * Modern records of insanity abound in cases, where there is an impulse to commit a causeless crime, yet where no delusion conceals from the sufferer (we dare not say offender) the nature of the act and its enormity. How many lives may have been sacrificed to the judicial test of 'delusion,' it would be too painful to inquire. But lives must not be sacrificed to the desire of possessing a simple and decisive test where Nature has not supplied one. The day has probably arrived already when the existence of 'moral insanity,' of a disease which wrecks the moral perception, and leaves the intellect almost intact, shall be recognised as fully as any other form of madness.

The definition proposed by one of the latest writers on the subject, if it does not clear it of difficulties, is superior for juridical purposes, as even a layman may pronounce, to those that have been mentioned. Dr. Bucknill, in his excellent Prize Essay on the subject, defines insanity as 'a

* Pritchard on Insanity, p. 386.

condition of the mind in which a false action of conception or judgment, a defective power of the will, or an uncontrollable violence of the emotions and instincts, have separately or conjointly been *produced by disease.*' Even its intelligent author does not claim for this definition that it will prevent the necessity for the most cautious inquiry into each particular case. Who shall lay down a general rule to determine when a passion becomes 'uncontrollable?' Who can define the line at which functional disturbance becomes organic disease? The case of Papavoine, one of the darkest and strangest of the *Causes Célèbres* of the present century, shows the difficulty. A morose and gloomy being, walking in the Wood of Vincennes, meets a young woman with her two children. His aspect is strange and haggard. He proceeds to a shop and buys a knife, finds the mother and her charge again, stabs both the children to the heart, and takes to flight. It is difficult not to go along with the admirable defence of the advocate M. Paillet, who maintained that this was an unhappy monomaniac, and entirely irresponsible. But the jury convicted him, the Court of Cassation was appealed to in vain, an appeal to the royal clemency failed, and Papavoine was executed. As writers of repute still consider this a doubtful case, we must not designate it as a legal blunder. But there was proof of mental disturbance, leading to a crime for which no other cause could even be suggested. In such instances as this, Dr. Bucknill's test would depend for its value upon the special application of it to facts peculiarly difficult and delicate. But if it does not guide completely it will not mislead. The other criteria are more than defective—they are positively wrong; they are passing out of use indeed, but not till they have been stained with frenzied blood, till some of those who have deserved compassion for the most bitter earthly affliction that a man can pray against, have been hanged or guillotined on the tough fibres or by the sharp edge of a judicial formula.

Of all attempts to elucidate this subject, that of exhibiting its difficulties in a strong light would seem the most thankless. But if the practical consequence should follow from this and other attempts in the same direction, of checking a rashness equally and alternately displayed on the side of severity and of mercy, it will need no apology. A glance at the nature of criminal responsibility, as the moralist views it, may be useful in this way; and hints of no mean value may be gathered from Aristotle, who, whilst writing a treatise on morals, treats the subject with the mind of a publicist. Hegel, indeed, has somewhere said that in this and other

branches of psychology we have not got beyond Aristotle, and all that we can do is to adapt to modern forms of speech his speculations. In the work of the unfortunate Count Rossi on Penal Law, we find little under the head of responsibility that would not serve as a paraphrase of Aristotle.

If responsibility is measured by intention, the most complete form of it exists, where the act and all its consequences are thoroughly seen and freely chosen at the moment of commission. *Illo nocens se damnat quo peccat die.* The agent should have before him all the steps in what may be called the *ethical sorites*, at the moment when his will makes the decision. For example, A. B. determines to administer a potion to C. D. The potion is laurel-water. Laurel-water will poison. Poisoning is murder. Murder is punishable with death. If all this was present to A. B., the words of the Roman law, *Ipse te pœnæ subdidisti*, are strictly applicable, and the judge is only the mouthpiece through which the self-condemning criminal hears his own sentence on himself. Accordingly, he will address himself to show that he was incapable of any moral action whatever, owing to infancy or insanity; or that he mistook the nature of the potion; or that he did not know that this substance was poisonous; or that he gave it, not to commit murder, but to perform a cure. Upon the last proposition, as to the nature of the punishment, the law will not suffer him to plead that he thought the consequences would be lighter; though even as to this, as we shall presently see, there may be cases in which the amount of responsibility is affected by the ignorance of consequences.

All excuses, in short, resolve themselves into two, — *we did not will this*, and *we were not capable of willing.* We are not going to revive the unquenchable controversy about human freedom, which Pharisee and Sadducee have discussed, which drew down Augustine on Pelagius, which Aquinas and Duns-Scotus, Luther and Erasmus, Arminius and Gomar, Molina and the Port-Royalists, have freshly renewed. Whatever metaphysics may do (and that science might take a sensible hint from its neighbour) jurisprudence must take the common-sense view; on the one side, that man has a power of choice, and therefore is responsible for what he does; on the other, that the origin of our actions is not a mere *sicca voluntas*, but a will swayed by motives, some of which may be so overwhelming, that indulgence, or even sometimes pardon, must be granted for the act they cause. With the theory of *Determinism*, in which the will is regarded as determined or swayed to a particular course by external inducements and formed habits, so that the con-

sciousness of freedom rests chiefly upon an oblivion of the antecedents to our choice, we have nothing to do, just because it is not practical. It cannot escape from the fatal paradox, that the more thoughtless we are, the more we enjoy the sense of freedom, and feel by consequence our own responsibility; the more we reflect, the more freedom disappears; so that that which seemed to be man's prerogative is enjoyed least by the philosopher and the man of cultivation, and most by the child and the drunkard. Equally unpractical is the doctrine of *Liberty of Indifference*, which claims for man the power of forming a purpose and acting on it without motives. The cases in which this is supposed to occur are either such as do not amount to conscious acts at all, and therefore have nothing to do with morality, or those in which the existence of motives may be recognised, but under another name. The Ass of Buridanus, between his two bundles of hay, takes one or other because he is not so logical as to starve upon the question; but there is properly no *choice* of one over the other, not even a comparison between them. There is no more work for the will here than there would be in beginning to walk with the right leg and not the left, or using the left side of the mouth for mastication in preference to the right. So much for trifling examples; in more important ones, the remark of Leibnitz, as quoted by Sir W. Hamilton, is decisive, 'to assert that the mind may have good reasons to act when it has no motives, and when things are absolutely indifferent, is a manifest contradiction; for if the mind has good reasons for taking the part it takes, then the things are not indifferent to the mind.'

Well then, we have to deal with men as free, but governed by motives. And the problem is, that whereas the motives vary, and temptations to crime are of every shade, passing by insensible gradations from the lightest to the deepest, where resistance is hardly possible, the legislator must draw a clear line through actions so various in their quality, with crime on this side and innocence on that. The professional thief who snatches up a loaf from the baker's shop to keep his hand in, and the starving artisan who, with moral eyesight dimmed by the tears he has shed for his sickly wife and craving children, snatches off another loaf, are surely very different in the moralist's eyes; but both shall stand at the bar and be condemned as thieves. And though their punishment may be proportioned to the measure of their guilt, in such a case of glaring contrast, it would be vain to attempt to do this in all cases. The moral acts of men are as different,

could we see all, as the cast of their face or the proportion of their bodies. But law can only measure the act, it cannot pretend to gauge the motives; it can attach a certain punishment to a given crime, but cannot tell what frenzy and distraction short of absolute madness, what thick darkness of ignorance, what sudden impulse, what tempter's devilish influence, have concurred to alter the essential character of the act. Hence the price we pay for the decisions of law, valuable because they are prompt and decisive, is that a great amount of injustice accrues from the too ready application of a rough general rule to difficult and delicate cases. Guilty men escape, from fear of overstraining the law, and innocence is punished lest guilt should take encouragement from its escape. And provided this 'border land of injustice,' as it has been well called, is reduced to its narrowest possible limits, we must accept this amongst the consequences of evil inherent in human society, must class it with the bloodshed that war entails, or the disease engendered by unwholesome callings.

But has the injustice inseparable from the working of law been reduced to its lowest terms? We said that the excuses for crime were resolvable into two—*I was not capable of willing*, and *I did not will this;* in two words, I acted *involuntarily*, or *ignorantly*. Incapacity of will may proceed from mere outward force; as, if a blow turned my gun aside whilst I was firing at a bird, and caused me to slay my friend, my will had no share in the act, any more than if I were an automaton firing the gun by clockwork. Or the will may be over-ruled by some stronger will; as where a wife is held innocent of a larceny, or even a burglary, where it can be shown that she acted under the coercion of her husband. Or the incapacity may be internal only; as where a drunkard in his fury slays a companion, or a lunatic does the same. The drunkard, however, has voluntarily abdicated his reason, and the lunatic has lost his by Divine visitation; and the law will not excuse the former for what he has brought on himself. Aristotle directs attention further to a class of acts, partly voluntary and partly involuntary, with which a legislator finds it hard to deal. A ship is overtaken by a terrible storm; all the cargo is cast out to lighten her. A burglar breaks into a house; the owner of it shoots him. An injured husband destroys the paramour of his wife. A surgeon performs a hazardous operation upon the hope of saving life. A woman leaps down a precipice, to preserve herself from outrage. Actions of this kind are neither strictly voluntary nor involuntary,

but mixed; as the agent might do or forbear doing, they are in that sense voluntary, but as no one would do them except from their connection with some painful or dreadful consequence to be averted, they are not entirely willing acts. The question of interest for the legislator is, how far may the fear of evil remove the responsibility of actions done to avoid it. A special answer must be given for each case. The Rhodian law provides, that the loss of cargo thrown over to preserve a ship shall be made good (not by the captain who gives the order, but) by all who have an interest in the ship's safety. The householder may kill a burglar found in the act; but if it is apparent that the intruder meant to commit a trespass only, and not a burglary, the man who destroys him will be guilty of manslaughter at least. But all such actions are more akin to voluntary than involuntary acts. He who, hearing an alarm, takes his gun, and with deliberate aim fires at the burglar, cannot plead incapability of willing; his act is done voluntarily, though reluctantly. Outward circumstances may strongly determine the will, but they cannot destroy it, except where they act on us mechanically, and so reduce a moral agent, for that turn, to a thing.

Under the other excuse—*I did not will this*—come all the forms and grades of ignorance affecting an action. The well-known distinction between *ignorantia juris* and *ignorantia facti* did not escape Aristotle. Ignorance about circumstances must be pardoned, but not ignorance of a law; because circumstances are infinitely various, whilst the law is one and fixed, and answers, or ought to answer, to broad moral principles inwardly felt by all. 'Ignorantia juris,' says the Roman law, 'nocet, ignorantia facti non nocet. . . . cum jus finitum et possit esse et debeat; facti interpretatio plerumque etiam prudentissimos fallat.' Both statements, however, must be qualified. There may be a *supina ignorantia* about facts, that amounts to a crime; and the books record the case of Levet, who, in fear of burglars, stabbed a woman concealed in his house by one of the maid servants whom she had been assisting; upon which authorities are divided as to whether due circumspection was used or not. Late years have produced more than one case of a timid clergyman shooting at supposed robbers, with fatal effect, from a very culpable precipitancy. The law will not excuse the druggist who carelessly sends out draughts of laurel-water, or substitutes oxalic acid for salts; nor the engineer who neglects to see that the safety-valve of his engine is clear.

On the other hand, ignorance of the law may be morally, though not legally, excusable, where laws are so capricious as to create crimes that are not moral offences. 'I do not know of any exception,' says Beccaria, 'to this general axiom,—that every citizen should know when he is criminal and when innocent.' Hence the Legislature is bound to provide for the due publication of all statutes which are founded on positive or arbitrary, rather than on moral, principles. A man cannot know that he is bound, under a penalty, not to make or wear a coat that has not metal buttons; yet, not a year since, an unfortunate tailor was informed against by a customer for this absurd offence; and a Judge, in unlawful buttons, explained to an audience, buttoned unlawfully as one man, that such a foolish law still exists. If fifty-one persons hold a political meeting in the open air within a mile of Westminster Hall, they are violating a statute of which, perhaps, not one of them ever heard, and which would not be in force in the next street. Happily, however, for us, arbitrary statutes are disappearing from our books; of those that still exist, few are oppressive, and some are practically obsolete.

There is another kind of ignorance which cannot be pleaded in law, but which has its moral weight,—ignorance of the amount of punishment. Until the 23 George III., it was a capital felony to be seen for one month in the company of a band of gypsies; but what youth, of truant disposition, taking to that vagrant life in the beginning of that reign, could have suspected that the sanguinary legislation of Philip and Mary had made his idleness a capital crime? Morally speaking, he has a right to the deterring influence which a knowledge of the punishment might have exerted in preventing him. Only in the reign of George IV. did it cease to be a capital felony to cut down a cherry-tree in an orchard.

For a similar reason it behoves the Executive to see that punishment be certain. Certainty rather than severity of punishment, says Beccaria, is potent in deterring from crime.

> *Isabella.*—Who is it that hath died for this offence?
> There's many have committed it.
> *Angelo.*—The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
> Those many had not dared to do that evil
> If the first one that did th' edict infringe,
> Had answered for his deed.
> *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. Scene 2.

The villain lips of Angelo spoke truth. The escape of criminals is the fruitful source of guilt.

We have gone over the principal excuses which, in a greater or less degree, affect the moral responsibility, if not the legal, of crimes. Unwillingness, with its various grades of absolute compulsion, misadventure, force of circumstances, abdication of will by drunkenness, and diseased will, forms one group; ignorance, whether of the fact, the law, or the degree of punishment, constitutes the other. The wisdom that can weigh and measure all of them must be more than human. Is drunkenness an excuse for a crime? A law of Pittacus made it an additional offence. The Roman law allowed it as an excuse against capital punishment. The laws of England recognise it neither as aggravation nor excuse. Can ignorance of law be admitted as a plea? The Bench rejects it; but the moralist cannot feel easy to see the wretched and ignorant denizen of some London rookery, suckled in sin, and catechized in blasphemy, put on the same footing, as to that point, with the chemical philosopher, who, happening to owe a sum of money, enticed his creditor into his laboratory, knocked him on the head, and formed ghastly compounds of his remains with potash and lime as bases.

All we can do — and it ought to sit near our hearts till it be accomplished, and be a want to us, like food and rest — is to bring to their lowest terms the elements of inequality, and the provocatives to crime. It is not enough to fine for drunkenness, or to lecture on its terrible consequences when it leads to crimes. Supply some better stimulus to the mind; teach new powers of enjoyment. It is not enough to make laws against brutes that beat their wives: hundreds do it, and will do it, till you take them out of the squalid dens they live in, and let sweet air and cleanliness purge away the poisons that fester in the blood, and excite the brain to a minor madness.

This is obvious. But to return to the plea of mental disease, as lessening responsibility, which will be enough for the present paper. There are two elements which seem to contribute not a little to the confusion that prevails about it. The law requires a decision — in the case of homicides a decision irreversible — upon cases where even those who have passed their lives in an atmosphere of observation on the insane would decline to give a final opinion, or would be at variance if they decided. Why should we thus be wiser than our lights? How can a judge and jury have means of knowing, beyond what physicians enjoy? Hence, in part, the cases of persons found guilty and afterwards proving insane, or found insane and afterwards turning out guilty. Take two examples, one on each side, both perhaps equally de-

plorable. A man named Burton was tried at Huntingdon, in 1848, for the murder of his wife and child. 'Upon the charge of Baron Parke, who insisted upon the old "delusion," and "consciousness of right and wrong" test, and declared his concurrence with Baron Rolfe's expression of alarm "at the admission of irresponsible impulse as an excuse for crime," this poor man was found guilty of the murder of his wife, and left for execution. Owing, however, to the strenuous exertions of the medical men of Huntingdon, he was reprieved. He remained in the Huntingdon gaol nine months, during which time he was taciturn and listless; "his memory failed him, and his conduct was that of a child." He several times attempted suicide. In April, 1849, he was tried upon a second indictment for the murder of his child, the first having been for the murder of his wife. The double murder had been committed at the same time. In this second trial he was acquitted on the ground of insanity. He was then removed to the Bedford Lunatic Asylum, where he remained in much the same condition for a few months, and then died suddenly.'* A jury pressed on to an absolute decision, a Judge 'alarmed' at the consequences if the decision is for acquittal, produce a result which another jury stultifies at the next assizes; for, whatever alarm might be felt, the man had been downright mad in the meantime. Now take the obverse example. A young girl in France, in 1826, 'was condemned to hard labour for life, for having cut off the head of a neighbour's child. In the absence of all conceivable motive for the commission of such a crime, the faculty declared that the reason of the accused presented unequivocal signs of mental alienation. Since this condemnation, many writers on legal medicine have placed this in the list of cases of homicidal monomania. In more than one trial this bloody record has been adduced for the defence. But it appears that some years later the girl confessed, that, after having been deserted by her lover for another woman, whom he married, she took the horrible revenge of murdering the child of her lover and her rival.'† Such a tale is a warning against all rash applications of the theory of Monomania. But writers in England, America, France, and Germany, point out that there are cases, and those not few, where, without any delusion of the understanding, an uncontrollable impulse drives on the unhappy patient to commit murder. It is of the last import-

* From Dr. Bucknill's Essay, *Unsoundness of Mind in relation to Criminal Acts.*

† Abridged from Dr. Forbes Winslow's *Journal*, vol. i. p. 571.

ance that such a plea be not admitted in a spurious case; but the evidence is often insufficient to ascertain this vital point. What does our English law? Tender as we are of the prisoner's right to the benefit of every doubt upon facts, we fling doubts upon his capacity for acting into the opposite scale. 'If you are not quite certain,' it has been said a hundred times from the Bench, 'that the prisoner was mad — was under a delusion — did not know right from wrong, you will find him guilty.' The merciful jury often corrects the harshness of the law; the sight of the wretched and bewildered being at the bar, the recital about his epileptic parents, his own wayward, crazy tricks, the expressed opinion of medical men, though often made light of by the Judge, speak to the jurymen with a more convincing logic, and the half-guilty prisoner walks out of court a free man, or goes to the perpetual retirement of the Bethlehem Hospital. The last penalty of the law should never be inflicted, it seems to us, upon any one who has been labouring recently under cerebral diseases, such as might account for, and is apparently connected with, the crime under inquiry. A Papavoine in France, a Burton in England, are *perhaps* mad. Will you give the scaffold the benefit of *perhaps?* The French philosopher who refused to define instinct, saying, 'How can I? I never was in a dog's head,' might warn us. We never felt the madman's impulses; we know not whether they are controllable. Society has a right to seclude the homicide for her own security; but she may not, with her hypocritical aphorism, 'It is better that ten guilty should escape than one innocent suffer,' hurry out of the world one whose innocence or guilt she cannot measure. We know that to this hour psychologists are disputing whether the origin of insanity is psychical or bodily, or partaking of both; in other words, whether it begins in sin or bodily ailment, or both united. And these disputants are the only class who are fairly examining the matter inductively, for the legal doctrines have no pretensions to any scientific exactness, and, considered even as *a priori formulæ*, are mutually destructive. Lord Campbell told the House of Lords that 'he had looked into all the cases that had occurred since Arnold's trial, 1723, and to the directions of the Judges in the cases of Lord Ferrers, Bellingham, Oxford, Francis, and M'Naghten, and he must be allowed to say that there was a wide difference, both in meaning and in words, in their description of the law.' And Lord Truro seems to have said that 'his experience taught him there were very few cases of insanity in which any good came from the examination of medical

witnesses.' And in this lack of knowledge, when lawyers contradict one another, and find no help in physicians, the hangman must make himself ready, and the prisoner's family, smitten already with the dire taint of insanity, shall be pointed at with the slow unmoving finger of scorn as the kinsfolk of a felon. The finding so common in France — 'guilty, with extenuating circumstances' — appears meaningless in the cases to which it is often applied; but it commonly represents no more than the wish not to cut off from life a man on whose case even the faintest cloud of doubt may rest.

The doctrine of limited responsibility is held by every one in his daily dealings. He makes excuse for the failings of the ignorant, the infirm of purpose, the irascible; he regards their peculiarities of temper and position as entitling them to indulgence. Is not the time approaching when such a doctrine will be admitted into the law of the land? admitted, indeed, with the utmost caution: no sickly sentiment, no metaphysical theory, must rob society of her security against the felon. But there are cases in which cerebral disorder is clearly present, yet in which some practice known to be sinful has given to the malady its direction and consequences. A terrible case has lately shocked us, — that of a mother who murdered six of her children, having been denounced by her husband for her infidelity, and discarded. Cerebral disease was actually present; the woman was paralytic, and the change in her mind after the loss of blood in the attempt to destroy herself was just such as often occurs where a congested brain receives relief by hæmorrhage. But, then, the antecedents of the murder showed real criminality. Private assignations cunningly arranged, and vindictive feeling exhibited against her husband, were evidences of it. But there is no provision for a mixed act of this kind; and the jury would not convict, and so send the miserable woman out of the world for an act they did not understand. 'We entertain the strongest conviction,' says Dr. Bucknill, 'that, had the jury been able to find Mrs. Brough guilty, with extenuating circumstances, so as to escape capital punishment, but to ensure the infliction of perpetual imprisonment, they would have found that verdict.' The choice between murder, manslaughter, and insanity, to which a jury is now shut up, is not adequate to the present state of knowledge. A graduation of some sort should be attempted; the motiveless atrocity perpetrated by the acknowledged madman; the act which, from its appearance of motive, of skill in perpetration, of contrivance for

escape, would be a crime but for the doubt thrown on it by the disturbed mental state of the agent; the crime perpetrated in a paroxysm of passion, which the will might have resisted;—these are distinct grades. The first is a madness, the last a crime; the second is the crime of an imperfectly free agent, and it is in ascertaining this class that we shall need all the skill and the observations of science to aid us. No fear need be entertained lest this should encourage crime. Some of the severer punishments might be modified, but the certainty of punishment would be greatly increased because the jury could be trusted to convict; they could not, as now, blink the evidence because the law is harsh. A few years ago Mr. Charles Pearson proposed to bring in a bill for the regulation of the imprisonment of criminal lunatics, in which one of the provisions was, that during their detention there should be a power to impose on them hard labour. His views, as explained by himself, in a letter to Dr. Forbes Winslow*, amount to a belief that there are many offenders who, if not quite sane, are not quite free from criminality. Whatever became of the bill, the same belief exists in many minds; and some recognition of limited responsibility would be a better way to meet it, than that of finding a man innocent as insane, and then punishing him by hard labour.

One consideration remains. At present, the insane prisoner is to be detained during what is ironically called 'her Majesty's pleasure;' a euphemism like that by which the death by immuring was announced:—

> 'Sister, let thy sorrows cease!
> Sinful brother, part in peace!'

Not long since, an advocate urged that his client, charged with a theft, was insane at the time; and the Judge pointed out from the Bench that such a plea would not avail him, because the perpetual detention he would suffer as insane would be a worse evil than the short imprisonment allotted to his crime. What a satire on the condition of the law!—that the friends of a lunatic have an interest in concealing his state, because he would fare worse if proved irresponsible than if the contrary. Madness is now treated as a disease; and a physician does not tell a man in an ague that he must take quinine *for ever*, but till he is well again. Society has a right, indeed, to take all precautions against the felon, be

* In the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, vol. i. In the present paper the fascinating pages of that journal have been largely used. When the nature and treatment of insanity are discussed in such a temper as it exhibits, much good must follow.

he lunatic or not; and where there is even a hazard that the crime will be repeated, detention is justifiable. But insanity depends in some cases upon curable bodily disease, upon transient sexual states, upon temporary pressure of business; and when the causes and effects are alike removed, the detention becomes a grievous tyranny. Any change in the law in this respect, however, must embrace an effectual guarantee that none but real lunatics are acquitted as such. But when a better classification of responsible agents is secured by a doctrine of limited responsibility, a provision may be safely made for the release of such prisoners as are pronounced by a competent tribunal to be now restored to sanity, and in no danger of relapsing to their former condition. Many would still be detained for life; but some would be released, and the community would be spared an expense, and the law no longer bear the stain of an injustice.

Imperfect hints like these cannot influence the medical man nor the lawyer, but may in a measure direct the attention of those who are neither, to a question upon which the mediation of common opinion is needed between the learned of the two professions. The former of them protests against the enunciation by lawyers of doctrines about insanity that are no longer the whole truth, and the rejection of true views because they are alarming. The latter is jealous of doctrines which go to invalidate a hundred past judgments, and to supersede them as precedents. A common man of fair understanding may have his opinion between the two; and after some discussion, it is probable that the remedies for the evils will be demanded by the public, and suggested by professional skill and wisdom on both sides.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF OXFORD AND ITS GEOLOGY.

TO one standing on the brow of Shotover, or emerging from the shades of Bagley Wood, the aspect of the University is in harmony with the truly English landscape stretching far on every side. Towers and domes and spires are gracefully mingled with shadowy trees; magnificent halls rise out of beautiful gardens; and the city of Oxford, gently elevated, looks over broad green meadows and flowing rivers to fertile plains and pleasing hills. So may it ever stand—mingling grave memories of the past with brighter hopes for the future; aspiring to the highest triumphs of piety and knowledge, but consenting to the humblest duties of daily social life.

In the present day, when the study of Nature, in every form and every mood, is known to be desirable for the improvement of the mind and necessary for the advancement of society, the character of the country surrounding a quiet seat of learning is by no means a matter of indifference. Nature is a book with broad pages and large print, which is *seen*, at least, and by that mere inspection teaches somewhat, even if it be not *read*. Would its lesson be the same whatever the landscape? Does not a certain melancholy, as well as ague, haunt the damp level of the fens? Are not our steps more free upon the mountain, our thoughts more expanded by the sea? Is not the glorious history of England written on her hills and traced in her flowing waters? What are our thoughts while standing by the stream which Cæsar crossed, in the field where Hampden died, or on the fatal hill where the Stuart lost his earthly crown? Who can look down from the 'Cotteswolde' cliffs, now only an hour's drive from Rhydycina*, and not recall the day when Ostorius encamped his legions there, and gazed over Caer Glô and the golden vale of Severn to the ridges of Malvern, on which the bravest of the Britons had collected his warriors for a glorious struggle and a great defeat?†

* Rhydd-ychen, the putative Cymraic parent of the Saxon Oxford.

† The exact site of the battle in which Caractacus was finally overthrown has not been *ascertained*.

The country round Oxford must then, by its natural beauties, and monuments of art, and reminiscences of history, have *some* influence on the mind of the University, and may, perhaps, be made to have more. But this subject has another aspect. Nature, Art, and History speak only to intelligent hearers: —

> 'It is the mind which gives its tone
> To whatsoe'er we look upon.'

The enjoyment we experience in the contemplation of the world around us is, both in kind and degree, proportioned to the mental culture we have received.

It cannot be doubted that the studies of the University are such as, in a good degree, to excite the love and admiration of Nature, and respect for the monuments of antiquity; but it is conceivable that they might be made to awaken these feelings in a higher degree, and give them more desirable exercise.

The fundamental studies of the University tend, no doubt, far more to deepen our interest in man, and the vicissitudes of human society, than in the phenomena of Nature. In the great writings of antiquity, the human form under every aspect of repose, and feeling, and action, is presented in a thousand faultless groups to the sculptor; but natural scenery, which fills with delightful pages our modern works of history and imagination, is for the most part touched only in brief and suggestive phrases by the poets and historians of Greece and Rome. The *Iliad*, though full of beautiful illustrations from national customs, human actions, and the habits of animals, is sparing of finished landscape. The unfruitful sea, the starry heaven, the cloudy mountains, are, indeed, marked by epithets of admirable significance and propriety; antique and severe outlines, which, sometimes, without a true feeling for the beautiful, our translators have filled with the details of more modern pictures.*

Seldom is the original drawing so bright and distinct as that of the Greeks assembled in Aulis to sacrifice round the spring, beneath the beautiful plane, from whence rushed the sparkling water. (ii. 305.) Even the *Odyssey* contains but few of these finished sketches, none more perfect than that which brings the musical solitude of Calypso's cave under our delighted eyes.

* The vague ideas of distance called up in the mind of the hearer by the words of Pelides —

Οὔρεά τε σκιόεντα, θάλασσά τε ἠχήεσσα,

become limited, for the readers of Pope, to 'the *hoarse* resounding main, and *walls of rocks*.'

Though it is not an ordinary thing to find in the Latin Classics successful examples of landscape-painting on a large scale, pleasant little vignettes are there in abundance, animated by groups of figures such as this, of a 'reading party' enjoying a pic-nic with Lucretius,—

> Quum tamen inter se, prostratei in gramine molli,
> Propter aquæ rivum, sub ramis arboris altæ,
> Non magnis opibus jocundè corpora curant;
> Præsertim quum tempestas adridet, et anni
> Tempora conspargunt viridanteis floribus herbas.
>
> II. 29.

To a mind stored with these, and a thousand other bright little sketches, outlines, and epithets of natural objects, the country of 'merry England' must ever minister delight. By the reading men of Oxford and Cambridge, the beauties of natural scenery are devoutly worshipped, not more fervently in the glens of Wales and Cumberland, than by the rivers and on the mountains of Europe.

Like Cæsar, a first-class man in physical science,—for

> media inter prælia semper
> Stellarum, cœlique plagis, superisque *vacavit*,—

they would abandon *much* for the sake of beholding the Danube spring to light and life, and give up *more* for the pleasure of reaching the mysterious birthplace of the Nile—

> Spes mihi certa videndi
> Niliacos fontes, *bellum civile relinquam.*

They *do abandon much*; for thus the broad plains of France, and the forests and glaciers of Germany and Norway, are better known to many of our 'travelling' bachelors than the hills and vales within sight of their own Radcliffe.

Yet we may claim for the region round Oxford much of that mild rural beauty which has afforded so many triumphs to English art: nor is it difficult by the aid of the 'Spirit of Iron' to reach in a few minutes some wild-wood haunt or aged tree; some ruined wall or Roman villa; some funeral mound, or battle-field, or monumental stone, or military way. And when these are known, the native plants, the living wonders of the land and streams, and the buried memorials of earlier creations, which fill the strata for miles around, contain inexhaustible materials for examination and reflection.

The natural district round Oxford, if we limit our views to the surface, includes the drainage of the Thames and its tributaries. The northern horizon is everywhere kept by the historical ranges of the Cotswold, Edgehill, and Naseby

Field; and the southern boundary by the parallel and equally elevated downs of Oxfordshire and Berkshire. This large area is no less dignified by monuments of ancient history, than fertile in rural beauty.

The British tribe of the Dobuni, which filled the vale of Severn, occupied also the western hills and dales round the sources of the Thames, the Colne, the Windrush, the Evenload, and perhaps the Cherwell. The Roman capital of the Dobuni, Caer Corin,— Corinium, — Cirencester, — still retains some fine pavements—examples of the taste which prevailed in Britain during the later imperial times. The Catyeuchlani dwelt in the north-east, and filled the valley of the Thame; and the Atrebatii possessed the rich country on the south from the Thames to the Downs. While the sword of the Teuton was victorious, the Thames divided for the period of several generations of men the warlike West Saxons from the restless Anglians of Mercia.

Through Cirencester, the most important of the Roman towns in this district, run, crossing each other, three principal roads of Roman date. The great 'Fosse Way,' with only slight angular deviations from a rectilinear course, passes to the N.N.E. from the coast of Dorsetshire through Bath to Lincoln. The 'Akeman' Street, running from South Wales, and crossing the Severn at Aust (Trajectus Sabrinæ, and still a great ferry), went E.N.E. to Alcester, and the country of the Catyeuchlani. A nameless 'way' (xiiith Iter of Antoninus) ascended the Cotswold from Gloucester, passed through Cirencester, and continued to Speen in the Valley of the Kennet, and Henley-on-Thames.

Another centre of Roman communication is found in Alcester*, whose camp, singularly situated at a rectangular bend of the Akeman Street, and traversed by it from west to east, is also crossed from south to north by a less conspicuous route, proceeding, from Dorchester on the Thames, parallel to and on the eastern side of the Cherwell, towards Daventry.† A third road proceeds from Alcester south-eastwardly to London.

Distinct from all these, and rudely parallel to the Fosse, runs the old 'Icknield' Way, from the coast of Dorsetshire, by Old Sarum, crossing the Thames at Wallingford, and ending in the country of the Iceni. The true Watling Street, which connects London and the south-eastern coast

* This camp, and the roads in connexion with it, have been described by the Rev. R. Hussey.

† Richard of Cirencester describes this road.

with Chester and the Irish Sea, and crosses the Icknield Way, Akeman Street, and Fosse Way, can hardly be claimed for the Oxford district, though it approaches the head waters of the Thames.

The Britons have left us many tumuli, especially on the dry hills of the Cotswold, and among the oaks of Whychwood Forest; Roman villas are preserved at Stonesfield and Wheatley; and Saxon graves have yielded many reliques at Fairford.

The fields of antiquarian discovery, thus rapidly indicated rather than sketched, demand and deserve long and pleasant investigation. To trace out more completely some of the old roads and their branches — as the 'Portway,' not mentioned in the preceding enumeration — the southward course of the line from Alcester to Dorchester — the precise track of the Icknield Way — to explore what the plough has spared of 'Grims' dike, and other nameless entrenchments — to open the tumuli which were raised over Saxon or British heroes, — these and many other invitations are held out to the lettered children of Oxford. Thus may they be tempted occasionally to exchange stone walls for leafy woods, and silent books for musical waters, whose voices were uttered for ages and ages, in the long and solitary time before Kelt or Teuton crossed over western sea.

One accustomed by investigations of this kind to estimate the lapse of time on the surface of the earth, and measure the changes produced in the works of man by the continual agency of Nature,

> Denn die Elemente hassen
> Das gebild der Menschenhand,—

is easily led to employ the same processes of inquiry and reasoning on the works of Nature herself. For the earth has a physical, as man a social history. The earth's vicissitudes are declared in a series of events, of which the monuments remain, and are easily deciphered — monuments by which the formation of every hill and vale may be traced, and the true order of succession among the visible phenomena of early creations definitely settled, though the periods of time which elapsed during the production of them be for ever concealed from our scrutiny.

The country round Oxford is full of monuments of the vicissitudes of Nature. The immemorial streams flow in valleys older than the birth of their springs, excavated by earlier and more powerful currents of water, in strata deposited by other seas than those we now behold. And these strata are of extremely various antiquity. Primary rocks

stand up beyond the Vale of Severn and the Malvern hills; secondary strata occupy the region to the eastward, and these are in some places covered by tertiary deposits. Thus, within a short distance from Oxford, some of the main phenomena in the order of earthly time are laid open for contemplation; some of the great truths of geology are illustrated by sufficient examples. Let us read and mark the sermons written on the stones round Oxford, in the one universal language, by the finger of the one great Author!

Oxford stands upon a bed of gravel, which rests upon the thick blue clay of Otmoor; and owes to the filtering power of this gravel the excellence of its well-water, the dryness of its soil, the comparative healthiness of its population. This superficial covering of the strata is traceable very widely round Oxford, not merely in the low ground, but, as Dr. Buckland long ago proved, on the summits of the hills. It is a late tertiary (or pleistocene) deposit, due to the action of water when the land was at a lower level than it is now. By this action, great quantities of rolled stones have been brought from the Lickey hills and scattered over the region of the Cherwell, and the sides of the valley of the Thames. It contains the bones of quadrupeds, but not the remains of men. Among these quadrupeds are the fossil elephant.* At Yarnton, a few miles north of Oxford, the gravel bed has been opened very extensively to 'ballast' the neighbouring railway, and has been found richer than is usual in mammalian remains. At the bottom of the excavation, sixteen or eighteen feet deep, is the ordinary bed of Oxford clay. On this rests a moist, partially coherent ferruginous mass, full of quartzose pebbles, drifted from the far-off Silurian hills near Bromsgrove; fragments of shelly oolite from the country a little to the north; pieces of septaria, such as lie in the subjacent clay; and chips of chalk and flint from some other situation. It is not necessary to suppose that all these materials were brought by one agitation of water to their resting-place at Yarnton. On the contrary, it seems more probable that here, in the broad valley, the wide gravel-bed has been collected by secondary actions of water sweeping down from higher situations the fragments which had been scattered by previous currents of the ocean. Here were found in abundance bones, teeth, and tusks of several quadrupeds; viz., boar, goat, ox, horse, and elephant.† As in

* Elephas primigenius of Cuvier and Owen, not identical with either of the two living species.

† The Rev. Vaughan Thomas, rector of Yarnton, has been successful in preserving a few good specimens out of the multitudes which have

many other cases known to geologists, teeth and tusks are the most abundant remains of the elephant. They are so numerous, and appear so perfect while in the ground, as to assure us of the existence, at no very remote period, of whole herds of these animals. It is difficult to remove the tusks entire, owing to their tenderness from the partial loss of their gelatine; the teeth are more firm, but they also are liable to separation of the plates.

Under circumstances similar to those observed at Yarnton, in gravelly and argillaceous deposits of a geologically modern though pre-historical date, lying over the more regular and more ancient strata, elephants' bones have been found abundantly in most parts of England, everywhere suggesting the inference that these animals lived and died for many generations on and near to the spots where their bones have been buried. Looking up from Yarnton to the south, we observe the wooded hills above Wytham, extending by Bagley Wood toward Abingdon, and remember that the gravel-pits of this range have yielded bones of the elephant. They have been found in the gravel of Oxford, Abingdon, Dorchester, and Wallingford*, and in clay-pits and gravel-pits at various places down the Thames valley to Brentford and the coasts of Kent and Essex. Westward we collect them in the vale of Severn and Avon, at Evesham, Rodborough, and Stroud; and northward, at Lawford, and other places in Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. In fact, through all the midland districts of England these remains are freely scattered; and they are not less plentiful toward the coasts.

The same conclusion appears from inquiries in Ireland and the southern parts of Scotland. Extending our researches, we find abundantly, in northern, middle, and southern Europe, in Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, and Greece, the same groups of fossils. In northern Asia, from the icy shore to the Himalaya, from the Don to the promontory of the Tchutchis, tusks and teeth of the mammoth are plentiful along every stream which flows through the plains and exposes the contents of the ground. North America likewise yields them in frozen mud, at Escholz Bay, on the shores of the Northern Sea, and inland in Kentucky, Carolina, and perhaps Mexico.†

In the opinion of Owen and Cuvier, it is not necessary to

been found. Some have been sent to a distance, many destroyed in the 'diggings.'

* See Buckland's *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ.*

† Cuvier's *Ossemens Fossiles*, vol. i. p. 157.

suppose more than one species of fossil elephant to have existed in all this area; a species more allied to the Asiatic than to the African race, but distinct from both. Its geographical range is also distinct, as the preceding brief summary of localities where it is found buried may show. This range is much larger than that of either of the two living species; it passes into colder regions, perhaps vanishes toward the tropics, perhaps nowhere crosses the equator.*

In the vast area occupied by these remains, the great tract of Asiatic Russia may be described as the centre and principal seat of the race, from which, in both directions, it may have spread to America and Europe. This great tract is described by Murchison† as the 'feeding ground' of the mammoth previous to and during the glacial era; it seems not to have been covered by water during that period, and the giant race perhaps survived its rigours to perish by gradual diminution. Their term on the earth was then nearly completed, for in all the northern zones their remains become rare in postglacial deposits, and cease before we reach historical times. It is a plausible view which connects their extinction with the deterioration of climate during the glacial period. Living elephants enjoy a vegetable diet, and their dentary system is wonderfully arranged for this purpose — new teeth replacing and pushing forward and outward their predecessors. The same structure in the fossil teeth indicates the same frondivorous habits, the same dependence on the growth of forests for food. Such food cannot be supposed to have been ever plentiful in a Siberian climate, constituted as it is *at present*, except, perhaps, in summer, when migration might have carried the animals northward. But previous to the chill generated over the northern zones in the glacial period, the climate may have been milder, as that of Europe now is under the same parallels. The glacial crisis, as it is sometimes called, probably came on gradually, and its effects lasted long; long enough, we may suppose, to have been directly and indirectly an efficient cause of the destruction of many races of animals.

On this subject we must be careful not to use extreme expressions. We must not vaguely admit that, because the two living species of elephants belong to warm climates, the earlier race can only have existed under similar conditions of

* It has been supposed that an elephant's bone was among those found in Wellington Cave, New South Wales, by Major Mitchell. (*Geol. Proceedings*, 1830.)

† *Geology of Russia*, p. 494, &c.

temperature. The northern race was not unaccustomed to great change of temperature, nor unprovided against cold. The mammoth of Siberia, found in frozen mud at the mouth of the Lena, was covered by abundance of hair, part of it coarse and long, like the few scattered filaments on the living races, and part of it fine, close, and abundant, a suitable covering for a quadruped destined to brave some considerable winter-cold. There is no sufficient reason for supposing the strictly preglacial climate of the northern world to have been much warmer than it is at present, though with respect to earlier than preglacial times the case is probably different.

The mammoth period, to judge from the vast number and wide dispersion of the remains of these animals, must have been a long one. To account for the distribution of *any* race of animals over the whole northern zone—islands and continents — requires a free use of geological time; but the mammoth was accompanied over many parts of Europe by various other animals now and long since extinct—rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyæna, tiger, Irish elk. It seems too difficult a task for hypothesis to conduct all these from one central spot, across lands and seas, to the place where they lie buried. The difficulty would be diminished by admitting the former connection of lands now divided, as Ireland with Great Britain, and this with Germany and France.

This supposition, very *convenient* for the palæontologist, and the explanation of the history of the fossil elephant, is quite *necessary* for the naturalist who considers the distribution of living British plants and animals. For these are chiefly of the Germanic type, and could only have been obtained through communications by land. The living vertebrate and invertebrate fauna gives similar testimony. It is inconceivable that this island could be filled with its plants and animals by accidental driftings over the sea; but if we admit a freer connection by land to the surrounding regions, we attain an easy and natural explanation of the general Germanic character of our flora and fauna, and at the same time perceive why the Highlands contain plants of Scandinavian origin, and Ireland has plants which occur again in the West of Europe.* From the whole we learn that during the glacial æra, the British Isles, and much of Northern Europe, stood at a lower level than now; but that both before and after that period it was high enough to allow of the free passage of plants and animals in several directions from the continent of Europe.

Here, then, in the heart of what is now England, over the

* Forbes in *Memoirs of Geol. Survey*, vol. i.

higher ground of what is now Oxfordshire, roamed herds of wild elephants, through forests untouched by man, and falling only by long and slow decay, unless overthrown by storms, or swept away by floods, or consumed by lightning. Along with the ancient lords of the soil, we find the skull of the small ox (*Bos longifrons*), which Owen supposed to be the wild prototype of the domesticated cattle of the aboriginal Britons.* It is not easy to assure ourselves whether the boar, goat, and horse are identical with the existing domesticated species, neither is it easy to point out very positive differences.

The sand, clay, and gravel which occur in irregular beds and layers above the 'elephant bed' of gravel, indicate by the discordance of their several surfaces of deposition, the effects of agitated water operating through some considerable time. No land or freshwater shells have yet been collected from these deposits here, but the late lamented Mr. Hugh E. Strickland —

> quem, non virtutis egentem,
> Abstulit atra dies, —

found a few traces of such in the shallow gravel-pits on the north side of Oxford.

The upper surface of this mass is excavated in several unequal pits or hollows; into them the soil has sunk: being emptied, they appear to be rude and primitive graves; human bones and pottery have been obtained from them. They are, probably, *ὑπογαια* of an early age, perhaps the burial-pits of the first races of men who migrated to the Western Isles. Earlier by far than these and our Keltic sires, were the quadrupeds whose remains are buried below their graves; still more ancient, the stratified rocks whose fragments, full of the shells of earlier seas, are dispersed among the bones of the pre-adamitic tenants of the land.

Let us take another long step backward toward the origin of created things, and consider the life-monuments of the secondary period of geology at one of its most interesting epochs.

The fossils of Stonesfield, a village some dozen miles north-west of Oxford, have been long and justly celebrated. The fissile rock, which occurs here at the base of the Bath oolite, yields, besides zoophyta, shells, crustacea, and fishes characteristic of the oolitic sea, plants, insects, reptiles, and mammalia, the spoils of some contemporary land. They were not drifted from *distant* land, by rivers bringing much

* Owen's *British Fossil Animals.*

and various sediment, clay, sand, and gravel in alternate layers, and mixing freshwater shells with marine exuviæ. On the contrary, only sea-water was here, with zoantharia, echinodermata, crabs, and lobsters, mollusca of every grade — including nautili, belemnites, and ammonites,— and shark's teeth and reptilian bones in considerable quantity.

The water was not greatly agitated; there are no pebble-beds; there is scarcely a trace of oblique lamination; the bivalve shells were often buried with the ligaments attached; belemnites are perfect to the point, and nautili appear in little shoals, having the attitude of flotation. Circumstances like these might occur in a shallow sea-lake, penetrated at intervals by moderate swells or gentle tides from the sea, but not exposed to oceanic storms or violent littoral fluctuation. Its constant inhabitants and periodical visitants compose a large population. Starry Zoantharia opened their coloured arms to the light; Sea-urchins threatened with their long spines, and drank in the water with their trumpet-like suckers; Terebratulæ, dragging their anchors, lost their place in the society of the corals, and became mixed with scallops and oysters, and other rough Monomyarian races. Sometimes, indeed, they were received among Trigoniæ and Pholadomyæ, those aristocrats of the oolite, or admitted to the closer coteries of the beautiful Nerinææ, Turritellæ, and Neritæ, whose coloured ornaments remain to our day. To match this variety of food we have the military orders, the Ammonite, carnivorous Belemnite, and Nautilus, allied to modern cuttles, and many predaceous shark-like fishes. Nor were turtles wanting to the feast, or giant reptiles to enjoy it — Teleosaurs, Cetiosaurs, Steneosaurs, and Megalosaurs. Some of these monsters lived in the water; others were allured from the land, and waded through the mud, as the Megalosaur; or snatched their prey from the small waves, as the Pterodactyl.

On these waves, from time to time, floated fragments of bordering plants, whether swept down by inundations, or driven by the wind: — leaves of ferns, of zamioid plants, and evergreen coniferous bushes like cypress. The fruits of pines and cypresses, and solitary nuts of other trees, are mixed with coleopterous beetles of dry land, and neuropterous insects, with wings expanded, as if in flight from their native reedy streams and pools.

And to complete this long series of associated life, *Land Mammalia*, of microscopic dimensions, probably for the most part insectivorous, of *three genera*, have left us their *lower jaws*. Probably no other spot in the world has yielded to

the palæontologist such a harvest of suggestive phenomena. In her Museum at Stonesfield Nature has preserved specimens of her 'Mesozoic' style, under almost every aspect of adaptation, from the humblest stationary zoophyte to the most agile of quadrupeds, under circumstances which leave no doubt of their meaning.

There has never yet been taken a complete census of the Stonesfield fossils; nor is the task an easy one,—there being nowhere a complete collection. For many years they have been gathered by inconstant admirers, only to be dispersed; transferred by Oxford men to their country residences, to be buried under sermons, or thrown away by their children. The cabinets of the Bucklandian Museum contain many fine specimens, but not a complete series.

Commencing with plants, we remark one marine plant, a branching fucoid.* Ferns are more numerous, some being delicate fronds†, others examples of broad-leaved tribes.‡ Larger and handsomer leaves and fronds, occurring in greater abundance, are referred to the beautiful group of the Cycadaceæ, and especially to that portion of it which, like the Dion of Tropical America, and the Zamia of New Holland, have parallel nervures in the leaves, but no midrib. Of such may be enumerated the delicate fronds of Palæozamia.§ Zamites‖ and Pterophyllum¶, are accompanied by a very long-leaved plant of the same natural group. There is also an undescribed leaf, a foot or more in length, and an inch or more in breath, with nervures parallel to the edges, and no midrib. The roots and stems of these plants have not been found at Stonesfield, and every thing connected with them marks them as drifted from some neighbouring region. Neither ferns nor zamioid plants are so plentiful as other tribes in these slaty beds near Cheltenham.**

Coniferous plants of small size—only the extreme branches —are among the frequent fossils of Stonesfield. One sort is supposed to be allied to the Yew tribe††; but most of them are more similar to the Cypresses. Calling these Thuytes,

* Halymenites ramulosus (Fucoides furcatus *Brongn.*), *Veg. Fos.* t. 3. f. 2.

† Sphhenopteris cysteoides, *Fos. Flor.* t. 168.; Hymenophyllites macrophylla, *Veg. Fos.* t. 58.

‡ Tæniopteris lata, *Veg. Fos.* t. 82.; T. scitaminea (T. vittata *Lindl.*), *Fos. Flor.* t. 176.

§ Palæozamia pectinata, *Fos. Flor.* t. 172.; P. taxina, *Fos. Flor.* t. 175.

‖ Zamites lanceolatus, *Fos. Flor.* t. 194.

¶ Pterophyllum comptum, *Fos. Flor.* t. 66.; P. minus, *Fos. Flor.* t. 67

** Buckman in Murchison's *Geology of Cheltenham*

†† Taxites podocarpioides (*Brongn*).

we find four supposed species* in the Stonesfield slate. They may be at once recognised by the imbricated character of the surface of all the branches, these being dichotomous. Of the small cones or fruits of these plants there are traces more or less distinct. A fine fruit of a Zamioid or Cycadeoid, with the scales attached to the axis, has received the name of Bucklandia squamosa.† Other fruits appear referable to coniferous trees, like pines, of large size; they at present receive the merely collective title of Carpolithus.‡

Entering the animal kingdom, we remark in the Stonesfield slaty beds, properly so called, only a few zoophytes; but, taking into account the oolitic beds above, the number is considerable, including the little detached hemispherical masses, as well as reef-making corals.‖ Foraminifera occur in the grains of the oolite. Among Echinodermata we rarely recognise a beautiful and long-spined species.¶ Only small Serpulæ represent the Annelida. Crustacea appear with the general aspect of small lobsters** and small crabs.††

As already observed, insects constitute a remarkable part of the series of mesozoic life at Stonesfield. The most frequent are the wing-cases, generally separate, of beetles, no other part being known, except in a species of Curculio? whose hind leg, adapted for jumping, is preserved in a single example (Oxford Museum). The elytron of this beetle was elegantly sculptured, but is not very well preserved. The elytra, which occur in the greatest plenty, are apparently much allied to the Buprestidæ or Prinoidæ‡‡ — races which abound in warm, but are not excluded from temperate, climates. One appears to be of the Lamellicorn group; and we prefer to compare it with the flower-loving Cetoniæ, or the tree-haunting Melolonthæ, than those scavengers, the Geotrupidæ. The neuropterous wing, described by Buckland (*Geol. Proc.* ii. p. 688.), and now in the Museum at Oxford, is undoubtedly allied to the nerve-winged Hemerobius.§§

Passing now into the molluscous division of the animal

* Thuytes articulatus, *Sternberg*, *Flora der Vouvelt*, t. 33. f. 3.; T. cupressiformis, *Sternberg*, t. 33. f. 2.; T. divaricatus, *Sternberg*, t. 39.; T. expansus, *Sternberg*, t. 38. f. 1.

† Figured in Brown's *Lethæa*, t. 15.

‡ See figures in *Fos. Flor.* tt. 189. 193.

§ Anabacia orbulites, *Edw.* t. 25.

‖ Thamnastræa Lyellii, *Edw.* t. 21.; Isastræa, two species.

¶ Hemicidaris, a beautiful species, not yet determined.

** Glyphia rostrata, *Phil. Geol. of Yorksh.* vol. i. t. 4. f. 20.

†† Eryon, unnamed.

‡‡ See figures of these in Buckland's *Bridgwater Treatise*, vol. ii. pl. 46.

§§ Hemerobioides giganteus.

world, we notice two or three species of Brachiopoda at Stonesfield, in the slate*, and in certain beds of the oolite above.† Among the Monomyaria may be enumerated several genera.‡ The Dimyaria contain eight genera.§ The Gasteropoda include three species of Nerinæa (chiefly in the oolite beds above), besides other smaller and less conspicuous genera.‖ Among the Cephalopoda we find beautiful Belemnites, Nautili, and Ammonites.¶

Fishes constitute a large and beautiful group among the fossils of Stonesfield; and though chiefly represented by the scales and teeth and 'spears' (ichthyodorulites) these parts are so characteristic as to admit of correct reference to the families and genera. The species are all extinct: they belong to genera not identical with living types, and of the four great orders of fishes, according to the system of Agassiz, we have only Placoid and Ganoid, but not, as yet, Ctenoid or Cycloid fishes.** In other words, the two orders

* Rhynconella obsoleta, *Davison's Brachiopoda*, t. 17. f. 1—5.; R. concinna, *Dav. Brach* t. 17. f. 6—12.

† Terebratula maxillata, *Dav. Brach.* t. 9. f. 1—9.

‡ Gervillia acuta, *Min. Conch. of G. Brit.* t. 510. f. 5.; G. subcylindrica, *Lycett and Morris's Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 5. f. 13.; G ovata, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 2. f. 12 ; Perna rugosa ; Inoceramus amygdaloides, *Goldfuss. Petrifacten*, t. 115. f. 4.; I. obliquus, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 6. f. 12.; Lima cardiiformis, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 3. f. 2.; L. duplicata, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 3. f. 6.; L. impressa, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 3. f. 8.; L proboscidea, *Min. Conch. of G. Brit.* t. 264.; Pinna ampla, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 4. f. 14.; P. cuneata, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 6. f. 11.; Pecten lens, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 2. f. 1.; P. vagans, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 1. f. 14—16.; P. annulatus, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 1. f. 13.; Ostrea Sowerbii, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 1. f. 3.; O. acuminata, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 1. f. 1.; O. gregarea? *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 1. f. 2.

§ Modiola plicata, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 4. f. 1.; M. imbricata, *Min. Conch. of G. Brit.* t. 212. f. 1—3 ; Mytilus sublævis, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 4. f. 19.; Pholadomya acuticosta, *Min. Conch. of G. Brit.* t. 546.; P. Murchisoni? *Min. Conch. of G. Brit.* t. 545.; Trigonia costata, *Min. Conch. of G. Brit.* t. 85.; T. impressa, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 5. f. 24. (This is a very abundant species; the valves appear open, as if soon after death, but before decay of ligament); T. Moretoni, *Oolitic Bivalves*, t. 5. f. 19.; Astarte elegans, *Min. Conch. of G. Brit.* t. 137. f. 3.; Unicardium; Cardium acutangulum, *Phill. Geol. Yorksh.* vol. i. t. 11. f. 6.; Mya calceiformis? *Phill. Geol. Yorksh.* vol. i. t. 11. f. 3.

‖ Chemnitzia Hamptonensis? *Lycett and Morris's Oolitic Univalves*, t. 7. f. 1.; Alaria trifida, *Oolitic Univalves*, t. 3. f. 11.; Natica, two species; Actæonina, one species; Turbo, one species; Patella rugosa, *Min. Conch. of G. Brit.* t. 139. f. 6 ; P. Romeri? *Oolitic Univalves*, t. 12. f. 6.

¶ Belemnites fusiformis, *Oolitic Univalves*, t. 1. f. 6.; B. Bessinus, *Oolitic Univalves*, t. 1. f. 5—7.; Nautilus Baberi, *Oolitic Univalves*, t. 1. f. 1 ; Ammonites gracilis, *Oolitic Univalves*, t. 1. f. 3.

** The fossil fishes of Stonesfield are nearly all described by Agassiz.

PLACOID FISHES.

Fam. Cestraciontidæ (analogous to the Port Jackson shark). Acrodus

of fishes buried at Stonesfield, are those of which comparatively few examples occur living. One of the living ganoids (Lepidosteus) is met with in Lake Ontario; another (Polypterus) in the sea on the south coast of Africa. Sharks and Rays are the principal groups of Placoid fishes in the existing ocean. One of these (Cestracion Philippi), a shark now living on the coast of Australia, presents the nearest analogies to the Acrodi and Strophodi of Stonesfield. The more ordinary sharks are typified in the fossil Hybodi.

The most famous of the Stonesfield reptiles — Megalosaurus Bucklandi (Geol. Transactions, 2nd Ser. 1.) — worthily named after our great Palæontologist, though not quite confined to this locality, is less rare here than in other situations. Parts of the jaws with long thin serrated teeth, the leg bones, and vertebræ — preserved in the Oxford Museum — indicate a very large and heavy land lizard; a real 'deinosaur,' according to Owen's classification. The thigh bones measure about three feet, the leg bones the

leiodus, *Agassiz, Poiss. Foss.* vol. i.; Asteracanthus semisulcatus, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 8. a. f. 7—10.; Ceratodus Phillipsii, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 19. f. 17.; Leptacanthus semistriatus, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 7. f. 3—8.; L. serratus, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 7. f. 1, 2.; Nemacanthus brevispinus, *Ag.* vol. iii.; Strophodus favosus, *Ag.* vol. iii.; S. magnus, *Ag.* vol. iii. pl. 18. f. 11—15.; S. tenuis, *Ag.* vol. iii pl. 18. f. 16—25.; Pristacanthus securis, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 8. a. f. 11—13.

Fam. Hybodontidæ. Hybodus apicalis, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 10. f. 22.; H. dorsalis, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 10. f. 1.; H. grossiconus, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 23. f. 25—41.; H. marginalis, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 10. f. 18—21.; H. polyprion, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 23. f. 1—15.

Fam. Edaphodontidæ. Ganodus Bucklandi, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 40. c. f. 19.; G Colei, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 40 c. f. 8—10.; G. curvidens, *Ag.* vol. iii.; G. dentatus, *Egerton, Geol. Jour.* vol. iii.; G. emarginatus, *Ag.* vol. iii.; G. falcatus, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 40. c. f. 13.; G. neglectus, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 40. c. f. 11.; G. Oweni, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 40. c. f. 6, 7.; G. psittacinus, *Ag.* vol. iii. t. 40. c. f. 12.; G. rugulosus, *Ag.* vol. iii.

GANOID FISHES.

Fam. Pycnodontidæ. Gyrodus perlatus, *Ag.* vol. ii.; G. trigonus, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 60. *a.* f. 15.; Gyronchus oblongus, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 60. *a.* f. 10, 11.; Pycnodus Bucklandi, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 72. *a.* f. 15. 22.; P. didymus, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 72. *a.* f. 24, 25.; P. Hugii, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 72. *a.* f. 49. 54.; P. latirostris, *Ag.* vol. ii.; P. obtusus, *Ag.* vol. ii.; P. ovalis, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 72. *a.* f. 5.; P. parvus, *Ag.* vol. ii.; P. rugulosus, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 72. *a.* f. 23.; P. trigonus, *Ag.* vol. ii.; Scaphodus heteromorphus, *Ag.*

Fam. Lepidoidei. Lepidotus tuberculatus, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 29. *c.* f. 7.; L. unguiculatus, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 29. *c.* f. 1.; Pholidophorus minor, *Ag.* vol. ii. t. 42 *a.* f. 5.

Fam. Sauroidei, analogous to the 'Bony Pike,' Lepidosteus osseus of Canada. Belonostomus leptosteus, *Ag.* vol. ii.; Caturus pleiodus, *Ag.* vol. ii.; Macrosemius brevirostris, *Ag.* vol. ii.; Sauropsis mordax, *Ag.* vol. ii.

Fam. Cœlacanthi. Ctenolepis cyclus, *Ag.* vol. ii.

same, and the foot was very long. On such data, combined with the appearance of the long jaws, and the great size of the vertebræ, we may, with Dr. Buckland, conjecture the animal to have been twice the length of a Crocodile — thirty or forty feet. The leg bones were hollow in the centre; a good provision for a land lizard. Neither Ichthyosaurus nor Plesiosaurus, decidedly marine reptiles, have been recognised in the true Stonesfield beds, though they are found in the strata above and below.

Teleosaurus (Bridg. Tr. Pl. 25, f. 2.) a genus which occurs at Stonesfield, and is more frequent in the lias, was a much smaller animal than the Megalosaurus, and more resembling the Gavialian crocodiles.* It was aquatic, had biconcave vertebræ, nostrils at the very end of a long narrow snout, sharp and long teeth, and very strong dermal scales. In the sea near, if not in, the Stonesfield lagoon, a prodigious lizard, of the size of a whale—Cetiosaurus medius, is recognised at Ensham Bridge, near Oxford, and at Chipping Norton, by the vast proportions of the bones of the extremities. A fine specimen was placed in the Museum by the late H. E. Strickland. It is thought to have analogies to the crocodiles. Owen speaks of a Lacerta at Stonesfield. Pterodactylus is a lizard which has no living analogue, unless we compare its membranous wings with those of the bat.† Its 'wing' bones occur at Stonesfield, and are conspicuous for their length and hollowness in the middle, suggestive of affinities with birds. One small Chelonia occurs at Stonesfield.

The last great group of Stonesfield life to which we have now arrived — the Mammalia — has not gained its position without contest and danger. The first known specimen examined by Cuvier, in 1818, was brought to the notice of the Geol. Soc. by Buckland in his memoir on Megalosaurus (1823); and then, on the previously expressed opinion of Cuvier, declared to be of the genus Didelphys. To find a *Mammal* in strata older than the chalk was beyond the boldest dream of Palæontology, in 1823, and little to the satisfaction of geologists, who saw in this 'singular' fact the indications of earlier lands, and suggestions of a more varied fauna than had been admitted in the schools. Nor were the anatomists, who had been taught by Cuvier to reason on the structure, and forms, and functions of extinct animals, better satisfied. De Blainville contended for a long period against the Mammalian character of these remains. Prevost denied their geological antiquity. Agassiz and Grant sig-

* The Stonesfield animal is called T. cadomensis.

† Pterodactylus Bucklandi. The species is not completely known.

nalised themselves on the same side of the controversy, and for a while the scientific world seemed to accept the conclusion which would reduce the little fossils to fishes or reptiles, or, as a great favour, to admit them to the Mammalian world as microscopic cetaceans, or Seals. It seemed as if the name of Botheratiotherium, humorously suggested, in the Athenæum, for these puzzling relics, might have been justly applied, if not seriously adopted.

Valenciennes and Laurillard, however, pupils of Cuvier, took the same side of the controversy as their great master; Owen came into the field, and removed almost every difficulty; so that, now, after thirty years, Dr. Buckland's early convictions are adopted as the settled creed of Palæontology.

The little jaws of Stonesfield, not exceeding an inch in length, belonged to very small Mammalia. To judge by their cuspidated teeth, they must have been insectivorous. They constitute three genera, Amphitherium, Phascolotherium and Stereognathus. The first named genus, having thirty-two teeth in the lower jaw, is much allied to Myrmecobius, the second with twenty-four is compared with Thylacinus and Didelphys, both of them marsupial genera of the Australian world. Of the additional and larger genus added by Mr. Charlesworth, the affinities are not determined; the lower jaw has the singular character of being as broad as it is deep, so as to have about the middle a quadrate section.

The time has been when all the wonders of the ancient world were spread in vain before the contracted eyes of naturalists; when the fossil plants were crystallisation, the belemnites horn or spar, or anything but shells. Even in modern days, since Cuvier applied laws to the animal structures of every age, we were invited to class with fishes and reptiles the little jaws of Stonesfield, and thus to evade their unequivocal testimony to the existence of land mammalia in the middle ages of the ancient world. It is gratifying to remember that Buckland and Owen, to whom all Palæontology is deeply indebted, have been foremost in maintaining the rightful cause of the little Amphitherium and Phascolotherium of Stonesfield. They have placed the former in the order of Insectivora, the latter in the group of the

* *Amphitherium* Broderipii, *Owen*, *Fos. Mamm.* f. 19. The specimen is in the Museum at York. It was found about a century since. A. Prevostii, *Owen*, *Fos. Mamm.* f. 15—17. Specimen in the Oxford Museum.

Phascolotherium Bucklandi, *Owen*, *Fos. Mamm.* f. 20. Specimen in the Oxford Museum.

Stereognathus ooliticus (no figure). Specimen, belonging to Rev. J. Dennis, of Bury, described by Mr. Charlesworth to the Brit. Assoc. in Liverpool, 1854.

Marsupialia, which includes the Didelphys of Virginia and many quadrupeds in Australia.

It is a very curious fact that, hitherto, no other parts of these animals have been seen than the lower jaws with teeth. These, however, are among the most instructive parts of the bony fabric, and most decisive of zoological affinity. Had we only, for each, one and the same bone of the limbs, our conclusion might have been somewhat insecure. If, trusting to the evidence of the fossils, we endeavour to picture to our minds the physical aspect and conditions of the Stonesfield lagoon and its bordering marshes, and dryer land, no part of the earth's surface known to us at present offers stronger claims of analogy than Australia. There (in Sydney harbour), and no where else, occurs in a living state the Trigonia margaritacea, the only recent example of a genus eminently prolific in the oolitic period; there, on the same south-eastern coast (at Port Jackson), the Terebratula australis haunts the shallow depths; corals and sponges are plentiful; and the Cestracion Philippi emulates the sharks of the fossil world. On the land, ferns and zamiæ, and marsupial quadrupeds of insectivorous and herbivorous habits, complete this chain of affinity,—weak no doubt, yet the strongest we can construct to bind together the specific fauna and flora of ages so widely separated as those of the Stonesfield strata and the Australian shore.

The conclusions, in respect of the situation and character of the ancient land, to which we are conducted by the study of Stonesfield fossils, are supported by all that can be gathered among the other strata of the oolitic series. Other small quadrupeds have been found in the lacustrine strata in the upper parts of the oolites in Purbeck *; other zamiæ in the oolite of Yorkshire †, other insects in the lias of the Severn Vale. ‡ Here, at the very base of the lias, just above the bone bed of Westbury, are thin laminæ of limestone, rich in elytra, wings and bodies of insects, belonging to several orders, and many genera and species. Mr. Westwood, who examined Mr. Brodie's fine collection of them, assures us, that this single drawer in the insect cabinet of ancient nature contains coleoptera, hemiptera, homoptera, orthoptera, neuroptera, and diptera, a well-organised society, happily free from stinging midges and parasitic hymenoptera. The associated

* Owen, in *Geological Proceedings.*
† Phillips in *Geology of Yorkshire.*
‡ Brodie on *Fossil Insects.*

shells and fish remains are marine; the deposits are of a nature to indicate shallow water, and a period of only slight agitation, though probably some greater disturbances aided in the aggregation of the 'bone bed.'

From this remarkable deposit on the banks of the Severn, from Aust Passage and Westbury Cliff, we look westward, to the higher regions and older rocks of Monmouthshire and Wales. By evidence of quite another order, geologists have proved that large parts of that country stood above the waves in the period immediately preceding the age of this insect deposit in the lower lias. The old strata of Wales were, in fact, *disturbed* from their original level position on the sea-bed, bent or broken, reared to inclined and even vertical positions, and *raised above the sea* before the deposit of any of the secondary strata. Was that the Western land from which the zephyrs of a mesozoic age brought the insects to the shore, and scattered them on the water?

The chain of the Malvern hills, the picturesque limit of the geological horizon of Oxford, has been thrown up by a convulsion of nature, preceded, as the philosophers mildly say, by a 'disturbance of the equilibrium of temperature in the interior of the globe.' Those who stand on this narrow ridge, and see westward a vast breadth of rich woods, and fertile lands, sloping from the far-off mountains of Wales, while eastward lies the garden of England, the lovely Vale of Severn, backed by the Cotteswold Cliff, may long gaze with delight on scenes so beautiful, yet so different, and so sharply separated by this narrow wall of rock. Before the Roman standards reached these western isles, the 'bare hill by the Severn'* was the boundary between the Dobuni and the Silures,—in later times a barrier to the flood of Saxon conquest; and still in physical geography it may be claimed as the natural rampart of the mountain district of Wales. But the Malvern ridge divides more than two physical regions—two races of men—two periods of history; it stands between two dried channels of the ancient sea—two extinct systems of life—two ages of the world.

On the west are the palæozoic rocks with graptolites, trilobites, orthoceratites; on the east, mesozoic strata with echinoderms, belemnites, ammonites, and remains of gigantic reptiles. On the western flank of the Malverns, are some of the oldest strata in Britain, some of the oldest deposits from water, appearing in vertical or highly inclined positions; so that within the compass of a few miles we have the whole of the Silurian and some part of the Cambrian rocks distinctly

* The probable Cymraic of Malvern, or Moel Hafren.

exhibited, and yielding abundance of those forms of life which characterise the earlier ages of the world. As we descend in this series, the germs of life grow less and less numerous; whole classes of animals vanish from the catalogue, and we count in the lowest beds of Wales no reptile, no fish, none of the 'higher orders' of mollusca or crustacea, —only a few brachiopods remaining to represent the former, only a few trilobites to represent the latter.*

Thus we reascend the stream of time, and approach that remote epoch in the physical history of our planet, when first Almighty power commanded life to begin. In the district round the Malvern hills, small, microscopically small, are the first terms of that long chain of being, which, amidst innumerable variations and additions, destructions, and revivals, reaches down to the era of man and the art of chronology. So in Scandinavia, so in Bohemia, so in North America, a few inconspicuous fossils constitute all that we know of the earliest fauna and flora,—'the primordial zone of life'†—of this globe.

While thus we approach the limits of ancient life in the sea, we also approach the lowest strata of the earth's crust. There are, however, thick and varied deposits from water, below all the earliest animal reliquiæ, so that we find traces of water without life, an ocean without inhabitants. Nor is the inference to which these facts point—the discovery of a period anterior to the creation of plants and animals—materially weakened by the observation that, in some cases, the lower strata are in a *metamorphic state*,—that they have undergone the action of heat, or the supposition that by this heat-action the forms of life may have been extinguished in those strata; for, viewed on a large scale, the forms of life are seen to diminish gradually, and die out as it were,—species, genera, families, orders, classes, growing fewer and fewer, so that the whole dwindles and fades away to seeming extinction, in the midst of strata not materially affected by metamorphosis. Down to the very lowest surface yet found to yield fossils in Wales‡, and other parts of the world, the preservation of these fossils is not less complete than in many of the superior strata, so that the fewness of the species, and the very small range of vital forms, which are remarked in these old deposits, are to be accepted as indications that the *Zero of Life* is not far below them, the origin of the organic creation only somewhat earlier than they.

* Murchison's *Siluria*, and Sedgwick's *Palæozoic Fossils*.
† So termed by M. Barrande, the palæontologist of Bohemia.
‡ e.g. The Lingula flags of North Wales.

Below all these traces of life, all marks of watery action in the 'crust of the earth,' the inner masses of rocks are certainly crystallisations from igneous fusion,—aggregates chiefly of 'siliceous' minerals, half of whose weight is derived from condensed oxygen gas. The most prevalent of these rocks in the Malvern hills is a beautiful and variable syenite, occasionally replaced by granite, hornblende rock, serpentine, or felsparite. Veins of epidote and sulphate of barytes, and segregated masses of mica and chlorite, diversify the aspect of the cliffs and quarries.

Partially entangled in this mass are foliated rocks composed of similar minerals, which may be fairly called gneiss! They are probably metamorphic and of the highest antiquity. This whole mass of gneissic, and syenitic, and granitic rocks, was apparently consolidated before any of the palæozoic strata of the Malverns were deposited. They were consolidated with an irregular uneven surface, on which those strata were formed. In these old strata we find *fragments* of the still older rocks, mixed with shells and corals, —a conglomerate of remote antiquity. During the period of the formation of these strata, *volcanic* eruptions happened in the southern region of the Malverns, not in the ridge, but on the western side, in consequence of which the strata are locally baked, almost melted, traversed by dykes and overlaid by small separate masses of porphyry and greenstone. These are again covered by many Silurian, old red, and later deposits, the series of oceanic accumulations being at last broken by a great convulsion, which lifted the whole sea-bed on the west, above that on the east, and reared into a vertical wall the narrow ridge of the Malvern hills.

After this great operation the area lying to the east was near the edge of a broad mesozoic ocean. In it lived the Plesiosaur, and Ichthyosaur; on its borders the Megalosaur and Pterodactyl, the Amphithere and Phascolothere, with the plants and insects of Stonesfield. Then were formed under this ocean the strata of the New Red, Lias, Oolite and Chalk, which are the basis of the Oxford district. These in their turn became dry land, covered by forests, and peopled by elephants. Finally, after other revolutions, MAN came from the oriental world, to study in these western lands the traces of plants, and the footprints of animals, to interpret the records of creations earlier than his own, aspects of nature much different from that to which his earthly pilgrimage is adjusted; and to trace through all these products of long elapsed time, these vicissitudes of nature, one constant plan, one universal power, one beneficent mind.

HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RIGHT.

HEGEL'S *Philosophy of Right* has not received the general attention and approbation which its intrinsic merits and the praises bestowed on it by a few eminent critics might have led us to expect. It is not, indeed, probable that it should be a popular work, but it might be a work known and appreciated wherever moral philosophy and jurisprudence are studied. We believe that no attempt has been made to familiarise the English public with its contents; and even in the country of its birth it has found as many to attack as to admire it. It forms a part of Hegel's philosophy; and Hegel's philosophy, like many other philosophies, has risen on the vast surface of German thought, and then yielded in its turn to other systems. And not only has the *Philosophy of Right* shared a common fate with the other productions of its author, but it has encountered criticism and disapproval on grounds peculiar to itself. It has been considered to offend against that idea of liberty to which so much high-minded though fruitless devotion is paid in Germany. And it must be confessed that if we are to believe that a book, honestly written by a man who strives to be true, and avoids anything like conscious exaggeration, can in the long run prove dangerous to liberty, and if a very little misapprehension and misapplication were employed to distort its contents, this work might be considered to favour existing institutions, of whatever kind, and maintained at whatever cost. Superficially speaking, it is rather hard to separate the principle on which it is based from the doctrine that 'whatever is, is right.' An approach, apparent rather than real, is made towards optimism; and the end of optimism is undoubtedly tyranny.

Two lines inserted in the preface sum up succinctly the vein of thought that runs through the whole volume:—

> Was vernünftig ist, das ist wirklich;
> Und was wirklich ist, das ist vernünftig.

When we ask what it is that reason imposes on us as duties, prescribes as our sphere, indicates as the sources of our strength, we must look, Hegel would say, for our answer in the actual world that exists around us—not in any abstract

world of thought, or ideal world of the imagination. We are to assume as a fundamental axiom, that everything that is demanded of man, everything that the spirit which breathes through his life points out as a goal to which he should tend, is really, as a matter of fact, realised and attained in the course of his slow but unremitting progress. We cannot tell what is reasonable by any effort of pure thought; we must look to facts, and the history of man; and, conversely, we may be sure that this history has been moulded and these facts determined by an in-dwelling Reason. It is the task of philosophy to apprehend this reason, to unveil it from beneath the forms, the outward expressions, in which it clothes itself, and thus at once to explain and justify the course of human actions. Accordingly, Hegel, in this volume, after gathering from the lessons of experience what are the simplest and most elementary forms in which Right can find its external existence, and seeking in the examination of the more obvious phenomena of human nature for a test by which the value of what is external may be ascertained, proceeds to give a lengthened and elaborate sketch of the form in which the reason of man finds its perfect realisation.

But this sketch is not the result of a logical deduction which anticipates the future from the present and the past, nor of the exercise of the fancy. It is not put forward as a sketch which would be absolutely perfect and true in every age. It only claims to be a true representation of that which the person who drew it actually beheld from the point at which he was standing. When another century has carried man a few steps higher up the hill, the philosopher of that day will see the same landscape in a different aspect, and new objects will fall within the range of his vision. What Hegel claims to effect is, the interpretation of that which existed and had existed at the time he wrote. A book, he says, is as much the child of an age as its writer. It is idle to attempt to outstrip time. And, indeed, this is but a corollary of the main position, that truth is to be learnt from the pages of historical fact.

This view of philosophical and historical truth produces some curious results. The truths that underlie history, gleaned as they are from the histories of different nations and different eras, are stated for the most part without reference to the sources from which they have been derived. They are put forward, as of course according to the hypothesis they ought to be, as the truths of reason. Their historical dress is stripped off, and they themselves remain in their simple majesty. But, on the other hand, they are

avowedly the basis of something actual, of something which has really happened; their sphere is limited within the range of experience. And thus we often find that a group of phenomena, familiar to our daily observation, or present to the most sluggish historical memory, has been sublimated in a most unexpected way, into an expression of the highest reason. To take the most remarkable instance. The picture given of what a State must be, according to the necessities of man's nature, and the exigencies of his position on this earth, is nothing else than a closely copied sketch of the British Constitution. England is not mentioned, or is only mentioned in the most cursory way; but King, Lords, and Commons are there: a sovereign who is to have no power, but who shall express the highest personality, who is to pardon criminals, and sign his name when he is told; one assembly, which shall reflect what is permanent in property, and another which shall give vent to what is fluctuating in popular opinion. True that a man of much less wisdom than Hegel, casting his eye over the map of Europe within five years after the formation of the Holy Alliance, would have rested with more satisfaction on England than on any other country. And so, if actual experience was to be the test, experience may be said to have warranted Hegel in making England his model. But it is rather startling to find the minutiæ of English constitutional law delivered as the dictates of the highest philosophical reason, and invested with the grandeur of eternal and indisputable truth.

In the hands of men of genius, error is always a matter of degree. Every one must allow that there is a great amount of most valuable truth in Hegel's theory of history as the expression of reason, and that a philosophy which, treating of man, dissevers thought from experience, is not so much dangerous as a sheer waste of time. But when we ask how far can the principle of thus reading history carry us with safety; how are we to test its application; how are we to know that what we select as a step in the march of reason is a real step; that what we reject as lying without the path of reason ought really to be rejected; it must be confessed that Hegel does not give us a satisfactory answer. We are often obliged, in inquiring why he says what we find him saying, to be content with the reply, that so it is written. The wise man has said it, and the onus of disproof is on the reader. At the worst, we have the reflections of a mind comprehensive, observant, and acute; and the dogmatism of such a mind is often, perhaps, vexatious, but can never be valueless.

It is also to be observed, that the form in which this book presents itself has given it an air of dogmatism beyond what can properly be laid to the charge of its author. The *Philosophy of Right* contains the substance of lectures delivered by Hegel as professor. After its publication it served as a compendium on which Hegel lectured in succeeding years. And he thus made many oral additions, notes of which were taken by his pupils, and these notes were, after his death, thrown into the shape of paragraphs, annexed to the sections of the original work. The work, therefore, as we now have it, contains both the paragraphs written by the author, and also those embodying, as nearly as possible in the author's words, what he said by way of illustration or explanation. This has given it a fragmentary and incomplete character, which is detrimental to its effect, and has made many portions wear an appearance of inconclusiveness and precipitate assumption.

The treatise commences with an introduction designed to show the general principles on which the subject of Right is treated in the body of the work. It also furnishes a link to connect this treatise with the other branches of philosophy worked out in Hegel's comprehensive scheme. But the connexion is not so intimate as to render a knowledge of even the outline of the author's philosophical system necessary for the study of this particular work. The better we know how a man thinks on other subjects, the better shall we understand the thoughts with which he presents us on the subject with which we are engaged. But that is all. We may take down the volume of Hegel's works containing the *Philosophy of Right*, and although we have never opened any of the other volumes, we shall not find what we read unintelligible. We may feel that there are questions suggested by what we read which do not receive a solution in the pages before us, and yet which we are sure the author would solve in such a manner as would make us apprehend more clearly the mode in which he discusses the problems belonging properly to the province of Right. But we need not travel beyond the limits of this peculiar sphere in order to apprehend its true character. And while it is absurd to speak as if, through the mere application of common sense, we could ever have Hegel 'made easy,' yet we need not refuse to understand intelligible thoughts because they are hedged about with some dialectical subtleties. Any work dealing with the metaphysical principles that lie at the foundation of our moral and intellectual being cannot but be abstruse, and we have here the added difficulties of German thought and German expression; but still, when once we have accustomed ourselves to

the novelty of the author's manner of thinking and writing, we shall find the general outline of the book simple, and its general purpose clear.

The philosophical science of Right, we are told in the opening paragraph, has to consider the Idea of Right, that is, the Conception of Right and the realisation of that Conception. The meaning of the terms Conception and Idea, the relation they bear to each other, and the way in which they are contrasted, are therefore the first points we have to consider, and their comprehension paves the way for much that is to follow. Fundamentally, the distinction between a Conception and an Idea, in the sense assigned to the terms by Hegel, is that between a subject of thought as embraced by the mind and its realisation externally to the mind. Strip any subject of thought of the realisation which it receives in actual existence and we have the Conception; add the realisation and we have the Idea. The conception and its existence are, indeed, two sides of the same thing. They are distinct, yet, like the body and the soul, they are really one. The body and the soul are but one life, although each can be said to lie without the circle of the other. Without a body, a soul has no life, and comes to nothing. And so the actual existence, the realisation of the conception, alone gives it value. But the body obeys and corresponds to the soul, or else it is not the body adapted to the soul. So, too, the realisation is moulded and pervaded by the conception it expresses. And this unity of the conception and its realisation, of the soul, as it were, and the body, an union not to be thought of as a harmony, but as a complete interpenetration, of the one with the other, is the Idea.

What the Conception of Right really is — what we mean by Right when we view it in its most abstract and formal character, through what processes and by what stages it passes to its realisation, and what is the realisation which finally gives it existence and expression, or, in other words, what is its Idea — these are the subjects to the investigation of which Hegel's treatise is devoted. But when we speak of the Conception passing through different stages, and winning its way to its realisation, we must guard against any confusion of what are nothing more than distinct points of philosophical contemplation with something separated and distinguished in the succession of time. It is only by an effort of mind that we disjoin the conception from its realisation. In the first choice of right and wrong, in the first warning against sin, in the first enforcement of obedience, the conception of Right was realised — it received a form, an

expression—it was something actual and living. But the mode in which Right is realised may be more or less perfect, and the degrees in which an approach to perfection is and has been made are susceptible of historical treatment and chronological arrangement. The various systems of positive law, for instance, that have obtained, and still obtain in the civilised world, are so many stages through which we may trace the progress of Right to its realisation. And as we have sufficient warrant in experience for saying that, as time goes on, Right becomes realised in a manner more and more complete, we may, if we please, imagine this progress infinite, and picture to ourselves mankind as advancing to a full and perfect realisation of the Conception of Right, and we should then have the Idea of Right dwelling in and organising the whole structure of human society.

Any inquiry into the springs and course of man's actions, and any attempt to refer them to a standard by which they may be regulated, must start with the will of man as the point from which everything else is derived. When the will is really free, when, in other words, it has attained to its own perfection, then man is what he should be. That the freedom of the will is the summary of man's aspirations, the goal to which the tendencies of his higher nature, when unimpeded, are conducting him, and that this freedom is not an abstraction, a mere vague and lifeless subject of thought, but must, in order to exist at all, find a real embodiment in the life of man, are the true positions which form the basis of Hegel's *Philosophy of Right.* What we mean by 'right' is, that one thing comes up to the measure of another, can be tested by it, and found not to depart from its rule and standard. That which, when we use 'right' in its technical sense, we have to bring to the standard, is the will of man, and the standard to which the will is to be brought is nothing else than its own freedom. The will is then truly will when it answers to this test. The will must be free; freedom must make itself apparent in the will, and we cannot really separate the one from the other. As weight cannot be separated from matter, as weight is really nothing else than matter, so, if we look at will without freedom it ceases to be will, while freedom without will has no subject.

To the notion of a free will we must add that of personality. The region of the will is something undefined and unbounded, till thought or impulse adds choice and resolve. But when the thing chosen comes by the very fact that it is chosen to be contrasted with all that is rejected, when the particular is placed in opposition to the universal, then personality be-

gins to make itself felt. Determination makes will the will of an individual, and the limitation imposed on the will by the fact of a selection having been made is the necessary condition of each man having a separate spiritual life and a separate character. The will in seeking its realisation must move towards a given aim, and means for carrying out this aim must be sought. But the will is not absorbed in its aim. Let us suppose this aim attained; the will still rises superior to the process by which the result is won: it, as it were, upholds the result by its continuous activity, and thus the realisation of freedom, or if we please to vary the expression, the actual exhibition and expression of Right, would be the perpetual manifestation of man's highest will, of will made personal and unceasingly operative.

It is, perhaps, an unnecessary caution to point out that when we say that the will must be the will of an individual, we are thereby very far from saying that the choice of an individual is, in fact, invariably right. Probably the literary history of the times in which he grew up, and the exaggerated importance attached to individual caprice by Rousseau, may account for much of the earnestness with which Hegel presses the distinction on our attention. He points out in more than one passage of the introduction that there is a path along which all must tread, that eccentricity is unreasonable, that in action as in art there is a rule to follow, and as the great artist has no manner, the free man has no caprice; and he bestows especial notice on one of the most subtle and dangerous modes in which the mind swerves from this appointed path, that, namely, when man attempts to get rid of the limitations imposed on his nature by the circumstances in which he finds himself, and to attain what is conceived to be his ultimate end by whatever means and at whatever cost. For the will possesses a power of separating itself from circumstances and cleaving only to the abstractions of pure thought; and we then have a freedom, the freedom of the understanding, not of the reason, a freedom which loves to destroy, not to create; to destroy, that is, all that interferes with the carrying out of the pure abstraction. The history both of religion and politics supplies us with obvious examples. In the former we have, for instance, the efforts made by Indian devotees, through asceticism and contemplation, to put off all individual existence, and to lose the soul in Bhrahma; in the latter, such eras as the Reign of Terror, when all was destroyed, even the handiwork of the Terrorists, in a desire for equality.

Thought gets higher as it gets more concrete. We have to trace the realisation of the conception,—the passing of the

subjective into the objective. And as the conception comes to be realised, each expression, each mode in which the conception gains form and body, is in its turn a conception, while these subordinate conceptions are all contained in the realisation of the original conception. They are a row of forms under which it clothes itself. But the scientific order in which these forms occur is independent, as we have said above, of the historical. For instance, a family presupposes morality and property, and yet a family exists before distinct notions of morality or of the rights of property have been worked out. Really all the moments of the idea (i. e. points or stages of its development distinctly appreciable) are coeval, and we cannot speak of the conception attaining anything new, unless we wish to confine ourselves solely to the historical treatment of the subject. But even in treating the subject philosophically, we must adopt some order, and the order we adopt can be no other than to begin with the abstract conception and end with its highest realisation. And the main body of the work is accordingly divided into three parts: the first treating of Abstract Right, where we look at personality merely in its external character; the second, of Morality, where we look at the internal side of personality, and in which the choice of the subjective will is compared with and tested by that which is universally good; and the last, of the Realisation of Right, where the idea of Good is carried out, both in the subjective will and the outer world. The exact significance to be attached to the several steps of this process will, if obscure in the statement, receive, we believe, sufficient elucidation as we come in order to the several parts of the treatise. Recapitulating the divisions in the simplest language at our command, we may say that we first inquire what are the outward means by which the rightful will expresses itself; then, what is the standard by which each man is to know whether the expression of his will is rightful; and, thirdly, when the will employs those means, and is guided by the measure of that standard, what is the highest form in which we find it manifested.

The first part of the work, then, treating of Abstract Right, is principally devoted to the discussion of the modes in which the personal will manifests and asserts itself. But the personal will is here kept apart at once from the contingencies introduced by the will of particular individuals, and from any such limit as morality would impose on it. Starting with will, with choice, and therefore with personality, as the foundation of our system, and acknowledging that the will must will something, and that we cannot really separate that which is willed from that which wills; we ask, what is

there that we must thus add to the mere notion of choice, in order to complete the notion of will, even exhibited in the most formal manner, and subject as little as possible to the conditions of actual life? Now, when we thus inquire what is the general word which expresses that which is external to the will, we of course answer that 'thing' is the term we naturally oppose to 'person.' It is by impressing itself upon things, by stamping its mark upon them, by rendering them tied and bound to it, by, in one word, appropriating them, that the will, which is the constitutive element of the person, gains that character of reality which is necessary to its own completeness. And in examining the mode in which this manifestation, or, if we may coin the word, this externalisation of the will exhibits itself, we may distinguish two great spheres of its operation, the one that of appropriation of things through personality, forming the basis of property, and that of the union of two wills respecting things appropriated, forming the basis of contracts.

The world of persons and the world of things thus make a whole, and the old Roman division between the rights of persons and the rights of things was founded on an imperfect perception of the real truth, for the latter are included in and flow from the former. And persons may be said to give things that appearance of real existence, which external nature wears to our mind as we contemplate it and bring it home to our thoughts. It communicates soul to 'things;' a beast merely consumes things, but we give them, final as they are, a part of our infinity. Still more obviously is personality the foundation of personal property. Property is not property till the will has appropriated it; and so too of corporate property, as that property is also capable of being resolved into personal; but it is less intimately bound up with, and is less manifestly the representation of, any personality, and the State has therefore, Hegel observes, much more right to interfere with it than with the property of individuals. The dissolution of monasteries was a much more justifiable act than the imposition of forced loans. The thing with which the will has the most intimate connexion, and therefore the greatest right to have secured to it, is the body in which it resides. Our limbs and our life are ours, because they depend on our will. A beast cannot mutilate or kill itself. And it is this close connexion between the body and the soul, between the immediate condition of the active realisation of the will, and the will itself, which separates personal aggression from injury to property.

There are three chief channels through which the relation

of the will to the thing is expressed. We may seize, or, as it is technically termed, occupy a thing, we may make use of it, or we may alienate it. The primary right of property is that of occupation, which may include three processes, namely, corporeal seizure, formation (i.e. the giving matter some particular shape in order to adapt it to our special purposes), and designation, i.e. attaching some mark to it by which we indicate the fact of our proprietorship. We may observe, that in these processes we gradually pass from what is particular or affecting part of the thing to that which is personal and affects the whole. Corporeal seizure can generally embrace but a small portion of the thing seized, but when we say of a thing that it is our property, our assertion applies to the whole. This first process of occupation, when we visibly possess ourselves of one portion at least of the thing, (and not only the whole thing is to be considered thereby occupied, but also all that attaches to it, as the rights, for instance, of water, chase, or minerals,) is certainly the most satisfactory mode by which we can proclaim our ownership, inasmuch as it is an apparent fact; but then it can only be a temporary one. When in the next stage of occupation we give a particular form to the matter which we have in our hands, we seem to bring that which characterises our own individual selves into a closer relation with the material object. And when we speak of forming or shaping a thing, we must be understood to use the terms with the widest latitude; for a person who breaks in a horse, perhaps even one who preserves game, may be said to form, to give a new value, either qualitative or quantitative, to their property. And when we come to separate this forming power in man from the other parts of his nature, we may say, perhaps, that it is only through the formation of himself, through the cultivation of his spirit and body, that he takes possession of himself and becomes the property of himself as against all the world. And so far as slavery can be defended at all, it must be defended on this ground, that it lies at the door of the slaves, not of the masters, and that at a particular stage of society and at a particular point of man's cultivation, it may be regarded as a necessary phase in the transition from the natural state of man to a state truly and properly moral. Lastly, among the processes of occupation, comes that of attaching a mark of ownership to the thing owned, which is the highest form assumed by the acquisition of property; there need be no connexion between the mark and the thing, and no real value in the mark; a cockade is a badge of a state or party, but has no connexion

with it excepting in the common ideas of the wearers. That man can give a sign or mark of his occupation, and thus acquire, is the most signal proof of his lordship over things.

The second step of property is to use the thing, of which occupation has made us the owners; and as far as we can speak of the purpose of a thing, we may say that its purpose is only answered when man makes use of it. The use of a thing may, however, be separated from the proprietorship, because the use may be only temporary; and thus we have the interest of usufruct or use opposed to full ownership, and between the two there are endless degrees of approximation. Sometimes the separation between the nominal owner and the usufructuary possessor is as complete as is possible, if the nominal ownership is not to be extinct. While, on the other hand, in a mortgage, the mortgagor has usually the revenue and proceeds of the estate, with all the advantages of apparent proprietorship; while the mortgagee has the portion of the revenue which represents the interest of the capital he has lent. But it is only temporarily and by express arrangement, that the use can thus be separated from the proprietorship. For whenever the cessation of the use indicates the withdrawal of the presence of the will, property may begin to be lost by prescription. Prescription is not a matter of merely positive law, arranged for the advantage of the community; but it is a matter of natural right. It is the expression of the necessity which the will is under of continually exhibiting itself as external, just as there must be a continuous stream of thought in the same direction, that national works of art should belong to the dwellers in the country. The Turks have nothing really to do with the ancient monuments of Greece and Egypt.

The last step in our power over property is the power of alienation. We may withdraw our will from the thing into which we have infused it, and may thus create a vacancy to which the will of another may succeed. There are, however, some things from which the will of the owner cannot be rightly withdrawn; and chiefly, the spiritual nature of man, and the sum of his powers, of whatever kind, ought to be treated as incapable of perpetual alienation, and one who has alienated them, that is, a slave, has an indestructible right to free himself and reclaim from the dominion of another what none but himself can rightly own. The production, however, and the temporary use of each man's capabilities, are capable of alienation. For they are, as it were, accidental; the substance, namely, the capabilities themselves, is still in the possession of the owner. And

there are cases in which it is necessary to discriminate very carefully between the different degrees of completeness with which the author really withdraws, or intends to withdraw, his rights of ownership from the productions of his powers, especially his mental powers. When a new book is published, for instance, the particular copy passes into the possession of the alience, but the original and the right of reproduction remain with the author. And his right does not rest exactly on a condition made in publishing that he shall possess the original, but on the fact that the possession of the original is a separable ownership, which he never abandons.

Alienation naturally conducts us to the subject of contracts. A contract may be said to be that moment of property in which a person shows himself to be a proprietor, by ceasing to become so on finding his will identical with the will of another. In this unity of different wills, their difference and feeling of separate proprietorship vanishes, but still so that the feeling of the power to possess separate property is not lost. In a contract, properly so called, both parties must give and both receive; and a contract in which only one gives and one receives, is only a formal contract. A stipulation is but one moment of the contract, it expresses only what the formal contract does; one gives and the other receives, and so it has been called a one-sided contract. And the division of contracts into unilateral and bilateral, and other such divisions, in the Roman law, are founded partly on a superficial colligation of things really different, partly on a confused admixture of matter, such as actions, not properly included in the contract. So, too, the Roman distinction between a contract and a 'pact' i. e. between an engagement that could and an engagement that could not be enforced by legal remedies, was an unscientific one. Fichte once maintained, that as we could not tell that another person meant to fulfil the contract, it was not real until it was actually performed. But the truer statement is, that the contract expresses the fact of the wills having agreed, and we have not to consider whether a person can shrink from his engagement, but whether he has a right to shrink. There may, of course, be contracts in which the performance of one engagement cannot begin till that of the other is completed, as, for instance, in loans; or a similar position of the parties may be made a matter of express contract. But this does not affect the statement above made, that the contract attains its existence in the expression of the agreement of the wills.

The divisions of contracts are not accidental, but rest principally upon the difference that exists between real and

formal contracts. The chief heads of contracts are—1. Contracts of gift, including (*a*) the gift of a thing (i. e. gift properly so called); (*b*) the loan of a thing without interest or other return; (*c*) the gift of the use of a thing, but we must limit this by saying that the gift must here be made on the condition that it shall be terminated by the donor's death, for testamentary dispositions belong to the arrangements of a State, and not to contracts. 2. Contracts of barter, including (*a*) barter as such, which may be either of a specific thing in exchange for another specific thing, or of a specific thing in exchange for money (*b*) hiring, which again may be either of a specific thing, so that the specific thing is to be restored, or of a thing so that an equal amount of the same thing is to be restored; and (*c*) hiring for wages. 3. The completion of a contract through pledges: this comes in between an engagement and the performance of the engagement. It is a warrant for the performance, the warrant consisting either in the deposit of some thing, or in some person becoming surety.

While particular wills are thus brought into a union with each other, they also stand in a certain relation to the universal will, that is, to what the will of man is when we view it as a whole and see it extended through the wider sphere that lies between its conception and its highest realisation, or, in simpler language, we may compare the particular expression of the wills of individuals with what ought to be that expression. This relation of the particular to the universal will, leads us to the consideration of wrong. In right, the self-existing right and its realisation in the particular will harmonise, but not so in wrong; there is thus a negative character attaching to wrong: it is an apparent expression of the will but not a real one, and this appearance may take the form either of simple wrong,—i. e. when the action, as compared with the standard of real right, is wrong, but the actor is not conscious of the discrepancy; or of deceit, when the actor is conscious of this discrepancy, but attempts to conceal it, and the action wears the appearance of right; or, lastly, of crime, when the action is wrong, the actor knows that it is so, and no attempt is made to give an appearance of right. Under the head of simple wrong, would come acts of social and constitutional injustice, where in almost every case the perpetrator of the injustice thinks that he is warranted in his conduct, either by the circumstances of the past and present, or by the exigencies of the future. In deceit, it is to be observed that the contract is properly carried out,—each gives, each receives. But there is an apparent reference made to a universal right, and that this is only apparent constitutes the deceit.

But it is in force and crime that wrong is most clearly manifest. As the will has to be externalised, it becomes subject to necessity, to power; and, if to power, then to force. Force is the expression of a will which hinders another will from freely realising itself, and thus, as contrary to right, is wrongful; it destroys its own conception; it expresses a will, but expresses it wrongly. But force may, of course, be used rightly, as, for instance, in education, when it is exerted to check the power of the natural will against the real will. We may observe that heroes, who are as it were the representatives of force used aright, can only find their place in the early ages of a nation. They may seem to be expressing their own will only, but really the force they use is the exponent of the higher right. Crime, the sphere of penal right, is the forcible negation of right, in which right both subjective and objective is contemned; and if we were to pursue crime under its different forms, we should find the same notion always underlying. The amount of wrong may, however, vary endlessly. We find differences of quality and quantity entering into the consideration of the expression of wrong in crime. The Stoic view of one virtue and one vice, and Draco's Code with its punishment of death for all offences, both looked to the oneness of personal existence, and not to the variety of forms under which this existence must be realised. In considering these differences, positive enactments are necessary to determine the amount of punishment due to the particular amount of wrong involved in this or that wrong; and the more consideration is bestowed, the milder does the penal code become.

Punishment is the exhibition of right made active, and, as we may say, 'righting' a wrong. The injury only expresses the particular will of the committer of the crime. Then to destroy this will as an actually realised will, is the mode in which the crime is done away, and is the restoration of the right. Much confusion has existed as to the theory of Punishment. Writers have not ascended high enough. They have not sought the explanation in the conception itself. For instance, Feuerbach grounded his theory on the principle of threatening or warning: when, he said, warning has been given, it is right to punish. But whence the right to threaten? whence the right to limit the will? We ought to say, crime must be done away with, not because it brings forward an evil, but because it injures the right as right. And the right under which punishment comes is a right which would be the expression of the free will of the criminal himself, and so cannot be said to be independent of him.

Beccaria denied the justice of capital punishment on the ground that all social relations are parts of a contract between the State and its members. The consent of the individual to his punishment would thus be a necessary condition, and it can scarcely be presumed he would give it. Now, though we may reject at once the doctrine that the State rests on a contract, yet we may admit that man must give his consent to punishment. He must do so; but then the criminal, by the very act of his crime, has virtually given his consent. In that he has used force against right, the realisation of right requires that the crime which is the result of this employment of force should be done away with by the employment of counter-force. We must look on punishment as something due to the reasonable part of the criminal. Punishment is the other half of crime. It is the task of the understanding, not of the reason, and therefore does not come within the scope of this treatise, to ask how we may ensure a similarity of value between the injury and the recompense. As to murder, nothing but life, which is the whole of our earthly being, can be the equivalent of life; the payment, then, must be the exact counterpart. Only there must be nothing of personal feeling in the infliction of the punishment. 'Vengeance is mine,' says God; and it belongs to the State, which is in some degree God's vicegerent on earth, to exact punishment. Whenever the subjective will is allowed to intervene, something of revenge always manifests itself; as, for instance, when under the Roman law theft might be punished by the individual. Men who have suffered the injury cannot see the degrees of right and wrong. They only look at the wrong itself, and may thus, like the Arabs, perpetuate vengeance from generation to generation.

We now pass to the second part of the treatise, the subject of which is Morality. Hitherto we have spoken of the will as finding its realisation in something external; a further step is, that it should find its realisation in itself, in something internal. At the same time that the will is expressed and manifested in the outer world, it still maintains its close connexion with the personality and individuality of man; it resides in man, it is something subjective; and we may say, that on its subjective side it is as free as on its objective: every one feels his freedom, and that he is only responsible so far as he is free. It is this inner freedom, this subjective character of the will, that stamps their value on actions. What men do is judged of and estimated by the motives that prompt them to do it; and the more nearly we attain to the standard of human perfection, the more thoroughly do we de-

sire that our inner selves should form a part of all that we do. But when we speak of the subjective will, we must remember that we do not mean by it the wish for any one thing, but the possibility of wishing anything. This whole capacity of wishing must be exercised in accordance with the development of the will on its subjective side, according as that will ought to be developed, if the conception of the will is to be realised internally as well as externally; but there is a possibility that in any one instance this harmony may not be found. Morality is the demand, the claim that it should be found; and when this demand is complied with, then right is realised in the heart of man, and on its subjective side. The subjective will proposes to itself an aim; and it is the reference to this aim which characterises the action; for the subjective will makes in all but the feeble-minded a constant effort to pass into the objective. In doing so, it brings the individual into collision with the wills of others. In formal right we do not get to actions properly so called; we have no distinction of subjective and objective, although in crime something approaching to the distinction is undoubtedly made: nor is there any general reference and relation to the wills of others, for in contracts the reference to the wills of others is limited to one particular thing.

When we look on Right as it is seen in relation to Morality, we may distinguish three sides on which we may view it. First, we have what Hegel terms the abstract or formal right of the action: it must be the purpose of the subjective will of the individual; it must receive a character as being the product of the individual will of a particular person. Secondly, the action must be directed towards some aim, and the most general description of our aims is, that they are directed towards our well-being. Thirdly, the particular will should be in harmony with the conception of the will, and the existence of this harmony is what we mean when we speak of the good,—the internal expression of which is conscience.

The first point, then, we have to look to is, that the development of will on its subjective side expresses purpose; and as it is by the purpose that we judge of the worth of an action, we may say, if the purpose be bad, that it expresses guilt.

We propose to ourselves some object, and then, when we set ourselves to carry it out, we find it surrounded with an almost infinite complication of attendant circumstances. In each of these some degree of guilt may attach to us. For the outward act is not here, as in crime, the only criterion. There is, however, what may be called the right of knowledge, i. e. that the will can only be held accountable, and

can only incur guilt in so far as the attendant circumstances were consciously included in the purpose. The will need only hold itself accountable for the first links in the chain of circumstances. We can scarcely judge of an action by its consequences, nor yet can we entirely omit them in forming our estimate. If a bad action has better consequences than was expected, the actor has the benefit, and so in some degree the value of a good action is lessened by its bad consequences. The ancient feeling on this point was stronger than the modern, and we may see in the tragedies turning on the story of Œdipus, how closely ill-fortune was associated with guilt.

Again, an action may be split up into many particular circumstances, to any of which our attention may be chiefly directed. Still they are all directed to one point, and it is this point that characterises the action as belonging to a class. We think of killing a man: then murder would be the one word which would express that our action, besides containing endless particularities of time, place, misery, cruelty, and so forth, came under a general head. Besides this general drift of the action, there is also some particular motive which has impelled us to act. If we kill anyone, for instance, we have some motive for it, if only the wish to commit murder. This motive is the subject of moral consideration. Accordingly, many inquire into the motive of an action as the only point important to be investigated. But this is not going far enough. This motive is rooted in a general desire to satisfy our wishes, and our wishes depend on our having learnt more or less to desire the good and the right; and we must, therefore, look to this general desire in order to estimate aright the conduct of the actor. The aim or view of the action includes this general desire, and also a more particular one, and implies a reference to those natural appetites, prejudices, and thoughts, which are common to all. The satisfaction of these may be comprehended under the general term Well-being, by attaining which we may be said to gratify the aspirations of our natural will. Well-being or happiness is a universal rather than a particular aim; and though not the highest aim, for it does not imply a conscious subordination to reason, is one not unworthy of us. We reach through it a point in which thought, as in the time of Crœsus and Solon, though not comprehending the full freedom of the will, yet seeks some higher aim, and a better happiness than a low and natural one.

Actions, as we have already said, derive their value from the individual; if he is worthless, so are they. And it is

the expression of the individual which constitutes the great difference between ancient and modern times. It is to this we are to ascribe love, romance, and the ideals we form of a happier state. With this is connected the distinct recognition of conscience. It has affected our political institutions, and has coloured art, science, and philosophy. We must not, however, speak as if every great action was to be traced to the particular wishes of individuals, and as though the consequences to themselves, fame, honour, excitement, have been the only motives of heroes. This is not so; the particularity does indeed exist; they have such feelings; but they have other and higher feelings also; and the particularity exists in intimate connexion with the universal. We may add, that when we speak of this particularity as of real importance, we must not forget that in order to be of any value it must be carried into action. It is not enough to wish great things, we must do them. The laurels of great wishes are dead leaves.

Nor again may we plead our particularity as an excuse, either for interfering with the free acts of others, or for departing from the fundamental condition on which this conception rests, that it shall be brought into harmony with the conception of right. We may not do evil that good may come. And an evil deed is not justified by our motive being the well-being of ourselves or others. The contrary, however, has been a doctrine widely spread during the present century, partly owing to the maudlin sentimentality of second-rate dramatists in favour of well meaning villains, and partly to the idea that every one was justified in acting as his spirit moved him.

When the will gains an existence by expressing itself through the highest freedom of an individual, the form of this existence, in which we have the highest universal always in relation to an individual, is the Good. And conscience is the subjectivity, having knowledge of, and expressing the contents of, the Good in itself. The Good is not a mere abstraction, but contains at once Right and Well-being. Well-being is not good without right, nor is right good without well-being. We must not say, *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus,* for we require that the world should be preserved as well as justice done. The Good is the existence of the will in its substantiality and universality. It is therefore embraced by, and existent through, thought. The doctrine, then, that all our knowledge is illusory, and that thought is prejudicial to the goodness of the will, at the same time that it destroys all intellectual, also destroys all higher moral dignity. It is because the Good is the realisation of its will, that it imposes an

obligation on the particular subject. The Good when looked at apart from the subjective will is duty. That we have to secure the Good as the realisation of our will, is, in other words, to say, that we have to follow duty for duty's sake. We cannot, irrespective of particular occasions of acting, say what duty is, unless, perhaps, we may say generally that it is the obligation to care for the well-being of ourselves and of others. As presented to the moral self-consciousness, and apart from its realisation in the sphere of action, duty is an universal without contents; that is, we then think of duty without thinking of particular duties. Kant proposed as a form of expressing duty, that the maxim contained in the action should always be capable of being made universal. It is true this gets rid of any contradiction. But that is not much. It would get rid of all the contradictions incident to property if the race of men ceased to exist. Where are we to get our maxims from?

Conscience expresses the reflection of man into himself. It is the deepest internal self-communion, where all that is external and limited has passed away, the thorough retirement into the recesses of our own hearts. Man viewed in the light of conscience is no more fettered by particular aims. It is, therefore, an advance, that modern times have so distinctly recognised the binding force of conscience. The ancient world looked for something externally imposed on it as the guide to right, and found its strength in the outward bands of religion or law. Conscience knows itself only as thought, and this thought is the only source of obligation. It claims to know what right and duty are, and to recognise nothing as good except what it knows to be so. At the same time its decision is felt to be really free, and is invested with a peculiar sacredness. Right and duty do not, however, belong to the individual. They are expressions of the universal, and in the realisation of the will, assume the shape of definite and positive ordinances. To these conscience is subordinate, and so the State cannot recognise the differences of individual consciences, which only have weight with particular persons. There is an ambiguity attaching to the value in which conscience is held, from the mere self-reflection being confounded with that self-reflection subjected to and determined by reason; for the result of self-reflection may not only be negative, but may be positively bad. We may commune with our own hearts, and then instead of submitting our particular desire to our conception of what is universally right, we may choose to do the contrary; we may forsake the good and choose evil. The natural will is both

good and bad; we cannot say exactly that it is one or the other. But when we place this will in conscious opposition to the will as the expression of man's highest freedom, to the will that cleaves to the good, then to adhere to the suggestion of the natural will, although we perceive that by so doing we trample upon the dictates of our higher will, is evil.

A bad conscience is not the only test of an action being bad; for if so, the very bad would, in Pascal's language, cheat the devil, having seared their consciences. The subjective and objective sides of truth cannot be separated, as if their union were only contingent. On the formal side, evil is indeed as much a part of man as anything can be; but on the objective, man is a reasoning being, having to do with the universal, with freedom and right. It violates the dignity of man that he should not be held responsible for the evil he does, although we cannot say beforehand what is the exact amount of consciousness which determines the character of a deed.

Self-consciousness has a positive side. It can claim to give a colour to an act as done with reference to a particular end. To make the colour all in all, and to confuse what is so personal to ourselves with what is really good and right, is, if we act with reference to others, hypocrisy, if we act with reference to ourselves, the highest absolute subjectivity. Hypocrisy, in its coarser form, is perhaps a vice that is wearing out. But hypocrisy now assumes a shape more subtle and elusive, that, namely, of probabilism. A man selects one good ground, for instance, a theological dogma, and acts on it as if sure he were right. There are perhaps endless pros and cons in the objective truth; so he falls back on his subjectivity, and he determines to adhere at all hazards to one position, which he maintains and forces on himself as true, without being at all sure it is so. Such has been the teaching of the Jesuits. A further step in probabilism is, when the ground selected is not some external authority, but an internal persuasion: a philosophy which denies any power of apprehending real truth, must seek for its right in the particular persuasion of the individual. It is through the prevalence of the view that it is the subjective persuasion by which the rightful nature of an action is expressed, that formerly so much, and now so little, is said of hypocrisy. For hypocrisy implies that the actor comparing his acts with an objective standard is conscious they are wrong. But now, if a person acts honestly, and thoroughly believes he is right, then it is said he is right. The consequences of this principle are

monstrous. Positive enactments lose all their force. The prescription of ages (the sum of a myriad individual persuasions), the revelations of God, and the lessons of wise men, are to have no force against the independence of the individual. Evil becomes a mistake: *errare humanum est.* The thing one day established as the highest and best expression of the rightful, would be next day trampled under foot. If we have not the power of thinking truly, that of thinking is a poor boon. Others, relying on their persuasions, may think our acts crimes, and so we lose all our freedom.

Looking to ourselves, not to others, the highest form in which this subjectivity expresses itself is that which bears the name of Irony, a term borrowed, though with an altered signification, from Plato. It consists in a person knowing perfectly that which objectively is right, and then, instead of forgetting himself in it, and losing himself in the earnestness with which he pursues it, in his holding it as it were apart from him, and so expressing that to choose it or not is in his power. Not only is there an avoidance of all duty and right, but there is a subjective voidness. He is conscious that he empties himself of a glory that might be in him, and feels a pleasure and triumph, as of a species of sovereignty, in doing so. Fichte's philosophy, which made the subjective will of the individual absolute, led to irony; it placed arbitrary personality above objective right. Such a philosophy can only come at a time when faith strives to establish itself on the wreck of the external world.

The necessity for something external, actual, and positive, in which the good and conscience are to manifest themselves, leads us to the concluding portion of the treatise. Abstract right and the subjective will are now to be constituted into an objective whole, and thus become the moment through which the conception passes into the idea. The word used by Hegel to express the sphere, in which this realisation of the conception takes place is, *Die Sittlichkeit,* which we may, perhaps, translate with sufficient accuracy 'rightfulness,' the sphere in which right attains its completeness. Neither right, nor morality, can have any real existence in themselves. They require the rightful to give them expression. The idea alone is actual and real. Right exists only as a branch of a whole, as a plant which fastens itself by its tendrils to a self-sustaining tree.

By the side of the rightful, individuals stand like something temporary and accidental. They require positive ordinances, an outer framework of life, as one of the conditions of their being, and the rightful, with its expressed and

manifested reason, wears to them an air of infinite power and authority. Its system is far more impressive and unvarying than the system of physical nature, which does, indeed, express reason, but only in an external and indirect way, and shrouds itself beneath a veil of contingency. At the same time, it is not something apart from the individual, it is rather that in which the spirit is conscious of having its true being, that which gives faith and confidence in ourselves, and thus opens the springs of a new life. The expressions of the rightful stand to the individual, if we look to the side of his subjective will, as duties obligatory on that will. And duty, as viewed in connexion with the realisation of freedom, presents itself in a new aspect. Apart from this realisation, we have, in determining what duty is, to take into consideration the numberless circumstances by which individuals may find themselves limited and influenced, the variety of aims and impulses to which their actions may be referred, and the conflicting claims of opposing and counterbalancing rights. But, as freedom is realised, as it receives more perfectly its true expression in the State, duty wears in an increasing degree the air of necessity, and the relations it assumes are more of a fixed and determinate character. And duty, properly speaking, can never be a limitation. It is, indeed, a limitation to the unexpressed subjectivity, or abstract freedom, to the impulses of the natural will, or the moral will acting arbitrarily, but really, the individual has his freedom in duty. He emancipates himself from the dependence in which he stands while he obeys the mere impulses of nature: he escapes from the agitation of moral conflicts, and the very circumstance that his subjectivity is expressed makes it real.

At the same time that the subjective is thus perfected in the rightful, it gives to the rightful all that is living and characteristic in it. It is the life of the rightful, though all that is peculiar to the individual has now vanished away. The rightful, as reflected into the individual character, is virtue. And, at particular periods of the historical development of right, it seems necessary that the rightful should borrow a deeper colouring from the individual than at others. In early times heroic virtue seems to find a proper home, for then the State is only very crudely formed. And while virtues are thus, as being referred to the particular individual, something unexpressed and undefined, they may be said to gain an expression in the quantitative power of more and less. Hence Aristotle's doctrine of the Mean. We may observe that the French speak more of virtue than any other

people, because the rightful is with them more dependent on personal character.

A father asked a Pythagorean how to educate his son, and received for answer, 'Make him the citizen of a good State,' It was a wise and true answer. Rousseau, in his *Emile*, advocates the opposite course, and says, 'Educate him in solitude.' But although we cannot say that the spirit is too weak to live alone, that it has not power to overcome the difficulties thus placed in its way, we may be sure that solitude does place difficulties in the spirit's path, that it is an impediment, not a help, and that only in a State does the individual find the Right that is due to him. The State is the realisation of freedom, the development of the idea; and in the process of this development we have distinct stages at which we may pause to trace its operation. First, we have the primary nucleus of all human union and fellowship—the family; then as the family is broken up, its disruption paves the way for the social community, the members of which, bound together by their mutual wants, establish Right as a means of securing persons and property, and enter into an external arrangement for the promotion both of their private and their common interests. Lastly, this external skeleton, this framework of the State, becomes penetrated by the spirit, becomes the abiding place of the idea, expressing as substantial and realised what is universal in the subjective will, and then we have the State in its perfection and in its fully developed constitution.

The family begins the union of mankind. The spirit finds itself bound to another, and in this tie feels the assurance of its own existence. Of this tie love is the foundation. Love is the consciousness of our unity with another; it is a sentiment, it is something natural, though belonging to the sphere of the rightful. Love contains, first, the wish not to be an independent person, and a feeling that, were we so, there would be a void; and, secondly, a recognition that, through another person, we attain a position we could not otherwise arrive at, and become truly what our best nature bids us become. It brings forward a contradiction and unravels it, and it is in the last character that it is an expression of the rightful unity. The first side, therefore, on which we have to regard the family is that which connects it with love, namely, marriage—the basis and beginning of all true family life. Marriage is not merely founded on the gratification of our natural appetites; for if we set out with that supposition, we find no means of explaining the higher purposes marriage evidently has. Nor is it a contract between the two parties, as

that would fix its sphere in individual arbitrariness. Nor yet does it consist only in love; for love, which, as a sentiment, is contingent, cannot perfectly accord with the notion of the Rightful. We may more nearly describe marriage as love based on Right, and carried out into Rightfulness; whereby all that is transitory, capricious, and subjective, passes away from it. And it is not absolutely necessary that love should precede marriage, for the beginning of marriage may either be mutual inclination or the arrangements of parents and guardians. The latter is bound more closely with the developed expression of the Rightful, the former as the fuller expression of the individual, and so more in accordance with the spirit of modern times. In modern dramas and novels the plot generally turns on the passion of love. The issue is of immense importance to the parties themselves, but still we feel a chilling sense of contingency running through all—the contingency of passion and of external events.

Marriage is properly monogamy, as this is the only true reflection of personality; and, as being one of the great principles on which the Rightfulness of a community rests, the institution of marriage is made in ancient legends a part of the foundation of the State by gods and heroes. The identification of personalities, whereby the family becomes one person, and the members of the family are but accidental as compared with that which is really substantial, namely, the intimate and sacred relation constituted between them—is the source of the reverence with which, as we see, for instance, in the worship of Penates, marriage and family ties have been honoured, and of the feelings of piety they awaken. When, however, we speak of marriage as affording something more than the gratification of our natural passions, we must remark, that we cannot expel what is natural from the union of the sexes. If any such attempt is made, as has been done in what is termed Platonic love, nature is sure to avenge herself. When, as in the monkish doctrine, the natural passion is wholly negatived, it is thereby made of unnatural importance. The two sexes must unite, and they must unite so that while they retain the differences respectively inherent in them, the union they form may be real and absolute. Especially the woman has in the family her substantial expression, and in family piety her rightful frame of mind. Differences between the sexes will always subsist Women may be well educated, but are not made for the higher departments of philosophy, art, or science. They may have tact, taste, elegance, but not the ideal. The difference between men and women is

something like that between a beast and a plant. Women are quietly unfolded. Their education is acquired more from life itself than from any acquisition of knowledge, while men have to gain an external standing, and to acquire a positive education.

A family has not only property, like an individual, but also requires that something of an abiding character should attach to its possessions. The care for individual interests becomes merged in that for a common stock. The head of the family represents the rest; still, that over which he presides does not belong to him, but to the family. A new family begins with a new marriage, and it is only an exceptional case when the goods of those who form a new family are not brought into it. Roman law, for instance, permitted the wife to stand in a nearer relation to her own family than to her husband and children. Her share of her family's inheritance did not necessarily pass to the new family which she entered. So, too, in feudal times, the 'splendor familiæ' demanded that all the property should be kept in one branch, and thus younger branches were deprived of their share when they formed new ties. But this is not the natural law regulating the relation of new to old families.

Families, from their very nature, are ever tending to dissolution. Children, who represent the unity of the married couple in an objective form, and give a bodily shape to their love, receive education from their parents and render service in return. But education must give way to the calls of active life, and the children, in their turn, prepare to earn their bread. And thus it happens that children love their parents less than parents their children, for children are moving day by day towards self-dependence, while parents see in children the realisation of their own union. It is, therefore, during the period of home education that the tie is most close. Parents represent to children their own better will, and may therefore claim obedience; children feel an imperfection in themselves, and look to their parents to help them on to the greatness for which they long. An education which only trifles with this longing, and treats things serious as a jest, stifles the better and higher aspirations of the soul, and sows in children the seeds of contempt for their elders, and of self-conceit, as they reflect on their own more generous and lofty thoughts.

The complete dissolution of the family by the death of the parents leads us to the subject of Inheritance. The view that heirs take the inheritance as the first finders of a property without an owner, quite leaves out of sight all the relations

really subsisting between the members of a family. They have a right to a share of a common stock, but then, as they are during the life of the head of the family moving on towards independence, some violation, possible or actual, of the strictness of the family is thereby introduced, and as a corrective the head is intrusted with testamentary power. The arbitrariness of the testator is thus a counterbalancing force to the arbitrariness of the dependent members; but the whole tenor of education, the whole force of political institutions and public feeling, should be directed towards making arbitrariness enter as little as possible into families, provided only that scope for free-will is rigidly maintained. The making arbitrariness a centre-point of the family circle was one of the weak points of Roman law, and drove the jurists, who endeavoured to restore a more equitable system, to the most puerile shifts; hence the family institutions became insecure and a monstrous code of enactments was required to keep the rebellious spirit in check. This was coupled with, and fostered by, loose notions on marriage. Even Cicero proposed to divorce his wife in order to pay his debts with the dowry of another.

New families being formed, a new whole is gradually produced, into the circle of which they are brought by their mutual wants. We then have the social community or the State in its external form. In this community every one is to be looked on as striving for himself, all else is nothing to him; but without entering into relations with others he cannot attain his own ends. Other persons are thus means by which the desired end is attained; but still this reference to others introduces something of an universal. The individual does not stand apart from the community, nor the community from the individual; the principle of individuality still remains in undisturbed vigour. In most ancient States the play of individuality, the development of what was particular, was the sign of decay. Plato, regarding its entrance into the Greece of his day as the precursor of ruin, could find nothing to do with it but to exclude it altogether from his Republic. In Roman, and still more in Christian times, the development of the individual has manifested itself; and the relation of the individual to the community has given a peculiar character to the education of the modern world. It is the task of education, when the arbitrariness of individuals is not restrained by force, to lead each to attend to the feelings of others. It teaches us to do as others do, and stamps as barbarous all eccentricity, and even all withdrawing into self, even where there is no intention or wish to annoy others.

The first foundation of the social community is then the complexity of human wants, the endless requirements that can only be satisfied if the members of an united body render each other mutual assistance. Political economy here comes in, and tries to deduce general principles from the mass of particular facts. The different wants of mankind are brought by thought under an arrangement almost as regular as the planetary system, and to supply these innumerable wants the fertile ingenuity and persevering activity of man are exercised without limit, for the very satisfaction of some wants creates others. What in England is termed 'comfort' is something quite inexhaustible, for each comfort shows its discomfort, and so the necessity for invention is endless. Then, again, as we live in a society we feel a desire to imitate others, which again gives rise to a counter desire to distinguish ourselves from others; and these two feelings add immensely to the complexity of wants. These wants, as they endlessly arise and are endlessly satisfied, bring luxury in their train, which again provokes a feeling of dissatisfaction, and so opens the door to cynicism. And then it is asked, whether it is not the man who can confine himself to simple wants and satisfy them, that is really free. We may answer in the negative, for freedom consists in the spiritual overcoming the natural appetites, not in the natural appetites being gratified.

Labour is the source by which wants are satisfied; and as every one has wants, so every one having a power to labour, has some means of satisfying them. But these means differ endlessly. For some have more capital, or the stored up profit of bygone labour, than others; some more skill, some better opportunities; and hence the difference of ranks, which forms the second basis of a State, the family being, as we have said, the first. Labour, again, can never be independent of the fruits of the earth. Territorial possessions are necessary for the community, and the introduction of agriculture, admitting of private property and local family position, properly accompanies marriage in the legends of the foundations of States. Gradually trade springs up, which has for its occupation the formation of the products of nature, and for the means of subsistence is thrown back on its own labours and skill. Being thus made self-reliant, traders and cities, where traders are gathered together, are more independent and more assertative of their rights, while agricultural populations, accustomed to dependence on nature, are more tolerant of external control.

In order to keep the different members of the society in

their proper relative position, and to protect them in satisfying the wants of men, and in the enjoyment of that satisfaction, justice must be administered. Right must take the shape of positive enactment. It must lay down rules universally applicable. An enactment is not only the form of the universality of a right, but its true expression. Even rights of usage are expressive of Right, though only in a subjective and imperfect manner. Customary rights (at first the only rights) are at length reduced to writing, as in the English common law, and it is then seen how imperfect they are, and how much should be added to them. Gradually the written law is made more perfect, and the necessity is recognised that the body of law should be drawn up on a definite and comprehensive system: for a mere collection of decisions, of which the English *Praxis* is a fatal instance, though captivating by its particularity and its historical associations, is very imperfect. Enactments must embrace all the different points arising from property and the wants of the community, and family ties, but only on the side of abstract right, not on that of morality. For all our higher feelings are only subject to enactments as far as they can be externalised. But the question where the limit is to be set, receives a very different answer in different nations. In China, for instance, a man is to bestow the greatest love on his first wife, or he is cudgelled. There are again many points which legislation must decide, but which apparently might be decided as well one way as the other: as, whether forty stripes are to be inflicted, or forty save one. These enactments depend on a kind of caprice; but this contingency is unavoidable, and is not a ground for accusing a statute book of imperfection.

We must not expect that any code can be absolutely complete. Details must be settled as occasion demands; but yet, substantially, the law may attain a unity. Like science and philosophy, it can continually put out new branches, yet remain the same tree. What a code undertakes to do is to prescribe the general rules under which property and persons are secured. It lays down the general right, and the corresponding duties which the institution of property calls into existence. It makes crime no longer an offence against the individual, but against the community. And it may be observed that the guilt of crime is thus increased, for it is an offence against universal Right. But its punishment is less; for punishment expresses the relative force of the punisher, as well as the guilt of the punished, and crime is something unstable and isolated against the compact mass of public

power; and so the stronger the State, the milder the criminal code.

The form in which justice is administered is so much a matter of positive regulation adapted to the wants and habits of a particular community, that we need not pause to examine it here. Perhaps the most important point to investigate in connexion with it, is the philosophical basis on which 'trial by jury' rests. Its foundation is the claim which the subjective self-consciousness of the party whose case is decided on has to be satisfied. As far as the exposition of the law goes, this may be said to be secured by the judge referring the case to some particular head of law, and conducting the trial openly. But as to the facts, it is only effected when the consideration of these facts is referred to those who, as in a jury, are supposed to be on a par with the defendant, and to understand his position and feelings. So, too, to punish a criminal, unless he confesses his guilt, is not to treat him as a free man, but he does make an implied confession through the mouths of the jury.

The Rights of individuals, however, demand more than security of life and property. They demand that attention shall be paid to the well-being of each member of the community, and that a subsistence shall be secured to him. And well-being is dependent on so many circumstances,—each, perhaps, apparently trifling in itself,—that we need some protecting power to guard against all that may ultimately endanger our position. There are many actions which under some circumstances are wrong, and others not, and as individuals cannot estimate their true character, they require that it should be estimated for them. These functions are discharged by what, using the title in a large sense, we may term the 'police.' The exact province of this 'police' cannot be regulated beforehand. We cannot say, for instance, what is and what is not a just cause of suspicion. All great branches of industry affect the public so much, that the public has a right to control them. Thus, the supervision of the police over the sale of bread is justifiable, because the price and quality of bread affects the whole community. Again, the police has to regulate all such things as roads or bridges, the construction of which benefits all, but does not fall under the province of any one.

There should be a possibility for each individual to share in the common stock, but still only a possibility, so that room may remain for the many contingencies of health, ability, and capital. The State is a larger family, and cannot allow its members to starve; neither can it allow them to dissipate

their property by extravagance. But many causes besides the fault of individuals will bring them to poverty; and then, as the poor are cut off from education, and the means of religious edification, the community has to provide them with these, while at the same time it has to keep them from idleness and the kindred vices engendered by poverty.

As capital becomes accumulated, labour is diverted into innumerable channels, and on each branch of labour a separate class becomes dependent. This class, immersed in their special pursuit, grows indifferent to, or incapable of appreciating, the higher privileges attaching to members of the community; and hence are formed mobs, large bodies living on the minimum necessary for subsistence; for it is not poverty itself that makes a man one of the mob, but those feelings of separation from, and hostility to, the community, which are so constantly found attending it. The evil is, that all sense of honour is thus lost; men grow to lose all shame of eating the bread of idleness, and think their destitution a wrong done them by the upper classes. There is in such a state of society a superabundance of produce without a corresponding increase of productive consumers, and both evils increase. Capital becomes more and more concentrated in the hands of a few, and the numbers of the idle mass are increased. England is the great field for studying the subject.

As nations begin to produce more than they consume, they look to other nations to relieve them of the surplus, and the sea is the great means by which this is achieved. The sea is a link, not a barrier, and intercourse with transmarine nations seems necessary to the free development of the resources of a community. Egypt and India suffered greatly from the want of a foreign trade, and we find that all great nations press towards the sea. One form which the desire for a connexion with other bodies at a distance assumes is colonisation, a form highly beneficial to the country from which the colonies proceed, especially if the colonies are emancipated as soon as possible.

Before proceeding to the subject of the State as the full realisation of the conception of Right, we may remark that the community contains within it many smaller circles to which we may give the general name of Corporations, or bodies having a public character. To belong to such a body gives the individual a peculiar footing in the community, and affords him an especial protection. By forming a part of a corporation he sufficiently shows what he is. He need not make his capabilities more known. His position is one ascertained and

fixed, and, as recognised by the State, is so far honourable. The corporation acts as a limit upon individual industry, and forces all to look to a common end. In modern States most of the citizens have little to do with the management of the State. They feel the want of some common interest, and this is supplied by the bodies of which we are speaking. It is true that each member of the community in labouring for himself labours for others; but some men require that this idea should be presented in a tangible shape before them. Of course we are not to limit the sense in which the word corporation is here used, by the meaning which attaches to it in English law. Any one of the privileged professions, the army, the navy, or the bar, might be termed a corporation in the sense now assigned to it. It merely means a body, the members of which have, and are recognised by the community as having, a common character and common interests.

In the State we arrive at the last stage of our inquiry. Here Right is realised, the conception becomes actual, the idea is made manifest. Freedom attains its highest objective expression, while at the same time the freedom of the subjective will works unimpeded, for the State is the highest method of carrying out and developing the individual. The spirit which sleeps in nature awakes to activity in the State. We may say that the State is the coming of God into the world, for Reason is here seen as Will. We must not look to particular States and point out the defects, and show how little they realise Reason. We ought rather to recognise the principle that animates them, the sovereignty which makes the worst State still a State, like the principle of life which makes the cripple alive.

We may compare the State with the nervous system, which comprehends sensibility or internal life, to which the family may be held to correspond, and irritability, through which the sensation is made external, to which the social community may form a counterpart. For the family and the social community are the two elements of which the State is composed, exclusively of that inner spirit peculiar in itself, which it adds to penetrate and leaven the mass. The State, under the operation of this spirit, supplies an organism through which all that truly constitutes family and social life finds its true expression. It builds up institutions, through which this political constitution or whole organism is carried into details, and these institutions are the main pillars of freedom, as giving play and scope to the individual will; and the existence of institutions begets in individuals the feeling of patriotism, which recognises that Reason is made living and

actual in the State, and exerts itself to perform deeds in accordance with the institutions that it admires. Public spirit is based on the confident assurance that our own freedom is rightly carried out; and all the parts of the organism must cohere and be, as it were, identified, as is represented in the old fable of the Stomach and the Members. Behind the organism there is a something in the State which cannot be expressed by predicates.

As to the connexion of the State with religion, we may observe that the presumption of the two being intimately connected is rather at variance with the religious comforts held out to those who groan under a badly governed State. The State is the will of God expressed in the present world, while religion has as its sphere absolute truth approached from the side of feeling. Of course, when religion is confounded with arbitrary will, guided by feeling, then obviously nothing could be less fit for the management of the State; and sometimes the opposition is directly expressed by the State being termed worldly, and religion being used as a weapon of offence against it. And in education, the two have distinct provinces: religion has its peculiar doctrines to inculcate; but directly it comes to trench on science, then it enters on the ground appropriated to the State. The State has undoubtedly something lying behind it, something more divine shadowed forth behind the veil; and this something is approached by faith and feeling, but not so that the approach to it can be employed as a practical means of ruling and guiding men.

The political constitution may first be considered as regulating and determining the internal life of the community, and then, as itself, forming a whole contrasted with other wholes, and presenting a front of opposition to, and entering into relations with, other States. The civil power is the expression of the former phase, the military of the latter, the two powers, however, not being disjoined, but each supported by and interlinked with the other. On the side of its internal organisation we have, first, the legislative power or expression of the Universal; secondly, the administrative power, or the subsumption of different spheres and particular cases under the universal; and lastly, constitutional monarchy, in which the two are united. The selection of constitutional monarchy, as the only true form of government under which a State can attain its perfection, is the most singular and characteristic part of Hegel's theory of a State. We shall see below the reasons on which he bases this dogma. Nothing can be more decided and unflinching than the manner in

which he promulgates it. He even goes so far as to say that the subject of a history of the world is the advance of States towards constitutional monarchy.

The old division of forms of government into monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy well expressed the ancient world; but now we can only treat these names as historical. They do not correspond to the idea of a State. The principle of the modern world is the freedom of the subjective will; and we may say that all forms are one-sided, which do not further this freedom; and it is because it does further and express this freedom that so high a value is to be set on constitutional monarchy. Montesquieu says, Virtue is the principle of democracy, Moderation of aristocracy, and Honour of monarchy. But virtue in the heads of the State is not enough; the public at large must be penetrated with that which the commonwealth is to express, and virtue certainly may accompany any form of government. Moderation opens the path to the disposition observable in aristocracies to mix up private interests with public government, and then, as at Rome, an aristocracy becomes an odious tyranny. And the notion of honour being the principle of monarchy is borrowed from feudal times. Privileged persons were then all in all, and duty gave way to honour. The form of government must depend on the approximation the nation has made towards apprehending and embodying the idea of freedom. It is not enough that some few should see what would be a better state of things than the existing one. The mass must be penetrated with a better spirit. Napoleon gave the Spaniards a better constitution than they had, but it seemed quite foreign to them, and had no effect. The question who is to make the constitution? is always absurd. It presupposes our finding as our material a mere mass of individuals. Really there is always some constitution to be improved. A constitution is not a thing to be made. It is a thing existing which is to be realised.

Setting out, then, with the assumption that a constitutional monarchy is the highest and truest expression of a nation's freedom, we have the power of the prince as the central point of the organism; for it contains within itself, first, the universality of the constitution, secondly, the taking counsel as to the relation of particulars to this universal, and lastly, the expression of personality which it stamps upon the decision to which this counsel leads. It gives ideality and unity to what would otherwise be separate, distinct, disconnected fragments of government. The sovereignty is the last and final decision of the will of the State, and it must be per-

sonal. Personality is the great feature of modern times; and personality to be represented in a State implies a representative person. We may go a step further. The representative person must be placed at the head of the State by birth, for this is the most natural way; for an elective monarchy is the worst form of government, as practically most depending on arbitrary choice. But that an hereditary monarchy prevents the growth of faction, is a consequence, not a reason, of its existing. It is in the nature of things that people require a monarch, and nature points to birth as the means by which a monarch is to be secured; and if it is said that this involves a danger, as birth may give us a bad sovereign, we must answer, that nothing should be left to the character of the sovereign: he should merely be the subjective side of positive law; his ministers, not himself, should be responsible for all acts of sovereign authority. Frequently the monarch has nothing to do but to sign his name; but this act is pregnant with meaning; it expresses that he is the head of the State, acting under constitutional law—the head, not the master—himself a part of the State, not like a conqueror, a foreign and overpowering element. 'Je ne suis pas votre prince, je suis votre maître,' said Napoleon to the Germans he had crushed; and this exactly expressed the difference between despotism and monarchy.

The administrative power of the State places the prince in connexion with particular details, and includes the sphere of police and also that of law. Individuals must be appointed to carry on the business of the State, but as the proper individuals are not determined by nature, they must be selected according to their capabilities by the prince. The official should find the satisfaction of his private aims in his office. Hence, nothing should be left to his caprice, and at the same time nothing should be tyrannically enjoined on him; but in doing his duty he should be carrying out what his nature requires. The absence of passion and caprice and the presence of good in officials depend partly on the general state of education, and the perfection of the mechanism of the State, partly on the State itself being large enough to prevent private feelings of friendship or enmity influencing the appointment. The sovereign, on the one hand, and corporations, on the other, are the great securities that the appointments will be kept pure.

In the legislative power we have the development of another element besides the monarchical, that, namely, of Ranks. Through the difference of ranks the State comes into the subjective consciousness of the people, and the people begin to take

part in the State. The great object of the existence of ranks is to prevent any member of the body politic being isolated. We must not look on different ranks merely as opposing each other, and speak of the nobility limiting the crown, or the crown the nobility. An opposition may be, and in this case is, a means of union, and one important consequence of the necessity there is for the existence of this means of union, is that States are thus obliged to sanction the institution of inheritance by primogeniture, the purpose of which is to secure representatives on whose presence, unimpeded by the pursuit of gain, the State can always rely. This system keeps up the family as well as the State, and thus acts as a check on the arbitrary caprice of both extremes of the State, the prince, and the individual subject. The ranks also are to supply representatives for the people, each rank sending to a common assembly deputies acquainted with its peculiar wants, and chosen from its number, but chosen for superior knowledge and wisdom, and therefore not to be dictated to by those who chose them; and again, as there are two sides of the element of ranks, one the preservation of families and the supplying counsellors to the State, and the other maintaining a graduated scale in the community, there ought to be two chambers, to answer to these two functions of ranks. The discussions of the assembly should be in public, in order that the different classes of the community may feel themselves represented. The public is educated by reading and hearing debates, and learns that the affairs of a State are of a different nature from the affairs of a family. Gradually a public opinion is thus formed, and becomes the channel by which the wishes and thoughts of the people are known. The presence of common sense and the influence of an historical past make public opinion valuable, while, on the other hand, its value is lessened by the want of education, and so it is at once good and bad. A great man always sees what is good in the public opinion of his time, and is thus the man of his day; but at the same time he despises the mere casual ebullitions and expressions of this opinion. A free press is the organ through which this opinion chiefly makes itself known, and against the abuses of this press we have as safeguards, the law of libel, the fact that public debates exhaust much of what is really good in public opinion, and the public contempt which puts down much of the pettiness which carps at superior virtue and ability.

Looking to its outer side, we may say that the State has a certain individuality when it is so realised that it involves a separation from and opposition to all that lies without it.

The first entrance of a nation into history is the reference of all within it to one head, by which they can be marked out from their neighbours. Through an external existence a nation gains individuality, but individuality implies negation; and negation implies contest, and hence arises war. The circumstances which occasion war are contingent, but under this contingency there is a higher necessity that war should exist in some way or other, for war is the purifier of a State; war tranquillises a State, it unites the different parts of a State, it inculcates self-sacrifices, it detaches us from the love of money and ease. We hear a great deal from the pulpit about the insecurity of worldly goods, and the moral generally drawn is, 'then I must take care I don't lose mine.' A hussar with a drawn sword is the best preacher in the world. War must come, but it is for the sovereign to decide when it shall come. It is said that cabinets are more reckless than nations; but is it so? Whence came Pitt's popularity, except from advising the nation to engage in a war it longed for?

States are thrown into endless relations with each other, and enter into reciprocal contracts and combinations; but there is no ultimate appeal to regulate the contracts and adjust the quarrels of States. They must fight to settle their differences; and even a combination of States, however large, cannot secure lasting peace. For, as these States differ, probably, in morals, religion, interests, and views, their consent to a union is always liable to be withdrawn. War must come, and if for no other cause, yet as a sphere of external activity. Nor need a State wait for a definite injury; any affront or insult will suffice. A State is supposed to be able to decide what is really for its own advantage. Each State, therefore, judges for itself alone, and makes war and treaties as conducive to its own interests, not to the interests of mankind. A State is not bound by the morality of an individual; it has as the first principle of action to maintain its concrete existence.

There may, indeed, be said to be one judge on earth which criticises the conduct of nations, one measure of their errors, and one standard of their shortcomings, namely, that spirit which finds its realised existence in the history of the world. For the history of the world is not the abstract and unreasonable necessity of a blind fate, but the setting forth of the universal spirit. In this all-embracing whole are comprehended the manifold forms of national life, and as the individual lives in the State, the State lives in the spirit of the world. The development of this spirit is gradual. Now

in this place, now in that; first by this nation, and then by that, a step is taken in the onward path. No nation is a great nation which has not a part to play in this great drama; and every nation which has to take a part in it, has a right to take it as against all the world. And when its part has been played, its turn is past. Each nation has, first, a period dating from its birth to its bloom, in which it unfolds its own peculiar principle, and contributes it to the common stock; then it has a period of decay, in which it admits a foreign principle, loses its inner life, and fades away.

Hitherto there have been four chief forms in which this spirit has manifested itself. The first was that in which the individual was nothing; its seat was the East; the ruler was God, or a high priest; the history was poetry; the legislation was religion; Castes ruled all. Here the life of the State was expended in the first movement; there was no individual energy. Secondly, in Greece the individual was not so much fettered as unconscious; and the whole body was broken up into petty States, resting on a slave population. Thirdly, in Rome we have an abstract universality, and at the same time extreme personality. The end is the pantheon, and the decay of public and private life, exhausted by civil struggles. Lastly, the spirit thus driven back on itself, found a development in the German nation, which carried out the inner life of the soul, and reconciled truth and freedom with the self-consciousness of the individual. This, however, took place in a nation of barbarians; and so there stood in opposition to it, the intellectual kingdom, in which the truth of the spirit is recognised. The ultimate stage is the reconciliation of the two. Then freedom, perfectly developed and consciously recognised, at once satisfies all the aspirations of the individual, and exhibits itself in the external form of a completely organised State. Right is made actual. The conception has passed into the idea.

Our summary has carried us to the conclusion of this remarkable work. And here we must stop, for the limits of our space warn us to abstain from criticising the work of which we have traced the outline; and, in any case, the criticism of the details of this book must be unsatisfactory, for the dicta of Hegel rest too much on the weight of his personal opinion to form a fitting subject for critical investigation. They are the reflections of a wise and learned man, and such reflections may often be valuable because they are suggestive; suggestive in many different ways, and of many kinds of truth; but yet may not bear to be sifted and analysed and ranged as true or false. The main subject of the work, the

relation of reason to experience, and the way in which Hegel conceived that relation, would indeed form an excellent subject for a philosophical disquisition. But it is an inquiry much beyond our present purpose. The first question we should have to ask would be 'What is Hegel's position in the history of philosophy?' and the reply might fill a volume. Our wish has been simply to call the attention of those who are interested in the studies of jurisprudence and moral philosophy to a work which, if they examine it for themselves, will well repay the hours they spend on it. If through the very imperfect medium of this summary they have traced the presence of a master spirit, much more clearly will he stand revealed to them when they enter on the subject restored to its full proportions, enlivened with countless illustrations here omitted, and clothed in Hegel's nervous and animated language.

OXFORD STUDIES.

THE Oxford Reform Act is now in operation. It has not yet had time to fulfil or to disappoint the hopes of its promoters or the fears of its opponents. But, within and without, there is a pause of expectation, balanced equally between hope and fear. A favourable moment is thus offered, not for reviving the discussion, but for reviewing the situation. Of the settlement of details, of the adjustment of interests, both ourselves and Parliament may well be weary. In that thankless and irritating, though indispensable labour, the great principles at stake are apt to slide out of view. But the theoretical preacher, who prudently retires from the din of debates, or the jostling of divisions, may be welcomed back again by the very parties to whom, in the hour of actual conflict, he had seemed but a babbling sophist. We do not now come forward as advocates or accusers; we do not propose to criticise the new measure. If we assume the chair of the judge, it is not in any self-sufficient spirit, but for the sake of imposing on ourselves the restraint of moderation, of abstinence from controversy; and also because that is now the only platform from which anything that deserves to be said ought to be offered. But when we ask our readers to rise above the petty and personal interests of the hour, we are not going to lose sight of facts. We are not writing a romance of an academic Utopia, to gain the cheap triumph of pointing out the shortcomings of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. We have far too pressing a sense and experience of Oxford as it is, to wish to be speculating *tanquam in aliena republica*. We aim not at the reform or overthrow of existing institutions, but desire to see them attain their full stature and elevation. But though weary of controversy, and declining to gossip away for ever the doctrines of life, the sober discussion of our prospects cannot be said to be closed. It is more than ever incumbent on thoughtful men, whose sphere lies in the Universities, to review their own views, to realise the connexion of those bodies with the nation, and to draw from careful, and continued, study of the national problem, more enlarged conceptions of the duties, the powers, the glorious opportunities opening to us. Such discussion is practical in the best sense. It is a platform on which hostile

parties may meet as friends, and forget that they belong to a party. Nothing more distinguishes the man of insight from the mere partisan than this: that, the effort to understand his opponent's ground brings out his own distinctly to his eye. In the attempt to grasp the opposite principle, we correct and extend our own. Is there any Oxford M.A. of fair mind, who would not say that during the last four years of discussion, his ideas on the duties of a University have not been considerably enlarged and modified? With much still of blind prejudice and uninformed tenacity among the mass, there are many hopeful symptoms.

Indeed, whatever may have been the case when we came to the voting paper, where the dominant party naturally used its numerical superiority without mercy, in the out-of-door discussion a fairer spirit is discernible. There, we divide less into two political parties,—there we find that the real opponents in this place are not so much the Conservatives against the Reformers, as the thoughtful and improvable against the inert, immovable mass,—there the haughty Radical finds that not all the political wisdom of the University is centered in the score or so members of his own coterie; there the loyal Tory learns that his Liberal friend is as cautious and conservative as himself; and both together, the thinking and reasonable men of both parties, should open their eyes to the truth, that the real enemies of both are the unthinking and the narrow-minded, the self-called practical men, —the men who resist alteration as such, not because they perceive that its scope will be mischievous, but because they cannot comprehend its scope at all,—the men who ridicule Reform as visionary, and cry down Reformers as theorists and doctrinaires,—men to whom history opens her pages in vain, for they have settled their principles and have nothing to learn,—men whose only argument is precedent, yet who are wholly ignorant of the past in which that precedent originated, —men whose term of abuse is 'German,' and yet have less than a child's knowledge of the nature of German institutions. They assume to themselves to be the practical men, and their only claim to the title is never to have looked at a demonstration or a theory. Such men are our real foes. Entrenched in the highest posts, and backed by numbers, they present our great difficulty in dealing with our arrangements from within. Assuredly the House of Commons is not an assembly in which such principles as are involved in our case can be best scrutinised, yet external aid is indispensable to deal with such an impracticable mass.

But with the select class of independent and reasonable

men, the epoch of discussion is very far from being closed, if, for this reason only, that the very case under consideration is taking a more extensive form. The accidents of a division, last session, removed for us one principal obstacle, not prematurely indeed, but before we were expecting it, and before, at the ordinary rate at which public opinion travels, we could otherwise have got it. Opinion has scarcely yet had time to follow out the immense practical benefit which the restoration of our connexion with the nation at large may be to the spirit and substance of our education itself. Amid the rapid growth and development of population and of wealth, amid the diffusion and improvement of the lower departments of education, the Universities have narrowed in influence, have decayed in numbers, and (till recently) become paralysed in any power of elevating the character or expanding the intellect. A subject so wide is far beyond the present limits. We propose to do no more than to consider the character of the education at present given in the University. We do not profess to advance anything new on a subject on which so much has been already said and written, and on which the utmost to which any one can aspire is to invigorate the connexion between our actual arrangements, and the principles on which they rest. We shall—

First, lay down the general conditions under which alone the higher education in a University can be efficient at the present day; and

Secondly, consider what arrangements of our studies, examinations, &c. can be made, as best to forward such conditions.

I.

The first and indispensable condition of the efficiency of the higher education is an intellectual activity, general, pervading, sustained; and that this activity be directed upon the central and proper object of human knowledge.

It must be an energetic action of intellect, not a mere intellectual power, which may be found in societies the most sluggish and unimproving. It must be pervading; not the monopoly of a few leading minds—a state of things which is too apt to keep down talent and to discourage the diffident. It must be sustained—self-sustaining; not dependent on the casual excitement of some great occasions; not blown into bursts of flame by topics or controversies imported from without, but fed with its own subject from within. But while not taking the colour and form of the fleeting circumstances

of the day, it must be closely allied with the general intellect of the nation; it must participate, it will lead, the movement of thought through the country. The University must be the intellectual capital of the country, attracting to itself, not all the talent, but all the speculative intellect. It should be an independent body, fenced round by its own privileges—prescriptive rights too sacred to be easily invaded—with its own annals and code of laws. But political independence is of less consequence to it than social. It should have sufficient social status for its honours and dignities to be in themselves rewards, and that its members should not be under the temptation to secure for themselves other positions, political or ecclesiastical, to which their academical place would then rank as subordinate. If there be not some proportion between the prizes which public life, or the professions, and those which the University itself, offer, the former will always draw off the highest talent, and leave only the second-rate and mediocre for academic labours. This measure of independence may be secured by incorporation, if on a sufficiently large scale, and does not absolutely require a provincial site. Yet such a locality is, on the whole, preferable to a metropolitan one, though it was not unnatural in the founders of the London University to choose the capital for their institution. They saw the evils of the isolation of Oxford and Cambridge from the existing spirit of the nation, and with the view of re-opening the long-closed connexion between the English world and University education, placed themselves in London, where the pressure of material interests and the intrusion of the other manifold relations of that complicated life have deadened the purely academic life. Individuals may rise above such influences anywhere, but there is no corporate mental activity. The London University has been crushed under the superior weight of metropolitan life. A university should be situated, like the poet's garden, 'Not wholly *in* the busy world, nor quite beyond it.'

That this mental activity should be associated does not mean only that it should be defended from external attack or interruption by an *esprit du corps*. It is required, in order that it may efficiently teach. For the higher education differs from the primary in this important respect, that the higher education is communicated from the teacher to the taught, by influence, by sympathy, by contact of mind with mind. In teaching the elements of grammar or geometry, as in teaching an art, the teacher lays down rules, and sees that the pupil remembers and conforms to them. The process is mechanical. The memory only and the lower facul-

ties of the understanding are called into play on both sides—pupil and teacher alike. But it is otherwise in the higher spheres of mind. There, the teacher must act with his whole mind, on the pupil's whole mind. He does not then teach rules, not because rules are not framed in the highest parts of subjects, but because no rules or formulæ can reach the faculties of mind there addressed. Therefore, in the higher education no teaching can be dogmatic. The instructor does not lay down principles, he initiates into methods; he is himself an investigator, and he is inviting the pupil to accompany him on his road; he does not go down to the pupil's level, but he assumes the pupil to his. Not, indeed, that the best mind at twenty can see with the distinctness, or embrace with the grasp, of matured intellect, but its mode of apprehension is (when rightly led) the same in kind; he is conscious that he is dealing with realities, not with words—that he is now among truths, and not merely among the things which men have said about truths. He begins to perceive that books and systems are not things to be learned in themselves, but are only so many different object-glasses through which we can look at things.

In advancing this as a description of the higher instruction, we are aware that we are saying, not indeed what is doubtful, but what is liable to be misunderstood, and, still more, to be misrepresented. It may be necessary, therefore, to say that we are not advocating a vague philosophism as the educational medium. What we have advanced is not mysticism, nor transcendentalism, no, nor Hegelianism; nor yet are we advocating the proscribed cultus, 'the worship of the beautiful and the true.' Seriously, the 'indefinite' in philosophy, 'views' in history and politics, 'theories' in physical science, are equally, and on the same grounds, improper in teaching. But there is a difference between the elementary and the higher branches of each of these subjects. When the elementary, which can be taught as rule and dogmatically, has been passed, we arrive at those parts of the subject where experiment and discovery in the physical, and speculation in the moral sciences begin. This is the very vital sphere of the higher education. Nor until the learner reaches this sphere does he arrive at the final stage of his training. To say that he must not be introduced to it till the foundation has been solidly laid in the distinct inculcation and apprehension of the fundamental ideas of the science, is to assert a truism. But a University which confines itself to the elements of the sciences really repudiates its function, and becomes a school. The education which stops where

rules and formulæ end, is not only imperfect in respect of the knowledge which it conveys of the object, but imperfect in respect of the training of the mind which it accomplishes. It has not called into play the higher powers of the intellect at all; it has not communicated an impulse to the original and independent exercise of the judging and discriminating faculties; but until it has done this, the labour spent in acquiring the rudiments is so much thrown away. The elements of any knowledge are not that knowledge, they are only the road to it. But to suppose that when you have passed through the beaten road, you launch into a land where all is cloud and mist, that when the elementary is transcended, all is vague and undefinable, is a supposition that could only be entertained by those who never arrived there. It is true that the helps and guidance which definitions ready made to the hands have so far afforded us begin to fail, but it is just in that failure that consists the superior gymnastic of this stage. The mind is then beginning to test its own powers of discernment, then only beginning truly to *know*. The meaning and bearing, the ground and principle of the notions of which the understanding has been hitherto recipient, begin to unfold themselves in their mutual relations, and the foundations and symmetry of the whole structure to stand revealed. It has been said, that where rules end, genius begins. This is true, but is not to be understood as implying that because rules end, a teacher can do no more. On the contrary, it is precisely there that the utility of the best instructor begins. All scholars will recognise this distinction in their own subject. When grammar, and lexicon, and metrical canon have done all they can for us, then begins the discipline for the sake of which the earlier school labour was put upon us at all, then commences the influence of the critical tact, the fine practised taste of the classical teacher. Genius, it is true, can in this sphere do most for the few, but training can do much for the many. This province belongs not only to the *εὐφυὴς*, but also to the *γεγυμνασμένος*. In the sciences, moral and physical, there is a province corresponding to this. Nor is there any more vagueness or uncertainty attaching to an apprehension in the higher philosophy, than there is to a perception of cultivated taste in poetry, or a judgment of sage experience in politics. The truth is, that as it is only those who are not scholars themselves who question the utility of classical studies, so it is only those who are untrained in philosophy, who accuse the transcendental of indefiniteness. The analogy holds throughout. For as the contemners of classical scholarship would be

right, if scholarship stopt with the rudiments of the language—with grammar, syntax, and prosody, with the laws of construction and accent,—stopt, in short, where with the majority of school-educated Englishmen it does stop,—then it would be true that the spending six or eight years in painfully acquiring two languages is an egregious folly. Just so it is with logic. The logic of the schools, a certain more or less arbitrary collection of formal laws of reasoning, is the grammar of the higher moral or physical sciences. But the whole utility of this grammar is annihilated, if it be not followed up by an advance into those sciences. Logic is indispensable as the preliminary of Philosophy; it is useless if Philosophy be not contemplated as the apex of the education which Logic inaugurates. As the grammar-school system, by which the rudiments of Latin and Greek were painfully inflicted through eight barren years, was a monstrous and truncated phenomenon, when its proper complement, the higher philology, was cut off by the incapacity of the college tutor; so the school logic has been in a preposterous situation since the University schools ceased to afford the higher philosophical teaching, in which alone the art of logic found its use and application.

That the learner then should ascend into the higher regions of his subject, is required to the end that the higher faculties of his mind should be reached. It is also required to the end that the instructor should put forth the vigour of *his* mind. We can only usefully teach where our interest is fresh and our knowledge enlarging. No one now will dispute that the aim of education is less to inform the mind, than to exercise and call out the faculties. This is true of every stage of education; but it is less so of the very lowest, and holds good in an increasing ratio as we ascend to the highest stage of the educational process. Children must be shown objects. Till a certain quantity of common observation has been made and stored up, the child's mind has no materials to act upon. When the powers of observation and imagination have been awakened, we aim at strengthening the reasoning faculty, by arithmetic or geometry; that of generalisation, by history or natural history. When we come, finally, to cultivate the higher powers of reflection or consciousness, or the intuitions of the Reason, the media of this discipline are neither so patent nor so universally possessed. No one can be a qualified instructor in this province of Philosophy, whose own thoughts are not actively and habitually conversant with these speculations. Equally is this the case in the highest generalisations of moral, political, and economic

science, where it is indispensable that the constant testing of the principle by its inductive base should be maintained. The moment the doctrine has stiffened in the teacher's mind into a dogma, i.e. when it has lost its connexion with the facts it represents, it has become unfit for the purposes of teaching. It becomes information, it is no longer knowledge. The tree has no longer its root in the soil: it has become a withered trunk. This is why we cannot teach from our recollections, however trustworthy they may be. The higher education can no more be committed to memory, and learnt by rote or by books, than religion can be transmitted by tradition or by a document. A vital faith is communicated immediately by spirit to spirit. And so, the philosophical temper,—the last acquisition and the highest reward of the intellectual course,—can only be communicated by the mind which possesses it. In the almost total abeyance of the higher studies in this country, we have come to regard this scientific spirit as purely the gift of nature, and are unaware of the extent to which culture can create and command it. True, that it cannot be conveyed to all. Men of intelligence there are who seem wanting in the organ of philosophical power. There must be aptitude on the part of the recipient. But that is no more than is required for the communication of religious or moral truth. And there is no reason for thinking that philosophy, which is only a just and perfect judgment on the bearings and relations of knowledge, should not be as generally attainable as a wise judgment in practical matters is. And should our Universities, ceasing to be schools of grammar and mathematics, resume their proper functions, it will be found that a far larger proportion of minds than we now suspect, are capable of arriving at this stage of progress. For be it again repeated, it is not a knowledge, but a discipline, that is required; not science, but the scientific habit; not erudition, but scholarship. And those who have not leisure to amass stores of knowledge, to master in detail the facts of science, may yet acquire the power of scientific insight, if the opportunity is afforded them. It is the want of this discernment, and the absence of the proper cultivation of it, which produces that deluge of crude speculation and vague mysticism which pervades the Philosophical and religious literature of the day, and which is sometimes wrongly ascribed to the importation of Philosophy itself, and its recent unreasonable intrusion on our practical good sense. The business of the highest education is, not to check, but to regulate this movement; not to prohibit speculation, but to supply the discipline which alone can safely wield it.

It is then necessary to the existence of a higher or academical education, that there exist a scientific and philosophical activity; that this be organised in an institution, that by position, endowments, privileges, the institution and its members be sustained in a social independence. It remains to mention one condition of the utility of such an intellectual society, and that is its connexion with the State; for it is possible for such an institution to be organised with the view of giving some peculiar bent or mould of its own to the minds of youth, as, e. g. the Society of Jesus, which avowedly sought to stereotype intellect in antagonism to the progressive course of philosophy. But the University must be in intimate connexion with the general movement of the world, and its connexion with the State must be determined by the relation of the intellectual activity which the University enshrines and incorporates, to the general national activity; for a University is not to be considered an incorporation of teachers only, but one for the support and nurture of the higher intellect of the country. In order even to *teach*, the teachers must be themselves learners, and in progress, in the great school which our own age is to each of us, as we come to understand its spirit and progress. They should be independent, then, but not isolated; they must be in sympathy and quick communion with the general movement of national mind—indeed, they will be themselves no small part of it; they will at least embody and represent that movement; they will at once show and control it; through them it will find its full vent. In its University the national mind will work and live as its proper organ; here only will it fully develope itself. As the condition of social, and to some extent political, independence, is necessary to prevent material interests from stifling and absorbing studies, so the condition of sympathy with the general mind is necessary, both to sustain the required activity, and to make the University a proper seminary for the education of the national youth. The nation does not hire a number of learned men to teach its children; it, itself educates them through an organ into which its own best intellect, its scientific genius, is regularly drafted. This education is, in short nothing but the free action of life and society, localised, economised, and brought to bear.

This will perhaps seem to some fanciful and far-fetched, but it is really the substantial ground of the right, and the measure, of legislative interference. It is a principle well enough understood among us in its practical shape, because in that shape none has been more strenuously resisted by a party, of

whom most are found within the Universities. On the claim of legal independence, as it is technically defended, we say nothing at present; but the intellectual isolation, in which Oxford at least has for many generations found herself, in which she has forfeited her usefulness and shipwrecked her power, has its defenders. The fact of the estrangement between the University and the world without, between the endowed and privileged educating body and the nation which has endowed and privileged it, and preserves to it the exclusive right of bestowing certificates of education,—this fact is not only denied but gloried in. 'The academical establishments of some parts of Europe,' says Dugald Stewart, 'are not without their use to the historian of the human mind. Immovably moored to the same station by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors, they enable him to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of mankind is borne along.' What is cast upon us as heavy censure from without is taken up from within as our highest title to respect. Now, waiving the question as to which party, the University or the national movement, be right, one thing must be admitted, viz., that the severance between them is an unfortunate schism. If the great expansion of science, literature, and art, which has taken place in the country at large be really a part of the great European progress in civilisation, then we, who have resisted it for two centuries step by step, are blameable for not having pressed eagerly in its wake. If, on the other hand, the ancient ways in which we still struggle to stand are the right ways, and the world without us is spinning down the grooves of change from bad to worse, then must we suspect that we have not done our duty in leavening the mass, and being in possession of the key of knowledge, have not opened wide enough the gates of the temple of truth. We have had in our hands unchallenged the higher education of the nation, on the direction and efficiency of which depends the direction of all the subordinate, primary and secondary; if these have taken a wrong direction, or sought out mistaken methods, it is from our neglect alone that the error began. But whichever alternative be true, it imports to the national welfare that the schism be closed without loss of time; be this to be done by reconverting the nation to the academical system, or be ours the nobler part to have to confess a mistake, and to admit within our precincts by a *postliminium*, all that is good, and true, and sound out of the wealth of knowledge that has been accumulating at our gates.

Not, indeed, that the University should be dependent on the

mere popular fancy, the fashion of the day. It should be in harmony with the nation, not with the mob; national, not popular. Without entering into the question whether popular teaching, such as given in mechanics' institutes, or evening lectures, be useful, or merely an amusement, such is not to be the character of university teaching. Indeed, the position we are assigning to the University is the very opposite pole to the superficial. It might with more justice be objected to us that we aim too high, than that we popularise too much. It requires but little acquaintance with the history of philosophy and science to know that the progress of movement and discovery begins at the top, and works downward. The creed of the few philosophic minds in one age becomes by the law of social progress the creed of the mass of educated men in the next age; and in the following, if not artificially checked, is diffused through the mass. The leading minds in each age, who are the first to make the discovery or propound the idea, or rather who from their position as possessors of the wisdom of the past, are enabled first to discern and interpret the ever-ripening growth, the harvest of time (for discoveries are 'potius temporis partus quam ingenii,' *Nov. Org.*), so far from having been acceptable to the popular taste, are usually alienated or disregarded, persecuted, proscribed, or ridiculed, according as the humour of the times is sternly serious, feebly decorous, or childishly frivolous. If the University, then, be in vital connexion with the national intellect, if it take the position above assigned it as the organ and expression of the national movement, it would be more likely to be found unpopular, and to be misunderstood from its advanced view, than tending to sciolism and superficial knowledge. For it is possible for a society of scholars, philosophers, and naturalists to be out of sympathy with the mind of the country, by being greatly before it, or greatly behind it. The former situation may be seen at this moment in Germany, in the department of speculative philosophy. There the political repression consequent on 1848–50 has checked the general development on those subjects, and left the leading minds apparently high and dry above tide-mark: a state of things which is often mistaken for a reaction of thought towards some form or other of the past. But in the English Universities the separation has taken place below. We first fell into arrear of the great movement of metaphysics and physics at the end of the seventeenth century, and before the close of the eighteenth century the current literature and the general level of science had risen above our mark. Not till this neap-tide at Oxford, and till the standard of attainment with us had fallen

below the average attainment of general education, did the reaction within begin. In the first twenty-five years of the present century our standard was gradually raised. Recent improvements have done more; but they have all been limited by the prevailing idea of bringing up a University education to the level of the best education now extant in the country. They have successively introduced, between 1793 and 1848, mathematics, botany, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, political economy, Sanscrit, and the modern languages of Europe. The new branches of knowledge, after they had struggled into being, and established themselves without, were received, no matter how reluctantly and ungraciously, first into the University precincts, and in 1850 some of them into her *curriculum*. All this, however, even when it shall have been fully done, is but the first step towards regaining our position. Even supposing that all these branches of knowledge, instead of being but barely represented in the University, could be taught here, it would but be bringing us up to the level of pursuit and attainment without. It would only be making us into a place of miscellaneous accomplishment. 'Such an idea of a University,' it has been said, 'is to consider it a sort of bazaar or pantechnicon, in which wares of all kinds are heaped together for sale in stalls independent of each other, and that to save the purchasers the trouble of running about from shop to shop; or an hotel or lodging-house, where all professions and classes are at liberty to congregate, each of them strange to each, and each about its own work or pleasure.' We might have incorporated all the principal branches of science pursued in the country, but there would still remain the final step to take. We should then be reinstated on an equality with the average education, it would still remain that we should re-enter on the domain of Philosophy which has so long been abandoned to chance occupants. Until we have done this, until we have replaced ourselves on the pedestal of the highest science, and re-absorbed into our system the minds that create and lead thought, we shall not have recovered the influences and conditions necessary to the higher education.

If then we seem to coincide with a class of objectors who are dissatisfied with that idea of a University which would make it a great open school of all the useful arts and popular sciences, it is a coincidence from a diametrically opposite point of view. Those who remember the sneers with which the old Universities greeted the establishment of the London University, as a 'new-fangled radical scheme of pantology,' may measure the progress of opinion, by noting

how differently they were then received, from what was felt by all educated men, when in the present year, Lord Derby attempted to jeer at science in the presence of the British Association. The classicist scorners from their miserable rag of Latin writing, and logic, looked then with the contempt of ignorance on all the wonders of the new learning. According to our view of a University, the whole body of sciences, inductive and exact, forms the indispensable groundwork, but only the groundwork, of that liberal education which it is the business of a University to provide. In the positions which each of the two parties in that controversy occupied, there was a point of right on either side. The classicists rightly maintained the principle of a liberal education *versus* useful knowledge; though the classical languages in their hands had ceased to be adequate instruments of such liberal culture. The friends of useful knowledge, on the other hand, saw clearly enough the grand error of the public schools and Universities, in shutting out the great bulk of generally accessible knowledge, and bringing up their *élèves*, like Plato's men in the cave. They compared the learned languages with the physical sciences or mathematics, as acquisitions, and saw that the utility of the one was unlimited, of the other very narrow indeed. They did not know that the classical system in its origin was not a mere communication of the grammar of a couple of dead languages, but had comprehended a complete cultivation of mind, an expansion of the faculties adequate to the whole field of knowledge. It had dwindled in time into a cramping pedantry, under which the herd of students learnt nothing, a few only of the better sort acquired taste and skill in composition, but were utterly left out of the whole region of thought in which their contemporaries were occupied. University men in those days published essays or sermons, neatly worded, with a classical allusion or two happily introduced; but they ceased to have anything to say to the world without. Like those who, when Galileo's telescope was first produced, refused to look through it, they declined to know anything of the new movement, content with asserting in their rational moments, that it was all superficies, glitter and show, and humbug; or, when irritated, that it was materialist, godless, atheistical. As the movement advanced, triumphant contempt was succeeded by sorrowful lamentation over the decay of 'sound learning.' All England was represented as rushing madly to folly and ruin, and Oxford as the one spot where the true old principles of English education were still understood. 'We are about,' it was said, in 1840, 'to

take precisely the same step in advance to ruin which was made at Athens by the first appearance of the foreign sophists.* And in one respect these cries of despair did not exaggerate. They did not exaggerate the greatness of the crisis. It was, and is, a crisis in the history of the higher education in this country. Now, first, after two centuries of unbroken practice, not a reform, but a revolution in the system of our secondary education is in progress. The controversy between the impugners of an exclusively classical education, and the favourers of the modern sciences, is not an episode of that revolution; it contains the very pith of it, but it contains it in a somewhat narrow and distorted form. It is not a little curious, in reviewing the controversy on classical education which has been going on for the last fifty years, to note that though the inevitable progress of things is gradually but silently giving the preponderance to the modern sciences, the advantage in the controversy has, till quite lately, been with the defenders of classical studies. The untenable position of the public schools and Universities has been supported by the classicists on a true principle, while the sound cause of scientific knowledge has been mostly argued by the naturalists on a false one. The classicists have not only written well, and brought out in a clear light many of the secondary benefits of the dead language training, but they have held to the fundamental idea of intellectual culture as the great end of education. Their error lies in their not understanding that the study of antiquity, of the past, even when much more profound than it usually is, cannot *now* convey that culture. Their opponents, on the other hand, in the free possession and enjoyment of the wonderful field of real knowledge, have lost sight of the truth, that for the purposes of education, knowledge is only a means,— a means to intellectual development. They *will* stake the issue on the comparative utility of the Classics and of Science, whereas they ought to place it on the comparative fitness of the two subjects to expand the powers, to qualify for philosophical and comprehensive view. In short, they confound life with education, and forget, or know not, that though a useful and practical life may be the end of education, yet that the perfection of education consists in the perfection and enlargement of the intellect *per se*. While the men of science continue to declare the educational use of science to be what Bacon most justly pronounced its practical end, viz.,

* *Sewell, W.*, Introduction to Plato, 1841.

its employment to command the powers of the material world, they offer an easy victory to the classicists who rightly stand up for the principle of mental cultivation. As soon as the classicists extend their view of mental cultivation, and admit the philosophical and speculative development as a much higher type of that cultivation than the mere æsthetic perfection at which they now aim, they will see that the study of a few writers who may be models of literary taste is quite inadequate to bestow that cultivation.

The 'Classical education' controversy—the cause 'Things *v.* Words'—merges in a much more extensive one. We have said that the present is a crisis or revolution in the higher education, agreeing in this with those who dread or deplore the change they daily see effecting itself. To understand it fully, we must recur to what was just now laid down on the connexion of education with the actual progress of thought in the nation at large. The lower branches of education differ in this respect from the higher, that in the latter, nothing can be arbitrary. Where training and strengthening the faculties only are the objects, many different studies may, in different ways, serve the purpose, and where one school may employ mathematics, another may employ logic, or oral disputations, or repetitions, with the same happy results. But when disciplinal studies have done their best, and we come to those whose purpose is to liberalise or expand the mind, here we have no discretion, no latitude of choice. The end here is the cultivation of mind in itself, for its own sake; the nurture and growth of the mind to the full proportions; no mere training of particular faculties to be employed in special services. To this end there is but one means, the end being the harmonious development of the intelligence,—a given rational nature with unvarying properties. The means are nothing less than all the extant knowledge of the age in which we happen to live; a variable quantity and material. Intelligence is relative to its object. If we fix our aim steadily on a perfect culture, a philosophical comprehensiveness of thought, we cannot afford to ignore any important class of ascertained facts; for a liberal culture is not the knowledge of facts, but intellectual grasp—not a collective acquaintance with many sciences, but a harmonious survey of knowledge, in all its parts, as a whole: and the liberal teacher is so, not by virtue of an elaborate acquaintance with the details of any one branch, but by his just and methodical combination of the principles of all. Such words as 'profound,' 'thorough,' are apt to mislead us on this subject. A man is said to have a 'thorough' knowledge of his

subject when he knows it in all its details; but also he is a 'profound' man, who knows the fundamental principles of all knowledge in their mutual bearings and relations. In this sense, nothing can be known profoundly, if known independently. If we have not a view of the universe of things, if we do not conceive of Man, Nature, and God, taken together; then, however perfect our acquaintance with any one province, it seems it cannot be a profound knowledge. So that these words, 'deep,' 'thorough,' &c., have a good and true sense when said of knowledge in two very opposite directions; when all the facts and cases are distinctly possessed, on the one hand; on the other, when they are properly built into a scientific structure. A complete or perfect knowledge, then, will require both those conditions, must be thorough in both senses. And, be it observed, mere generalisation will not do. It is not enough that we systematise, methodise, theorise. Nothing less than *the* system which explains all systems, the theory which places all the facts, the universal method, must be thought of. It is true, indeed, that general views, even baseless ones, are more liberalising than the study of particular facts. Even a false system elevates the thoughts; but to be general without being exact, to systematise without reference to facts, this is to be superficial. In some countries and periods, this tendency has ruled the national mind, and has possessed itself of the higher education. In France, the impulse given, when about thirty years ago the University and philosophical studies began to raise their head for the first time since their *de facto* suppression under the despotism of Louis XIV., was in this spirit. The literature and educated men of that country are characterised by habits of rapid generalisation, a power of looking at things in masses, and speaking of them in the dialect of philosophy. But being based on no complete knowledge or solid acquisition of any kind, this habit is essentially false and misleading, and indeed is little more than a brilliant imposture. Liberal education in France is not yet considered worth having for its own sake, or as a qualification for *life;* it is wholly subordinate to the purpose of shining in society; only so much of it is attained as shall serve as a qualification for *conversation*, and no accomplishment is so showy and dazzling as the easy and habitual use of the language of philosophical culture. The fact that society demands for its currency this cheap and spurious imitation of the true metal, while it warns us of a danger, at the same time renders the homage of hypocrisy to virtue. Allow education any play at all, begin to impart knowledge, and the

mind will systematise it. If you are not prepared with the true and all-comprehensive method, you must expect to see a partial, hasty, one-sided, superficial philosophy spring up; for philosophy there will be, if there is knowledge at all. But it is a mistake to suppose, as is sometimes done, that this superficiality of French secondary education is owing to its not being conducted as our own is, on the basis of the ancient languages; to a want, in short, of the grounding in Greek which our grammar-schools give. On the contrary, its superficiality is owing to its being exclusively a language training instead of a science training; the difference between it and our own being only that they employ a modern literature, and the terminology of the philosophy of the day, while we employ an ancient language and literature. Their University education is undoubtedly superficial and inferior in its aim to ours; but it is more expeditious, and answers its purpose, such as that is, with perhaps 50 per cent. of the students. Ours aims higher, but is so ill-constructed and slovenly, that a very small proportion of the students go far enough in Greek to derive any benefit, even a superficial one, from what they learn of it.

The liberal education, then, which it is the office of a University to supply, being this enlargement or illumination of mind—this mental breadth—what Bacon* calls 'Universality,' it is necessary that it be real: i. e. that it be based on knowledge, that it be a comprehensive view of science, and not a mere acquaintance with the terminology of science. On the one hand, an education in facts, in some one or more special art or science, is not liberal education at all; on the other, the mere habit or power of taking general views, universal notions as learnt from literature, is a hollow and spurious liberalising of the mind. Such notions are to it, abstractions—mere words. To teach the sciences only is not an education at all; it is only a communication of knowledge. An education by literature does in some measure liberalise the mind, but it is at second-hand, through other men's thoughts, and in the way of tradition; it is a fallacious fabric, a sophistical power of words, rather than an eternal possession of truth and reality. 'Real speculative knowledge demands the combination of the two ingredients, right reason and facts to reason upon. Invention, acuteness, connexion of thought, are necessary, on the one hand,

* 'If any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he does not consider that from thence all professions are supplied.'—*Advancement of Learning.*

for the progress of philosophical knowledge; and, on the other hand, the precise and steady application, of these faculties to facts well known and clearly conceived.* A University must aim at compassing a complete cycle of knowledge; it must embrace the more important sciences under all the three branches, physical, mathematical, moral; but it does not aim at teaching these in and for themselves. Nor even does it teach them solely for the discipline which the exact learning of any one thing carries with it. The former supposition, that the sciences were to be taught as so much useful knowledge, has been an error attending many of our recent attempts at University reform. That knowledge is taught chiefly for the sake of the discipline of learning it, is the equally imperfect view† of their opponents. The sciences must be cultivated by a University, but only as a means and material of that science of sciences which is to follow upon them, and in the acquisition of which a University education consists. To this the sciences are introductory, but not only as preparatory discipline, as *progymnasmata*, but as being the substance and body of which philosophy is the spirit and animating soul. What the facts of a single science are to that systematic arrangement of them which makes them into a science, that the complexus of all the sciences is to the great Method, the architectonic science, which arranges all knowledge in one harmonious structure, appointing its place, assigning its value, and arranging in a regular series each incorporate branch. 'There is a method which consists in placing one or more particular things or notions in subordination either to a pre-conceived universal idea, or to some lower form of the latter—some class or order which derives its intellectual significancy and scientific worth from being an ascending step toward the universal. Without this master-thought there can be no true *method;* and according as the general conception more or less clearly manifests itself throughout all the particulars, as their connexion and bond of unity, according as the light of the *idea* is freely diffused through and completely illumines the aggregate mass, the method is more or less perfect.'‡ Many other secondary purposes may be served by a University; it may be the home

* Whewell, *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Introd.

† Some expressions of Sir W. Hamilton, (*e. g. Discourses, &c.*, Appendix, p. 674.) might be produced as seeming to favour this view; but a reference to other parts of his papers on the subject of education will show that he places intellectual discipline in proper subordination to the higher effect of philosophical training.

‡ S. T. Coleridge in *Encyclopædia Metropolitana.*

and nurse of learned men, it may promote the progress of science, it may qualify for the learned professions. None of these are its true or primary purpose. If science be promoted by a University, well and good; but such promotion is not to be required of it. Academies or learned societies are for the furtherance of special sciences. In France, the Institute performs this office well, even while the University is extremely deficient. The promotion of their science is the sole end of such societies; but in a University every science sinks into a means to a worthier end—the cultivation of mind. This is the one use to which it puts knowledge—the light in which it regards science. The products of a University are not inventions, improvements, discoveries, novel speculations, books, but the fully educated man; the *περὶ πᾶν πεπαιδευμένος*. Its one great achievement is that philosophical spirit which has been finely described as 'un talent acquis par le travail, et par l'habitude, pour juger sainement de toutes les choses du monde. C'est une intelligence a qui rien n'echappe, une force de raisonment que rien ne peut ebranler, un goût sûr et réfléchi de tout ce q'il y a de bon ou de vicieux dans la nature. C'est la règle unique du vrai et du bea u.*

A perfect liberal education and the formation of a good judgment or philosophical temper are identical, and it is for the sake of this greatest and noblest of human products, that an institution for the higher education employs knowledge. 'Philosophy is reason exercised on knowledge; the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed, not in themselves, but as relative terms, suggesting a multitude of correlatives, and gradually, by successive combinations, converging one and all to their true centre.'† A University must be founded on Philosophy, and Philosophy must be founded on adequate knowledge, and no knowledge is

* Abbé Nauze, *Des Rapports que les Belles Lettres et les Sciences ont entr'elles*, quoted by J. H. Newman, *Lectures*, p. 395.

† J. H. Newman, *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford*, p. 289. The substance of this sermon has been repeated by the author in the *Discourses on University Education addressed to the Catholics of Dublin*. (See particularly Discourses 5 and 6.) The author, writing down to an uneducated and prejudiced audience, to whom party terms are almost the only intelligible language, endeavours from time to time to adapt his meaning, and to apologise for having formed just views of education before he became a Catholic. These adaptations, however, have not been suffered to mar the admirable clearness and breadth with which he delivers the principles.

adequate that does not compass all the great groups of facts which history and experience or experiment have accumulated and classified. Speculation to be vital must be in immediate contact with the facts about which it is occupied, and it is a well-established fact in the history of liberal education, that the periods in which the theory and the practice of it have made the greatest improvement, have been periods immediately succeeding some of the great discoveries in science, or some of the great impulses to the study of facts.* A new impulse to the observation of nature, revived attention to historical and antiquarian research, has always had a tendency to rekindle speculative studies, and the revival of speculation has next acted on the educational practice of Europe. Three such epochs specially distinguish themselves. The philosophical teaching of Aristotle, summed up the collected civil experience and natural knowledge of free Greece, and on the philosophical arrangements of the peripatetic schools were founded the earliest Universities or liberal schools of Greece and Western Asia, in which the old Greek semi-military education was expanded into an organised system of human culture. The great Universities of Western Europe took their rise or their greatness in the keenly speculative period of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, itself the reflection and reaction of thought on the masses of knowledge which time had been re-collecting or re-discovering, and which political circumstances then first made available as new material. Lastly, the *Novum Organon*, and the Method of Descartes, improved philosophical methods, were thrown up very early in the revival of physical knowledge. And if the new speculative philosophy to which they have given birth has not penetrated our Universities, it is only because it has been excluded by the strong arm in possession, and we have shut out too, as long as we could, the physical knowledge on which it is based. On the continent, however, before the great German University development of recent times, it was remarked by Crousaz, that a great improvement in the established modes of academical education had been brought about by

* That logical method improves not by the study of mind but by the study of nature, has been observed by several writers. See Whewell, *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Introduction; and Poste, *Translation of the P. Analytics*, Introduction. That improvements in education follow improvements in logical method has lately been insisted on by Whewell, *Lecture at the Royal Institution*, p. 7., thus very much modifying the opinions on the subject he had expressed in 1837, in his *Principles of University Education*, p. 24, &c.

the 'Art de Penser.'* The same law of the progress of thought, and its action on educational systems may be discerned in the history of particular countries, or of special subjects; e. g. the celebrity of Bologna in the twelfth century consequent on the revival by Irnerius of civil law studies. It may be sufficient at present to have pointed to the general fact of the sequence—science, speculation, educational impulse—in the history of civilisation, which, indeed, is that of education; for education is only the natural result of the instinct to communicate our culture; an instinct active in proportion as the culture is vigorous and enlarged. An accomplishment, or a skill, its possessor desires to monopolise; talent excites admiration, not sympathy. Enlargement of mind, as of character, seeks to propagate itself; the more that share it, the greater our gain. Intellect attracts intellect in proportion to its capacity: there is a freemasonry of intelligence, as such; even while we are young, we are conscious of this before we can comprehend it. The young are worshippers of talent and contemn learning, yet they feel the power of geinus and intellect; and, as Alcibiades held Socrates' robe, for the virtue that went out from him, the most intelligent pupil seeks the most intellectual instructor.

To establish the true theory of liberal education, it is important to note this historical sequence. And not only does the discovery of new fact originate activity of thought, but that activity of thought can only be true and just, where it is in vital and permanent connexion with the knowledge on which it is engaged. But speculation has a fatal tendency to overstep this limit, to wander away from its subject, to turn back on itself, to become speculation on speculation. From a philosophy it becomes a philosophical literature. From an harmonious arrangement, of actually possessed and extant knowledge, it becomes a series of conjectures of possible systems, not determined by the facts, but determined only by the nature of the systems which went before. In this state, speculative philosophy, or, as it should rather be called, conjectural systematising, is most unfit for the educational medium. And it is through this retroversion of thought on itself that an age of high cultivation can be succeeded by one in which civilisation stands still, and the education which depends on it sinks into inaction. Turning to history, we may mark two great periods at which this annihilation of mental activity by itself, and the consequent

* Crousaz, *Logic, Pref.*, quoted by Dugald Stewart, *Prelim. Diss. Works*, vol. i. p. 163.

loss of the higher education, has occurred. One such epoch may be found in contrasting the fifth with the middle and close of the fourth century of the Christian era, though in this instance the case is so complicated with other conditions, that we cannot stay to disentangle our point of illustration. The second is more generally known, the silencing of the Latin philosophy by itself, and the consequent decay of University life which had arisen with it, till it was a second time re-invigorated at the classical revival, or the restoration to the world of a new material for thought and observation. Whether the present mighty German speculative activity, splendidly as it is now exerting its force as the lever of all thought, and the determinator of the higher education wherever such education exists, not in Germany only, but throughout Europe; whether this movement will finish by a similar suicidal end, or will be saved by continually maintaining its connexion with life and nature; as this is a future contingency, it cannot be cited in instance on either side. It has been from an observation of such periods of the decline of speculation, when it has begun to be theoretical merely, that some writers not adverse to freedom of thought as such, have condemned Philosophy as an unfit medium of education. Such a sentence is just only of philosophy when it has ceased to be a true analysis and harmony of knowledge in its real relations, and has become a notional form; but it is false in theory, for without a just philosophy, there can be no perfect education. It is false in fact, for history shows us that discoveries of new fields of fact have only stimulated liberal study through the impulse which they have given to inquiry and speculation.

If we turn to the history of our own University, to see how far that bears out the principle now maintained, viz. that the fate of the higher education in any country is intimately associated with the progress and fortunes of philosophy in that country, or that liberal education depends on the state of free knowledge; we shall find in our recent history, signal confirmation of that law. It is true that the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries supply no less certain evidence of its truth. The reason we do not now appeal to this epoch is, that the philosophical history of that period is so little generally known, and so erroneously conceived, in this country, that we should only embarrass our argument by the introduction of so much fresh disputable matter. It would be of no use to appeal to the rise and fall of the scholastic philosophy; when, owing to the narrow theological medium through which our history is looked at, all the intellectual product of the times

before the Reformation is only thought of as so much cobweb and rubbish, and the epochs of its energy and decay are involved in one contemptuous neglect. For this reason, we pass over the wonderful purely philosophical out-throw of the thirteenth century; the mixed philosophical and literary revival accompanying the Wycliff struggle; the suppression of which was the death-blow of the mediæval type of University life, and threw back English civilisation for two centuries. The next revival was the classical *renaissance;* a purely literary and artistic movement. This reached its acme about the reign of Henry VII, and first years of Henry VIII. It had its first birth indeed earlier, soon after the middle of the fifteenth century, and did not expire till towards the middle of the sixteenth century, in the religious troubles of the close of Henry's reign. Out of this impulse sprung the colleges; some of them into being; all of them into the preponderating element in the University: though as usual, the institutional change was not effected till the intellectual force which occasioned it was already past its meridian vigour. The classical revival was not a local or temporary phenomenon, it was European; and so far from originating in this country, it was communicated to us from Italy through Paris, and by the patronage of the noble and wealthy found its way into Oxford and Cambridge. It was the movement of the day, finding its home and sphere in the Universities. The rapidity and success with which it superseded other studies, at Oxford especially, which on this occasion took the lead, contrast with the slowness with which it won its way in Paris, against the logicians, or in Germany, against the *viri obscuri.* This is to be ascribed to its having been taken up by the colleges, old and new, which were just then rising into social consideration, and which by the timely adoption of the new studies obtained an entire ascendancy over the monastic hospitia, as well as over the University schools, which clung to the old learning, and shared its fall. We must not overrate the positive acquirements of that age of Oxford.* Compared with what has since been reached,

* We cannot, in our limits, adduce evidence, and must confine ourselves to results. If we quote the well-known passage from Erasmus' letter, dated Oxford, December, 1497, it is to qualify his exaggerating compliment. Our argument is only on the free participation of Oxford in the movement, and does not turn on the amount of philological knowledge actually reached. 'Mirum est dictu, quam hic passim, quam dense veterum librorum seges efflorescat; tantum eruditionis non illius protritæ ac trivialis, sed reconditæ, exactæ, antiquæ, Latinæ Græcæque, ut jam Italiam nisi visendi gratia non multum desideres.'—*Epist.* xiv.

they are but the attempts of children. Compared with contemporary Italy, they lagged far behind. It is sufficient that all the life-blood that was in circulation was flowing freely through the University veins. The only subject which at that time had power to give cultivation was the remains of ancient learning. The life of the old scholastic studies was fled, and all the wisest and most enlarged minds, as Fox and Wolsey, saw the necessity of adopting the new studies as the basis of education. The Church, indeed, was not to be led by the wise or liberal, and clung tenaciously to the old, not because they were the better, but because they were the accustomed. Thus, when Classical studies were first introduced, and succeeded Philosophy in the academic *curriculum*, they owed their immense superiority to their accidental relations to that particular philosophy, not to their essential fitness for education. In the first place, that philosophy had entirely lost all life and meaning; it was no longer an organic structure of free thought, it was petrified into a soulless orthodoxy. The secular arm had been engaged to kill the Wycliff movement, and that last upthrow of Latin philosophy was amply avenged in its fall, by seeing the triumphant party seal their own death-warrant in the act. The principles of the scholastic philosophy lost their hold on the general mind, which sought out now an entirely new direction, and found it in the Greek and Latin classics, on which it eagerly fastened. The classical revival we have called a literary movement, as distinct from the previous direction of thought, which was philosophical; but it contained in it a truly speculative germ. We are not alluding to the mystical Platonism of Ficinus, and the disputes between the Aristotelians and the Platonists, which broke out in the bosom of the new studies. These scarcely penetrated to England; but the study of heathen literature led to an entirely new mode of viewing things. It called men to a new standing point from which to observe the external world. Though literary and not philosophical, it shifted reason from the catholic starting point to another, from which as soon as things were looked at and speculated on, an entirely new philosophical direction was given. Thus, historically, classical studies were not adopted into the higher education, as the result of a long and varied academical experience. They began in defiance of that experience; they rushed in, as it were, *in vacuum*, to fill the void, where a philosophy, which had lost its root in science, had ceased to be. It was not ripe wisdom, but barbarism, which gave the classics the surprising power which

they undoubtedly exercised over the whole intellect of that age. They were the new discovery to which the whole attention of Europe was turned. For it may be well asked, how came it that the classics were only turned out when they were, viz. at the end of the fifteenth century? Had not men had the best of them in their hands for centuries? And, as for the rest, they knew well enough where to look for them, when they wanted them. The usual supposition, that the classics and classical taste were imported into the West from Constantinople on its fall, is no true account of this revolution in thought. The objects were old enough, but the eyes to see them had been wanting. It would be more than a mere metaphor to say that the mind of Europe was in the stage of the boy's mind, when, after toiling through grammar and parsing, the graces and beauties of composition first begin to dawn on him; but as soon as, in and through the perceptions of taste, the ideas of the ancient world began to open to Europe, a speculative interest began to arise out of the literary. The classics, then, came in and established themselves on a totally different ground from that on which their retention can now be maintained. They came in neither as language nor as philology, but as a revelation of a whole new cycle of ideas. They must always retain a singular value; but they can never again be adequate to engage the whole active thought of the civilised world, till it shall re-enter that period of infancy in which it was at the time of the revival. When literature and art are the highest intellectual objects cultivated by a people, it argues a great weakness in the mental power of the nation, either generally, or in the particular age of which we are speaking. The classics must always have a subordinate part; they never can have an exclusive occupation of any institution professing to give a culture adequate to our existing knowledge of the universe, and its material and spiritual laws.

This period, then, of Oxford Studies, which we may say terminated with the commencement of the agitation of the matter of the King's divorce, was the latest era in our history, at which we find Oxford in the full enjoyment of all the extant culture. Behind the Italian Universities, scarcely behind Paris, but in either instance, only so far behind as England in general had, in the baronial wars, relapsed towards barbarism. Whatever speculative activity, whatever knowledge existed in the kingdom, was fully possessed, employed, in the University, was educative there. How the disastrous years that ensued,—the remainder of Henry's reign, those of Edward VI. and Mary—blighted all

culture, crushed all spirit, and checked progress,—*expulsis sapientiæ professoribus, atque omni bona arte in exilium acta,*—it is beside the present purpose to bring forward. This, too, was the period of the deepest degradation for the Universities — materially, morally, intellectually. Their numbers fell off, their property lay at the King's mercy, all independent spirit was broken, and education was reduced to enforcing conformity to the Six articles which Henry had declared to be the standard of truth. Gardiner, as Chancellor of Cambridge, wrote to the Vice-Chancellor 'that the King's gracious Majesty had, by the inspyracion of the Holy Ghost, composed all matters of religion,' and exhorting the teachers not to 'spend your philosophy about sounds, but take that which is set forth to you.'* When twenty years of tranquillity and order had restored the possibility of intellectual life, we find two results. First, that taste, poetry, and literature, were the first intellectual fruit to revive after the moral pestilence which had desolated the nation. The reign of Elizabeth produced accordingly a rich harvest of poetry and general literature, but it was not till the beginning of the next century that speculative thought and the severer studies again raised their heads. Secondly, that the movement of the national mind is carried on no longer within the Universities, but without them. From that time to the present, the Universities have ceased to originate, to rule, even to respond to, or be affected by, such intellectual activity as the nation has possessed. The whole of that sphere of thought in which a liberal training consists, or by which it can be accomplished, has been abandoned by them. So far as it has gone on at all, it has gone on without them. Ever since Henry VIII's first interference with opinion here, the Universities have been kept in dependence by the State; under Elizabeth, and under James and Charles, the fetters were drawn tighter and tighter, and education, starved by its severance from the living current of thought and opinion, gradually died out. Much has been said and written in the late controversies on the 'independence' of the Universities of the civil power. That we should have the management of our own affairs, and the regulation of our own studies, has been contended for as a sacred principle. Most justly; and much more precious still, as the one great condition, without which we cannot fulfil our functions as national teachers, is independence of thought. Our depriva-

* Ellis, *Original Letters*, 2nd Series, quot. ap. Hüber, *Engl. Univ.* I. p. 167.

tion of this great prerogative has told with equally fatal force on the University from which philosophy has been banished, and on literature without, in which speculation has gone on without the discipline and cultivation which should have regulated, controlled, balanced it. It is not, certainly, the business of a University to provide a national literature. But in some sort it is responsible for its defects. A grave defect of taste or principle in the current literature of an age, is argument of a fault in the higher education which is administered. In the characteristics of our popular literature, in its aimlessness, its mixture of strength and sophistry, its vague baseless theorising, in the utter absence of the true philosophical spirit, we must recognise the want of the harmonising hand of liberal culture. Rude, native strength there is plenty. This we owe to our freedom. Direction and purpose there is none; for the sacred central fire has been extinguished, and we go about sticking up lights in corners. What Fichte, writing in 1794, said of the Prussians, is very applicable to ourselves now: 'Whilst within the circle which common experience has drawn around us, men take larger views, and pass more accurate judgments than in any former period; the majority are completely misled, as soon as they take a single step beyond this limit.' Such philosophical teaching as the nation has had, has come to it from without in the profound silence of its proper teachers. Cartesianism, Locke, the Scotch school, German influences, all these have in turn moved and swayed and affected the life and thought of successive generations, while Oxford has had nothing to say on the subject, has condemned, rejected, and finally ended by unconsciously adopting a residuum of each into its modicum of logic, the only shape in which it retained any fragment of philosophy.

We would not be thought harsh or unjust to 'alma mater.' Many excellent influences flowed from Oxford, many good men imbibed wisdom and holy inspiration, if not from her studies, at least from their own studies within her precincts, even during this long period of her captivity. In another connexion it may be our pleasing task to point out some of these; we speak now of one point only, though that the vital one — of liberal education. On a calm survey of our history, it must be admitted, however surprising the fact to those who have never so considered it, that from the time that Henry VIII. violently crushed learning here, till quite recent times, viz. till the Examination Statute of 1804, Oxford had ceased from the proper functions of a University, had ceased to be a school of liberal culture on a

philosophical basis, was restricted to an inferior sphere and exerted only casual, secondary, incidental influences. Were we now passing a judgment, or awarding praise or censure, it would be easy to show that the blame was wholly with the Government, which had gagged the University, and not the University itself, which had but the choice of submission or destruction. Every true friend of Oxford must own with gratitude the service rendered towards recovering our liberty by Sir W. Hamilton, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*. The light thrown by his articles on the position and duties of a University has contributed much to the enlightenment of the public mind on a subject, of which the history and principles had almost passed into oblivion. The tone of those articles, however, was hostile to a degree it would probably not have been, had the venerated writer sufficiently remembered that we were not the causes of our own imbecility. The King and Parliament had tied our hands, and made a theological and philosophical school an impossibility; they had left us nothing but school books. The counts of the indictment, therefore, against Oxford were perfectly just, but it was laid against the wrong parties.

But we are not offering criticism or awarding reproof, we are endeavouring to trace one effect to its causes. The revival under Elizabeth extended to letters only, and even this very imperfectly; in the higher branches what little was taught did not go beyond the rudiments. What Whitgift was to Cambridge, Laud was, a little later, to Oxford. Both of them men of the narrowest views as to the nature and claims of the intellect, wholly intent on making the Universities political tools, subservient to the maintenance of the existing state of things. Stability was, indeed, to both a primary object; Whitgift looking backwards, might well dread a repetition of the violent oscillations of 1540–62; Laud looking forwards, could not but be conscious of the thick-coming storm. The measures then taken in the cause of order, security, and permanence, had the effect of drying up the very springs of our life, and cut us off from giving or receiving from the nation at large healthy intellectual impulse. Then was laid the foundation of that fatal divorce between the Universities and the national mind, which has lasted ever since. This alienation reached its acme, politically, about the middle of the last century, when Oxford had become identified with the sullen and anti-national Jacobite faction; morally and intellectually, about the close of the century, when it can scarcely be said that the University gave any education at all. We sustained our very existence by means

of our political connexion and our landed property, and had altogether lost our hold on the national mind. Speaking only of Oxford, and omitting exceptional instances, such as the prelections of Sanderson on Moral Philosophy in 1643, or those of Blackstone on English Law in 1754, we may say, that from the Laudian Statutes of 1636, till the First Examination Statute of 1801, the University *curriculum* became more and more narow, the efficiency of what remained, less and less. Those very statutes, indeed, still remained to testify to a comprehensive and elaborate scheme of liberal culture, erected on a philosophical survey of the whole field of human knowledge in a distant age, but of which not only were the regulations disused, but the very meaning and import was no longer understood by the academics themselves. The very idea of a complete or liberal education had long been altogether lost, and of course the means and appliances thereto could no longer be wielded, or the different stages of proficiency marked. These degrees (*gradus*), indeed, were maintained, but they only denoted social status, or determined academic precedence; even in the humbler province of mental discipline, the eighteenth century performed still less than the seventeenth. In the seventeenth, the oral disputation both required some training, and put it publicly to proof; at a later period these were allowed to become bare forms; a mere shred of the old logic was dogmatically taught, no longer understood either by the teacher or the learner. Oxford's aim had dwindled to teaching the classics; but even here it may be affirmed that the standard of attainment was deplorably low, for as a discipline, the mere construction of sentences is very imperfect unless accompanied by composition. But Latin composition was hardly taught at all in the University; the few tutors of colleges who had a competent acquaintance with the text of the classics, confined their instructions to hearing a class *construe* a Greek or Latin author. What this instruction amounted to, Mr. Fynes Clinton has recorded; writing in 1823 he says: 'when I first went to Oxford (in 1799) Greek learning was perhaps at the lowest point of degradation; during the seven years of my residence there, four of them as an undergraduate, I never received a syllable of instruction concerning Greek accents, or Greek metres, or the idiom of Greek sentences; in short, no information on any one point of grammar, or syntax, or metre; those subjects were never named to me.'* Yet Christ Church, under Cyril Jackson, was pro-

* Fynes Clinton, *Autobiography*, p. 230.

bably more efficiently tutored than any other college at the same date. Oxford, in fact, was become a mere grammar-school, and a bad classical school, inasmuch as the tutors of colleges were, on the average, inferior scholars to the head-masters of public schools. A well-taught boy from such a school could learn nothing in a tutor's lecture-room, and by being classed with the half-taught and the untaught, and in the general absence of all supervision or motive, he probably lost ground; indeed in taste and general reading, if not in scholarship, the *élite* of the students were probably superior to the Dons whom they looked down upon as ignorant, lazy, and somewhat sensual pedants. No responsibilities were acknowledged towards the undergraduate; college emoluments were 'preferment,' the private freeholds of independent gentlemen. The reaction came from the very extremity of the disease. Had Oxford, deprived of the power to give a universal culture, maintained reputation and efficiency as a classical school, or taught any one branch well, as Cambridge did mathematics, no great complaint would have been made. For the demand for liberal education by the educated classes, is liable to the same great obstacle as the demand for primary education by the working classes; when they are without it, when it does not exist among them, they do not feel the need of it. The nation then did not expect of the University that it should give the higher cultivation, for it knew not of any such thing; but as soon as Oxford training was felt to be sensibly below the average school training, which did exist out of Oxford, then the evil was begun to be met, though its extent was very far from being appreciated.

This movement, which commenced about the beginning of the present century, following the progress of opinion out of doors, went through two stages. In the first twenty-eight or thirty years the object was to restore to Oxford a disciplinal power in an efficient classical training analogous to that which was working vigorously, by means of mathematics, at Cambridge; and to supplement language, which was felt to be inferior to mathematics as a discipline, Logic was now revived. Logic was almost a lost art at Oxford. When Copleston (Bishop of Llandaff) was appointed tutor of Oriel, he found, to his great perplexity, that he had to lecture in logic, which had just been prescribed by the statute of 1801. Before that statute 'the tutors of each college had lectured their pupils, in whatever they thought fit, without reference to any examination but their own. Logic was by the greater part regarded as a system of useless or obsolete subtleties, to

be laid on the same shelf with astrology and alchemy. Mr. Copleston accordingly, having received no instruction in it, (at Corpus College), and having no living help to apply to, collected and read all the books he could meet with that professed to treat of it. From this chaos of loose materials, mixed with rubbish, he formed in his own mind a coherent system, &c.' *

Disciplinal studies thus successfully restored, the next great question was the enlargement of the *curriculum*. It was now admitted that, for a part at least of its students the Oxford training discharged its duty as an invigorator of the faculties, but it failed in the extent and nature of the knowledge it imparted. It was felt both within and without that there must be something wrong about an education which totally neglected all the vast stores of useful knowledge, scientific and historical, which were in possession and daily use by all but academically educated men. We have pointed out already the mixture of truth and error which this stage of the reform contained. How it was right as to its demand for the incorporation of the new knowledge; wrong as to the ground on which it urged its claim, viz., the useful and practical character of those branches of information. In this question the University is still engaged. The examination statute of 1850, which erected two new schools, having been a somewhat awkward attempt, as all first attempts must be, to satisfy this demand, time, experience, and further discussion are wanted before we shall be able rightly to assimilate the new studies. At the time we adopted them we scarcely knew the full meaning of what we were doing. We felt that we could not be without them, yet we did not know why we wanted them. Some, who opposed it, thought it was a deep-laid scheme of the scientific men to crush sound classical education; others, who favoured it, thought it was a concession to a cry of the day, which only wanted quieting by yielding to it, and are still sanguine that the new subjects will subside into their former insignificance. All are clear that our present position is not final, and that something is still required to harmonise and adapt our practice. A careful consideration of the old academical system prior to the classical *renaissance*, and of the practice of the Greek Universities, from which it was derived, is required to familiarise us with that principle which can alone give light and method to our heterogeneous practice, and enable us confidently to take the next and final step, and restore to the

* *Remains of Bishop Copleston.* By R. Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, 1834.

country a truly normal school of liberal education, affording a perfect human culture, disciplining the reason, refining the taste, embracing all knowledge, including all the sciences, no longer jostling, or anathematised by theology, but in their proper subordination to it as the master science, derived from them, and reflecting back on them life and purpose. This will be the most difficult of all the steps we have had to make. In what we have hitherto done, we have had opinion from without to guide and urge us on. Public opinion has now nearly pushed on education in Oxford (speaking of our studies only, and not of our management, in which very much remains to be done) to the level of its own light and requirements on the subject. It has nearly got what it wants of us, and will not force us much further. It found us simply receiving the youth and sending them away again at the end of three years without any teaching at all, but what they gave each other and themselves. It forced us, first, to continue or improve the work of the classical schools, and Oxford became forthwith an advanced grammar-school, where young men were continued at boys' lessons. It then obliged us to incorporate a variety of arts and sciences, and we are now on the way, we trust, to become an institute where much useful and practical knowledge may be well and solidly taught. But neither the training nor the information, neither the disciplinal nor the practical studies, will satisfy the requirements of a perfect human culture, till there be reared upon them, as the roof and crown towards which all the parts of the building converge, a true and informing Philosophy. If we should make this attempt, it is certain that we shall no longer have the support of the public opinion that has helped us so far; it is very probable that it may turn against us. Useful acquirement and a vigorous discipline limit the horizon of the best popular idea of education. Enlargement or enlightenment of mind, it does not conceive as an object. Perhaps it cannot. Περιττὰ, καὶ θαυμαστά, καὶ χαλεπὰ, καὶ δαιμόνια, ἀχρηστὰ δε must perhaps ever remain the popular conception of philosophical and theological principles.

There are, however, two grounds for hope that this crowning triumph of education may still be won by the Universities of this country. First, there exists a kind of perception of the value of mental enlargement, not at all on its true grounds as valuable in itself and for eternity, but for its practical utility. To this the Indian Civil Service reporters appeal when they say: 'It is undoubtedly desirable that the Civil servant of the Company should enter on his duties while still young; but it is also desirable that he should have received the best, the

most liberal, the most finished education that his native country provides. Such an education is the best preparation for every calling which requires the exercise of the higher powers of the mind.' And Mr. Roundell Palmer goes still further*: 'Of the value of an academical education even in a strictly professional point of view, when given on a sufficiently comprehensive system, I entertain no doubt. Superior mental cultivation tells very much in every profession; it enlarges the views, improves the judgment, and obtains for its possessor consideration and influence in the ordinary intercourse of mankind. It may not introduce a man to business at the beginning of his career, but when he has begun to rise, it helps him to advance more rapidly than he otherwise could; it adorns and dignifies his success; and it qualifies him for any elevation in the social scale to which that success may lead.' More theoretically, but to the same purpose, Mr. Davison wrote†: 'Of the intellectual powers, the judgment is that which takes the foremost lead in life. How to form it to the two habits it ought to possess, exactness and vigour, is the problem. It would be ignorant presumption so much as to hint at any routine of method by which these qualities may with certainty be imparted to every or any understanding. Still we may safely lay it down that they are not to be got by any "gatherer of simples," but are the combined essence and extracts of many different things, drawn from much varied reading and discipline first, and observation afterwards. For if there be a single intelligible point on this head, it is, that a man who has been trained to think upon one subject, or for one subject only, will never be a good judge even in that one; whereas the enlargement of his circle gives him increased knowledge and power in a rapidly increasing ratio. So much do ideas act, not as solitary units, but by grouping and combination; and so clearly do all the things that fall within the proper province of the same faculty of the mind, intertwine with and support each other. Judgment lives as it were by comparison and discrimination. Be it understood that by "judgment" is now meant, not that homely, useful quality of intellect that guards a person from committing mistakes to the injury of his fortunes or common reputation; but that master principle of business, literature and talent, which gives him strength in any subject he chooses to grapple with, and

* *Suggestions, &c.*, published by Committee of Tutors' Association, p. 21.

† *Remains of T. Davison*, quoted by J. H. Newman, *Discourses, &c.*, p. 276.

enables him to seize the strong point in it.' What Davison in this passage calls 'judgment' is what we have called the philosophical spirit, — a power of judging of every object or event on its true ground and nature, and not from some casual association, accident, prejudice, or the habits and conventionalities of the day. The means he proposes for the formation of such a power, are inadequate for the full development of such a power, but it is enough for our present purpose to show that the practical bearing and utility of an enlarged understanding are sufficiently recognised. And this superiority is one which will be increasingly felt and recognised as civilisation advances and education spreads. Empirical knowledge is a power as against ignorance; but a mere empirical knowledge will not avail against the more perfect machinery of a scientific knowledge. Our national excellences have been all of the material, mechanical, practical, sort; good sense, vigour, determination, readiness. And with these we have triumphed in competition with nations which have been deficient in them. But already we are beginning to find our wealth, population, and materials too vast for our capacities of system. We have no system in anything; our affairs go on by dint of our practical sense; a stupid precedent supplying on all occasions the place of method. We are unable to organise our labour market or our commerce; to codify our law; to administer any one department on a principle of management; and every Act of Parliament that is passed presents a laughable array of puzzling contradictions. We can build more solidly, durably, quickly, than at any former time, but we have no architecture; we add room to room, but we cannot lay out an interior. All our arts of design are become mere copyings from patterns. We have brave and enduring soldiers; officers of resolution and skill, but no generalship. We have the stores and supplies of war in profusion; no capacity for organising a commissariat. There is a corresponding deficiency in our education. We have some excellent discipline, in practical life, in public schooling, in the energy of our trade; we have no systematic education. All this is beginning to be understood and felt; and there is a remedy. The necessary tendency of advancing civilisation is to divide and subdivide the applications, as of labour, so of thought. The professions tend to split up into branches; and skill in one becomes more and more incompatible with skill in another. The more a subject has been explored, the more time does it take each succeeding student to follow the steps of his predecessors. To prevent the disabling effects of this speciality of pursuit, it becomes the more

requisite to secure at starting a breadth of cultivation, a scientific formation of mind, a concert of the intellectual faculties. There is an organisation of thought as well as of labour. What is wanted is to get this recognised as the proper remedy; and to have it understood that this commanding superiority, this enlargement of mind, this grasp of things as they are, this clear-sightedness, sagacity, philosophical reach of mind, is to a great degree communicable by training. We, indeed, are far from estimating this power by its applicability. Mental enlargement we know to be self-valuable, not useful; but if it can be introduced to notice under colour of being useful in life, so be it, so only that it is introduced. The difficulty is to get the thing recognised at all by those who have it not. Cleverness, talent, skill, fluency, memory, all these are understood and rated in the market. A cultivated mind, just because it is above all price, is apt to be overlooked altogether. It argues some discernment, and a considerable degree of education in a society in which such gifts are even appreciated as useful. And let it once establish itself, even under false pretences, such is its marvellous ascendency, that, like refined manners, it will conquer and propagate and extend itself by sympathy, by imitation, above all, by education. In this subject eminently, it is true that the beginning is everything. Comprehensive intellect is nothing in any given sphere of society, until the persons of whom that society consists can be brought to see that such a thing exists. Once its existence understood, and then, like law, or like conscience, which indeed is nothing but a comprehensive understanding of moral relations, its right to judge and decide is admitted as of course. In this way it is that all diffusion of elementary education is, distantly, yet eventually, a step towards the restoration of the higher. Whether or no Government should, or should not, make primary education compulsory, one good effect at least results from its being left to win its way slowly and unassisted; viz., that its progress and improvement are purely due to an experimental conviction, on the part of the population, of its usefulness in life. It is thus put on the footing of a social privilege, rather than of a legal obligation; but if its perceived utility be a sufficient leverage to erect and extend primary education, its force will be tenfold greater in elevating and developing it. And as the development of primary is into secondary education, so that of secondary is into liberal education. So far then is a tendency to, or demand for, useful knowledge, from being in rivalry with liberal culture, that it is its necessary harbinger and provocative. Useful

knowledge is, indeed, the true rival of the classical system, of an exclusively literary training, with its dilettante criticism, its fastidious taste, its affected scorn of the practical. Or again, the masculine good sense of the usefully-trained man turns with instinctive aversion from a mere notional and fantastic philosophy—a philosophy of cobwebs, of distinction and definition—from a mere speculative literature; but a true and living knowledge, and only such a knowledge of things can be extensively useful, feels the necessity of philosophical view just in proportion to its extent and profundity. As our acquaintance with the facts of any subject has a tendency to form itself into a science of that subject, so a science has a tendency to carry itself on into the fundamental science of knowing and being, on which its own principles depend. A science, in fact, *is* a philosophy of its own subject, and this is the way in which a single science, without a knowledge of any other, may, by itself, often go a great way to supply the place of a proper philosophical culture. Some sciences are more, some less philosophical: thus, while the classificatory sciences do not even admit of being reasoned, such a science as Astronomy, on the other hand, rises above the level of a disciplinal study, habituating as it were the mind to grasp the illimitable realms of space by a simple principle; and has thus, in Cambridge education, almost served the purpose of a philosophy.

2. Our other ground of hope for the restitution of philosophical studies in Oxford, lies in the progress they have recently made within the University. The Oxford examination system has remarkably exemplified the tendency of mental activity not only to improve its own method, but to expand into some sort of philosophical speculation. In this instance, it is literature and logic which have developed into philosophy. It is not so much that the standard of attainment for honours has risen, as that the quality of attainment has altered. The examination intended by the original statute was one in Literæ humaniores exclusively; for though Literæ humaniores were defined (inaccurately to be sure) to include 'moral and political science so far as derivable from the ancient writers,' yet the framers certainly contemplated nothing more than the reading of treatises of Aristotle, Plato, or Cicero. Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics, said to have been introduced by Shepherd, soon became the favourite book; but it was read as so much Greek, the sense of the words so far followed, or sometimes drawn out as a logical exercise into syllogistic form. The same was the case with Logic, though, in this case, the Greek treatises were too diffi-

cult to be construed, even by the average scholarship of those days, and logic was studied in a Latin manual, compiled from the Latin school-followers of Aristotle. But it was read in the same meagre way, some facility being acquired in the application of the technical rules, without any attempt to penetrate the principles. Meanwhile scholarship went on rapidly rising, and though the number of Greek authors usually read by candidates for honours became contracted; yet this was owing to, and was compensated by, the concentration of attention on the very choicest writers, and the greater accuracy with which their words were weighed. As the language became more facile, the substance of books so pregnant with instruction as the Greek poets and historians could not but gain on the attention. The theory of the Greek drama, its purport and history; the principles of ancient art, poetic, rhetoric, were intelligently studied. Aristotle soon riveted attention in a peculiar way; and from this time a history of the study of Aristotle in the University is a history of University improvement. We may distinguish four periods through which the study of Aristotle has passed in Oxford in the last half century. 1. The first, which we have just alluded to, we may call the *scholar's* period. The rhetoric, poetic, and ethics alone were used, and mastered as a portion of Greek literature, as Sophocles or Demosthenes might be. Of this period Cardwell's edition may be taken as the representative, though not published till 1830, which was well into the second period. 2. This was the *common sense* age, springing from reaction against the mere technical or verbal style of the preceding period. Abp. Whately, with great naturalness and originality, applied common sense to elucidate the old logic, and breathed life into the dry bones of Aldrich, which, he very successfully showed, were not the mere nonsense they had been assumed to be. The ethics were now discovered to be an eminently practical treatise; so far from being a string of syllogistic technicalities written in good Greek, they came home to our business and bosoms, and told us of the commonest things we were doing every day of our lives. Common sense was the only interpreter; everything was plain and easy, except a few passages, which were mere exploded subtleties; indeed it was rather a superficial book than otherwise, and not by any means equal in depth to Butler's Sermons. These were the days of John and Thomas, making coats, and mending shoes (about this there is a great deal in Aristotle), of riding, cricket, and mixing puddings. It was much such a conception of Aristotle as Cicero had of Greek

philosophy; it was an experimental study of a collection of moral precepts, or rather a subjective assimilation than an objective study of them. Mr. Sewell saw in the Platonic Socrates and the sophists the noble resistance of Oxford to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Mr. Oakley saw in the Ethics an adumbration of the Catholic system. 'The earlier part of the ecclesiastical polity of Hooker is to the political view of Aristotle what the Analogy and Sermons of Bishop Butler are to his ethical; a Christian commentary showing how these subjects may be vindicated from profane uses.'* The account of habit, and the dependence of intellectual discernment on moral goodness, were felt to be peculiarly valuable, and brave efforts were made to find 'conscience' in the sixth book, but with doubtful success; for while some said it was there as plain as a pike-staff, others thought that this was an idea which Aristotle, not having enjoyed the full light of revelation, could not, of course, have had. 3. Reaction against the practical and common sense interpreters produced the *third*, which we shall call the *critical* school. Formal logic was the pet study of this period. Abp. Whately was laughed out of court for an ignoramus, and Sir W. Hamilton reigned in the schools. The Organon (of Aristotle) was fairly attempted, and it began to be thought that the way to understand the Ethics was by comparison with other parts of the author. Reconciling passages was much in vogue; tabular arrangements and harmonising of different parts, but all in a dry, textual, logical way, were the principal methods used by the private tutors, who now acquired the ascendant and the real direction of the studies of the University. The college tutor was now more than ever behind, and could in no degree supply the information required. This critical period was not itself scientific, but it did eminent service in preparing the way for the *fourth*, or *scientific* period, on which we have already entered. The former period amassed passages, familiarised us with the text, collated authorities; thus it served as the proper critical introduction to an enlightened teaching of Aristotle, when an eminence was gained from which a survey of the whole Aristotelian system could be taken, and its proper place be assigned it in relation to the general course of philosophy. So utterly had the Aristotelian tradition perished in Oxford among the tutors, that it may be questioned if five-and-twenty years ago there was one tutor, unless we except Dr. Hamp-

* *Remarks on Aristotelian and Platonic Ethics as a branch of the studies pursued in the University of Oxford*, by Rev. Frederick Oakley.

den, who understood that philosophy as a whole, or could have expounded rightly any one of the more profound metaphysical or ethical doctrines of that system, in the way in which the best private tutors are in the habit of doing now. No doubt very essential aid in this work of re-discovery has been derived from Germany, but German philology would have been as dead a letter to us in respect of Aristotle, as it is in respect of its application to the canonical books, if there had not existed an active spirit of inquiry on the subject within. For the Aristotelian movement with us has not been a mere antiquarian's question, it is a real philosophical revival; it may have taken the shape of comment, or interpretation of a document, yet, as we know some of the most vital religious questions may assume the same form, so our intellectual movement has not been the less real for having in its early stage attached itself to the resuscitation of Greek philosophy.

II.

This brings us naturally to the second division of our subject, in which we propose to offer some practical suggestions for the further promotion of the good work so happily inaugurated here. And if we have been at all successful in showing that the course of things here, during the past half century, has been one of steady progress, and in one direction; and that direction no arbitrarily selected one; but that the movement being a real one, it is obeying the laws of the general intellectual movement, and tending more and more to be brought within its orbit; if this be accepted, it will follow that the practical measures to be adopted fall under one simple principle,—the removal, cautious but timely, of the impediments to the improvement which is accomplishing itself. Here is no dangerous overthrow of what exists, no violent measures required, no remodelling of our education from without. The really living power in Oxford lies, whatever indications may be thought adverse, at this moment, in the movement of speculative thought in the place. True, the Tories joined with the Tractarians, are in an immense numerical majority here; but as the Tractarians do not realise their own principles with the vivid instinct with which their present leader does, and in consequence often fall off frmo their allegiance to him on the side of liberal measures, the numerical feebleness of the liberal party is, in some measure, masked. But we do not wish to speak or to provoke the thought of party division at this moment. Our object is only

to show how an intellectual impulse which already exists, and which is of itself capable of regenerating University education, may be practically assisted towards taking further effect on our existing institutions and arrangements for the promotion of study.

That the Examination Statute of 1850 is imperfect in detail, and must be without loss of time retouched, is felt already by the tutors. That its principle of incorporating the new studies, and more precisely defining and limiting the old, was good, has been implied in what we have said. In considering the examinations, the candidates for honours and the pass-men must always be spoken of separately. And first, of the examinations for honours.

One felt evil here is the ambiguous character of the 'Literæ Humaniores' honour. The old First class in 'Literæ Humaniores' attained its high value from its being the one and only test to which the student was subject through his whole career. He was examined, and examined once only, over the whole ground of his previous studies, and a mark set upon him which determined not only for the University, but, in a great measure, for life, his intellectual calibre and standing. But since this honour has been divided with Moderations, and co-ordinated with other honours in three other schools, it is obvious that the classical First, though it may imply a higher attainment, is in a great measure shorn of its ancient splendour. In a great measure, we say, for it still ranks above every other species of first class. But not merely is it thus depreciated in current extrinsic value; there is a growing uncertainty *what* intrinsic value in the man that honour-rank denotes. This uncertainty was growing up before 1850. As long as the University *curriculum* was purely classical, or contained a mere nominal quantity of memorial logic, it was a well-understood stamp, which indicated the whole intellectual power and capacity of the student as exhibited through ancient language and literature. The only element of variation at that period was, that the honour was, like other things in life, equally open to idle talent and dull industry. And the exercise of a little discretion by the examiners was enough to strike a balance between the two, and reduce the variation from this double element to a minimum. But as philosophical studies gained the great development of which we have spoken, not only did the divarication between ability and work continually widen, but a new element of uncertainty came in, in the difference between taste and scholarship on the one hand, and attainment in Aristotle (science, it was called) on the other. This was

sought to be met by compensation, i. e. allowing high attainment, either in Aristotle only, or in language only wiht, moderate competence in the other portion of the subject, to obtain the honour of the first class. But as the study of Aristotle continued to grow and overshadow, and threaten to swamp 'scholarship' altogether, it was endeavoured (in 1850) to provide a refuge for that subject by detaching it from the old, and erecting an examination in language only. But as there was no intention of surrendering the principle of 'classical education,' instead of putting the language and literature examination side by side with the old Literæ Humaniores examination, and leaving an option between them, the language School was made into a previous examination at an earlier part of the student's course. And this is the present system. Now, besides the blemishes which arose from compromise in this scheme, such as that 'divinity' was, unnecessarily, to quiet the High Church party, and, 'logic' preposterously, to satisfy the old Tories, intruded into the Moderation school; besides these blots, which might have been avoided, there are other and grave inconveniences in the present arrangement, for which no one is to blame, but which experience has made felt. The Literæ Humaniores honour is made more ambiguous than ever by the very subdivision which was intended to relieve it. It is no longer the one test and stamp of classical attainment; for with the immense development which philosophy has attained within the limits of the study of ancient literature, that combination of qualities has been entirely and for ever dispersed, never to be again reunited. On the other hand, it is not a purely philosophical examination, for besides the modicum (very imperfectly taught and learnt) of History, which the Literæ Humaniores examination includes, a considerable amount of Scholarship is still required. Latin composition, even though not exacted by the Statute, was retained by the first examiners under the new Statute, and has been continued ever since. This requirement, and the maintenance of Scholarship generally, however anomalous it may seem, was, we think, not without reason; since, as long as the philosophy studied is exclusively, as by the present Statute it is, the Greek originals, it would be *falsetto* indeed to examine in Aristotle and Plato (and the same will apply to Thucydides and Tacitus), without exacting full competence in the language in which they are written. The language is in such writers inseparable from the matter.

The next inconvenience felt under the present arrangement is the too close crowding of the two examinations, the Moderation and the final Literæ Humaniores examination. The

examination in language occurs too early in the student's career to allow of his having derived anything like the culsure which classical training is intended and is able to confer. While the time—about one year and a half, which remains after Moderations—is now well ascertained to be too short to allow of a proper and well-digested course of moral science. Science and Scholarship were separated to ease the student for honours of the burden of carrying on two heterogeneous courses at the same time. It is now felt that time was itself an element indispensable in the cultivating effect of both subjects; especially in philosophical studies, a certain time is necessary to gain a firm grasp of the ideas. Were the object only the reading and getting up of three or four books, the time, measured by the quantity, might well have seemed enough;—but when what is to be done is to rise to a new range of thought, and to get oneself tolerably at home in it, a long time is lost at the commencement before anything like a ray of light appears; and the last six months, just the time which the new Statute has cut off, was probably the time in which (under the old) the student's progress was most decisive. Thus Moderations and the Final school, instead of relieving, are mutually destroying each other.

A third inconvenience, sensibly felt, yet of which, for obvious reasons, it is difficult for those who feel it most to speak, is the incompetency and varying views of examiners in the School of philosophy. This had been a growing evil in the last days of the old Statute; it is evident *a priori* that it will become more and more so in proportion as the subject of examination becomes special; indeed, the very fact that the new Statute has restrained and specialised the subjects in the School of Literæ Humaniores must remove from our remark any appearance of presumption or impertinence; for when the field of labour has become so divided, it can be no imputation on the talents or general attainments of any man who attained a first class under the old system, that he has not dedicated himself specially to the Greek philosophers, when, perhaps, he has been successfully cultivating theology, or law, or some other branch of general knowledge. Yet such is the expansion which the moral and logical sciences have just now attained, and such the proficiency of the best students in them—and others by foregoing Moderation honours can join in the race with the best,—that general ability alone will no longer be a sufficient qualification for an examiner in this school. A classical examiner, insufficiently versed in Greek philosophy, or having an average textual knowledge of one or two treatises of Aristotle, is entirely at a loss in judging the philosophical

power of a candidate who has been carefully trained by an eminent private tutor. To a given question the examiner expects a given answer, or the words of a given passage of Aristotle. If he does not receive that, he puts aside anything else that may be offered by the examinee as irrelevant, and observes, that 'he does not know his books;' whereas the case might be that he not only 'knew' them, but understood them too, and for that very reason explained, and did not merely repeat, them. Owing to this want of special study, and of a just appreciation of the claims of this particular subject, there is a constant struggle on the part of classical examiners to go back to the old system of general literature, or, worse still, to restrict examinations to a call for a memorial and unintelligent repetition of the contents of given books. We very often hear much eloquent declamation against substituting 'loose and vague generalities' for 'exact knowledge,' all being too often set down as loose and vague which the speaker does not recognise as the identical words of one of the authorised text-books. Whatever may be the value of book knowledge in historical matter, and we would give full weight to Dr. Whewell's * excellent remarks on the cultivation of the memory, extending it even to defence of *cram*, it is the very distinction of philosophical study as the highest power of culture, that it is nothing if it be not an understanding study. The one and only test of proficiency in this study which can be of any use, is one which can ascertain how far the candidate's own understanding has operated on, and has assimilated, his materials. If he only reproduces what he has read in his book, or heard from a professor, the result is equally valueless. It is sometimes said that it is as easy to cram general views as to cram special statements; undoubtedly it is; but what an examiner ought to call out, is neither general views nor special statements as such, but the examinee himself. So far from its being possible to cram 'generalities' in such a way as to deceive an examiner, there is no way in which a candidate will more certainly expose himself than in essaying language which he has not verified. A single written answer might escape detection; but in a long paper, which took four or five hours to write out, such a thing would be impossible. A *vivâ voce* examination would instantly unmask such an imposture; for (as Whewell says) 'one or two very simple questions will at once ascertain whether the student really understands the language which he pretends to translate, or the reasoning which he pretends to give.' The high character of the in-

* *Cambridge Education*, Art. 110.

struction afforded by the best private tutors, and the public lectures on Logic and Moral Philosophy, the increased study of such books as Mill's Logic, and the influence within the schools themselves of the author of the 'Prolegomena Logica,' have all tended to raise the standard of the philosophical examinations to the present high level; the examinations have been pushed up by the attainments of the candidates, but they can now expand no further in the same direction, unless the candidates can obtain a longer time for preparation, and unless every encouragement be given to full development of the subject by the style of the examinations.

Such are some of the defects in the working of the present system of examination for honours. What remedies in detail should be adopted to meet them, is a very perplexing question. If we venture to offer one or two suggestions, it is with great diffidence, and with the full belief that better may yet be devised. But if our principle be a just one, viz. that Oxford studies are now in the stage of transition from literature and language to philosophy, and that in the latter subject will in future reside the true life and culture of our education; if we are about to rise from a '*ludus literarius*,' from a school of taste, and expression and composition, and the art of reasoning, from rhetoric, and logic, and poetic, into a University based on the faculty of a completely equipped philosophy; if we are to pass from amusement, from the graces and accomplishments and preliminaries, to teach a real knowledge of things in their causes, it will follow that the subject which demands our first care, and to the interests of which all others must be postponed, is the Philosophy School. The subject of this School must be more distinctly defined, rhetoric and poetic struck out; 'dialectica' so explained as to exclude such parts of logic as the prior analytics and the scholastic logic. The questions should be printed, both that the examiners may be held closely to the definition when made, and that the students may be continually reminded of the range within which the topics of examination lie. The practice of examining in books instead of in subjects, which is an abuse of the Statute even as it stands*, should be corrected, and the book subordinated to the subject, instead of the subject

* The Statute defines 'Literæ Humaniores' as comprising the following *subjects*: 'Per literas humaniores quoad ad hanc scholam attinet, intelligimus non tantum linguas Græcam et Latinam, sed et historias Græcam et Romanam (eas videlicet quæ antiquæ habentur), et quæ ad historiam pertinent, chronologiam, geographiam, antiquitates, rhetoricam quoque et poeticam; moralem insuper et politicam scientiam, quatenus a scriptoribus veteribus derivanda sint, etc.;' it goes on, however, afterwards to speak of books.

lost sight of in the book, as at present. The title of the School would require to be changed. A difficulty will occur about the History. But though in time, if the importance of single subjects should gain ground, and their subdivision consequently become necessary, ancient history would have to be transferred to the present History School, and made a third optional period in that School, yet the time is not ripe for that change. The study of ancient history in Oxford is very greatly in arrear of that of ancient philosophy. The private tutors have not taken up the subject to any extent, and there are no public lectures corresponding to those of Professors Wall and Wilson. As to the books to be used in the Philosophical School, at present probably no improvement could be made upon the Nicomachean Ethics and the Politics of Aristotle, and the Republic of Plato. But whether these or any other systematic treatises be used, the systems are not to be taught in themselves, but as so many successive points in the history of human thought developing itself in speculation. Only in this way can systems of philosophy become the basis of a positive science, and offer a real object to human inquiry. A system is a fact in the history of philosophy; a real fact connected with other preceding and subsequent facts; the nature and extent of its relations to such precedents and subsequents is the only positive knowledge which we can extract from ancient systems. It then becomes a question where our philosophical students should stop; at the Græco-roman philosophy, or at the Neo-platonist, or at the Mediæval? or should they be invited into the vast field of modern speculation? Here, perhaps, a plan recently introduced in the School of Modern History, might be borrowed with advantage. The outline of the history of philosophy from the earliest Greek schools down to (say) Kant, might be required of all candidates (for honours) in this School, and then some of the leading philosophical developments might be enumerated, one or more of which the candidates might be expected to prepare minutely from the original sources. The anomalous practice which is still not quite disused in this School, of coupling Butler's Sermons with Aristotle's Ethics, as though there was some peculiar affinity between the two, can only tend to confound the student's conception of the nature of the science he is studying. If English ethics in the eighteenth century were admitted as a legitimate subject in the School, then Butler would occupy his own proper place, an important one—in that series. Taken as he is now, the solitary modern philosopher who figures in the examination papers, he not only assumes an importance to which he is

no way entitled, but fosters a very erroneous notion that the 'Sermons' and the 'Ethics' taken together somehow make up an orthodox system of morals. The Christian bishop corrects the Heathen. The particular lacuna in the Aristotelian system which Butler is (or was) supposed to supply, is the doctrine of Conscience; a supposition wholly illusory. When Butler was introduced into that School (by Dr. Hampden, Fellow of Butler's College), it was as a protest against the rigid pedantry which prohibited all English reading. Now that the reason has ceased, the interloper might fairly be excluded. Logic should, as now, be taken up as a subject, not in any treatise; but the first book of the Novum Organum, from the genuine philosophical spirit which inspires it, more thoroughly perhaps than any other modern book, might be made an exception. To preserve uniformity of practice in the conduct of the examinations, adherence to the subjects as defined, and a stability of the standard of attainment required for the several classes, the examinations should be placed under the supervision of Boards, as recommended by the Royal Commission. Above all, it is imperatively required that the examiners should be selected as specially qualified. At present, under the procuratorial nomination, these appointments go the round of the College tutors. The tutors of the Proctor's college naturally expect to have the examinerships which fall to him divided amongst them. The appointment should be vested in persons as far as possible removed from College interests, and capable of selecting out of the whole University the persons best qualified in the respective subjects of each School. These Boards of Curators should not, we are inclined to think, be the same with the proposed Board (or Boards) of Studies. They should be small, consisting of two, or at most three, members, and have no other function to perform but this one of nominating the examiners. They might be either permanent, or nominated every year *ad hoc*, by the Boards of Studies.

The grand difficulty here is the distribution of the different subjects among the Schools, and the adjustment of the Schools to the whole academic course. This difficulty is occasioned by the variety of studies claiming recognition, compared with the short time—three years—into which they are to be crammed; and also by a conflict of opinion as to the relative claims of the different branches. The suggestions we have made above might, if they approve themselves to the University, be adopted at once; on this part of the arrangement any suggestions must be prospective merely. For according to the view we have taken, the present state of our studies is essentially a transition state; a

very hopeful state, we would add, for it is a progressive improvement intimately connected with the general progress of the country. We cannot precipitate this transition; all we can do is, by setting steadily before us our real situation, to adopt such arrangements from time to time as may facilitate the movement. All such expedients must be considered as temporary only; no thought can be entertained of restoring at once a *studium generale*, whose studies shall exactly square with the perfect theoretical division and order of the whole province of knowledge. As to the first point, then, the conflicting claims of different branches of study. And here we have to adjust two distinct cases of divided interests. First, there are the claims of the classical languages, against the claims of the new subjects. And, secondly, the claims of general cultivation against that of professional preparation. We cannot concur in the opinion entertained by some that cultivation commensurate with the range of the human intellect can be given by means of literature. It is true we may distinguish between the old 'classical scholar,' who rose no higher than to be a man of taste in poetry and the fine arts, and the modern 'philology,' with its laborious inductions and profound æsthetical criticism, &c. This study, indeed, possesses in the science of Comparative Philology, on which Classical Philology must now be necessarily based, a positive science, which illuminates it with a philosophical light of its own. Comparative Philology thus renders to classical studies the same service which the Civil Law did to the erudite scholars of the seventeenth century, or, as we said above, Physical Astronomy may do to a Cambridge mathematical course, supply the want to the student of a genuine and entire positive philosophy. But a philology even of this enlarged kind is after all but a special subject,—a magnificent subject indeed, but not the sun and centre of the system of knowledge. Philology taken at its widest must always borrow many of the principles it uses from a science higher and more comprehensive than itself. That scientific philosophy, which ultimately supplies the principles of all other knowledge, can never be displaced from its lawful position, without producing an ill-balanced, imperfect system of education. At the same time a purely scientific education, without the emollient graces and amenities of literature, is apt to generate a harsh, unpliant character to the intellect. Such a character we often see in the Scotch; an intellect of admirable vigour and solidity, but unwieldy and offensive in its social manifestations. These views would not be satisfied by the adjustment of Schools offered by the Commissioners. They propose that general studies, which they identify, ac-

cording to the error of the age, with classical literature, should terminate with the first examination; and that after this, special studies should begin, one of these special branches to be Philology. Any arrangement of subjects into 'schools', should keep in view the making the Philosophical School the centre of attraction. Into this it should endeavour to bring all, to this it should assign its highest rewards, and for this it should allow as much time as possible. The Philosophical School might be postponed to the latest possible period before the B.A. degree; and honours in that school should exempt the student from the obligation to pass in any other. It ought to be exclusively an honour examination; a 'pass' philosophy being a wholly nugatory affair. We might contemplate the distant prospect of making honours in that school a *sine quâ non* condition for becoming a candidate for College Fellowships, all such, at least, as were not appropriated by Statute to the special studies. In what part of the course, then, should the classical honours come? That is a great difficulty; we confess ourselves unable to suggest anything better than the present arrangement, which places them at the end of the second year of residence. To palliate some of the felt evils of that arrangement, honours should not be allowed to be gained in that examination (Moderations) later than the ninth term from matriculation; but then residence should commence in the term subsequent to matriculation, and Responsions should be shifted back to the close of the first term of residence. This is, after all, but a lame conclusion; but the real truth is that for a double course of study, which is to embrace both classics and philosophy, three years is too small an allowance of time. Moderations and the final examination are, it is now complained, spoiling each other. The real truth is, that the subjects, philology and philosophy, have, since the establishment of the examination system, acquired such dimensions on our hands, that we cannot pack both of them into a space of time formerly filled by the mere shadow—the bare image, of one of them. Look back on the golden days when the student, an honour student even, his Little-go past, had an endless vista of time to lounge through his eight or ten books in. How much better they could be read! When we had nothing to do, we did it well; now *inopes nos copia fecit.* Two vast and inexhaustible subjects have risen up among us, just discovered in all their wonderful proportions, and we are obliged to shut up our study of each just at the moment when we are beginning to appropriate and substantiate them. Is it visionary to hope that a solution

of the dilemma may be found in an enlargement of the time? That, in order to ripen the golden fruit, an additional year may be added to the academic course, and the present nominal four years may become really four? We know, indeed, that the current of opinion appears at present to set strongly the other way; and that even three years is grudged as too much to be wasted on useless studies. Merchants, solicitors, fathers of the middle class in general, who design their sons for business, want them away at twenty years of age, and would not like that they should 'lose any more time' before beginning life. Now, so far from complaining of this state of public opinion as erroneous, our hopes for the future of liberal University education arise from its being so general and well-founded. Under the old Oxford system, while *nothing*, or nothing but Greek and Latin, was taught, while the only habits acquired or encouraged by the authorities were those most adverse to success in practical or professional life, viz. idle, dissipated, dandified habits, and the peculiar incapacities for business or action which were supposed to constitute the gentleman, this aversion for Oxford was not only natural, but right and wise. But let it once be felt that Oxford can teach something more than Latin writing and the gentlemanly vices—that a real, palpable, and practical superiority of character and intellect can be acquired here—and the same well-judging class who withheld their sons from the contamination of rakish gentlemen commoners, and the scandalous neglect of classical tutors, will grudge neither time nor cost for the purchase of such superiorities. It must be admitted, indeed, that the middle classes in England are far too intent on show, on outside, on wealth and its appurtenances. But is not one great cause of this the absence of any counterbalancing moral and intellectual vigour in the clerical and educated class? By their fruits shall ye know them. Had the Universities maintained a power of turning out a better stamp of man, wealth would never have become the one absorbing idea that it has become with the middle class. Respectability has usurped the honours of virtue, chiefly from this very poisoning of the sources of the higher education. But it was a just and not a false sentiment at bottom which has kept the middle classes away from Oxford, as it then existed 'a slaughter-house of intellect.' And the same cause, a thorough moral and intellectual reform, to which we may hopefully look for an increase of our numbers, will also enable us to enlarge the time, such enlargement being absolutely required for a proper performance of the process of education. Let confidence be restored in us, and we shall find them not only

willing to come, but willing to stay longer. Besides, the extra year need not be all so much added; it might fairly be subtracted in part from school-time. Let only the school-work be properly taken up and carried on by the tutor, and not be as it is at present, when the sixth form of a good school finds that, in exchanging lesson for lecture, he has gone back a couple of years in the standard of requirement. Besides this, we may fairly look to the still growing elevation of the quality of instruction afforded by the grammar-schools. When the other great schools shall do what Rugby, almost alone, at present does, and when two years of such more advanced instruction as a high class of lecturers, combined under a professor of Comparative Philology in the University can alone give, shall have been added, the Moderation Examination (for honours) would then go far towards doing as much as need be done in this inferior division of liberal education. There would then remain two whole years for the philosophical course; and in this course, as the history of Greek philosophy and Greek authors would form so considerable an element, a still further expansion of the language portion of the earlier division of the general course would be gained by the way.

On the conduct of the first examination—Moderations—it may be remarked that it should differ from the final, in being on books, rather than on subjects. This results from the very nature of literature, that the book, in all its individuality, as the embodiment in a highly artificial shape of the substance of a great mind, is the primary object of attention. This precious part of our education ought not to be lost, and happily it is the part which is best understood and most perfectly carried out at present. All that is necessary here is to guard against that abusive tendency to which all book examination and preparation from time to time leans, to look to the bare recollection of the contents of the book. The examination should be carefully directed to testing the scholar's progress in taste and discernment, by translation, interpretation, comment, imitation. To these ends attentive reading is an indispensable means. But attentive reading should be left to the catechetical instructor to enforce. The examination should not itself descend to test it. Here again the regular publication of the questions and exercises would serve as a safeguard to the examinations, and a beacon to the students and the tutors. It is hardly necessary to observe that logic and divinity, as wholly heterogeneous matter, should be excluded from this School. Indeed, if scholarship, as is to be hoped, continues to expand,

it will no doubt come to seem to our successors as ludicrous that the same examiners should examine in logic and in Greek, as it does now to us that before 1825 the same persons should have examined in mathematics and physics, *and* in the Literæ Humaniores. Individuals here and there may be qualified, but it is impossible to expect a regular supply of examiners who have made sufficient study of two such distinct subjects. The only subject, as distinct from books, which this School should include is philology and universal grammar.

On this scheme we should have a complete curriculum of general studies, divided into two stages. In the first stage the Literæ Humaniores, in a select list of the best Greek and Latin authors, but illuminated by the initiatory philosophies of grammar and philology. In the second stage a general philosophy of the laws of knowledge, but based on a combination of the recorded history of speculative thought (especially the Greek epoch) with the extant condition of the special sciences. In this way our general course would be a complete liberal culture, uniting the speculative vigour of the middle age University with the humane polish and elegant studies of the classical revival. By restricting and subordinating the latter to the former it would avoid the enervating effects of literature as an exclusive pursuit; by connecting the philosophy with the actual data of the sciences, moral and natural, it will be secured from that spurious logical development in which it has at various times lost its credit. When this was once done it would remain to define the place of special studies. Here, again, we are not going to propose any immediate change in the recently adopted arrangements. Time must be given for natural studies to grow up and effect a lodgment in Oxford, under cover of the present confessedly imperfect framework. But the principle which, in conformity with the general views we have taken, should be maintained, is to restrict our special schools to that intermediate ground which lies in each subject, between general culture and purely practical knowledge—to those portions of special branches, in short, which may be called semi-professional. We cannot better explain what we mean than by quoting the clear statement of what this ground is in medicine, given by Dr. Acland.

'A complete school of medicine is impossible here, but a school for the branches of knowledge, introductory to the study of practical medicine, could be carried on here with

success. At the outset of his studies in the great hospitals, the medical student has his mind distracted by the multiplicity of subjects which must be taken up at once. Often he has to attend four or five lectures in a day, on various subjects, besides his hospital hours; by the time these are over he is so worn out that he has no time or energy to arrange what he has heard, still less to inquire further and examine books illustrative of the lectures. Now if these subjects were divided into partially professional and wholly professional, and the former could be disposed of while in residence at Oxford, how great would be the gain to the student. For these studies he would have the quiet of this place instead of the hurry and bustle of the hospital; his mind would be fixed on comparatively few subjects, which he would have time to master thoroughly.'*

To engraft this semi-professional medical training on the general course might be the object to which the physical school should be directed, aided as it will be by the appliances of the new museum. And this purpose, as a preparatory training for students in medicine, is perhaps all that the physical School here could attempt. For there is little hope that these studies, ultimately destined though they are to revolutionise opinion on some of the most prevalent points of speculation, can be largely pursued by non-medical students. But even 'the presence of a set of intelligent young men, actively engaged in the pursuit of natural knowledge as a truth and a reality,' will be of no inconsiderable benefit to the general students, while from mixture with the students in philosophy, the tendencies of professional study to narrowness and one-sidedness would be usefully corrected. In the internal arrangements of this School it might be as well if the mechanical philosophy were separated into a subdepartment of its own, and candidates allowed to pass on either subject apart from the other.

What the Physical School in Oxford might do for the medical student, that the History School might do for the law student, as semi-professional and preparatory to the practitioner's chambers. The only modifications necessary to bring the school, as it is now worked, into this position, are 1. That it should not attempt to cover so much historical ground. This will be effected in great measure by the excellent resolution lately adopted of allowing the candidate for honours to select some one period or event of narrow compass, in combination with a general outline of English

* *Letter to Dr. Jacobson on the Extension of Education,* by Dr. Acland.

history. 2. The substitution of the Civil for English law. This is a point of great importance, as involving two of the principles now contended for: first, that the school, as a law school, should not be strictly professional, but only preparatory to the proper professional studies; secondly, that the school, as a portion of a university training, should include a liberal and enlarging element. This the Civil law is in a most eminent degree, while English law is just the reverse. Indeed the antipathy which common law lawyers have usually shown to the Roman law, speaks their own condemnation, and is one of the most striking exemplifications of Hobbes' dictum, that 'when reason is against a man, he will be against reason.' But the very direct practical benefits which would accrue not only to the individual practitioner and to the profession, but to the whole system of English society—mightily influenced as that is by the maxims and practice of the courts of law and the rights of property—from some foundation of enlightened jurisprudence being laid, before taking to the arbitrary technicalities which in our law books simulate the form of abstract general maxims, are far too numerous to be mentioned here. Indeed, the desuetude and even direct discouragement of the academical study of the Roman law during the last two centuries has been a concurrent cause with the neglect of philosophy, of that contracted habit of the national mind to which this country owes at once its success and its littleness; its success in the practical employments of commerce, its incapacity for enlarged views either of national welfare, or of foreign policy. The same superstition of Puritanism, which in the seventeenth century proscribed the speculative theology and philosophy as being popish, operated too against the imperial constitutions which were tainted by their Roman origin. Thus religious bigotry concurred with the old anti-hierarchical traditions of the Inns of Court in expelling from our academical course two of the most enlightening and liberalising studies which it had contained.

For the general student in the History School, however, a more valuable scientific element even than the civil code is offered by political economy. Indeed, history, unless combined with a study of the positive laws of human welfare, is little better than a portion of elegant literature. It is void of any instructive power, and sinks into an amusement, into curious research, or at best becomes so much information for conversational purposes. This subject we may hope to see grow upon this school. It should not be treated as a special subject, which, like Roman law, may or may not be known. It should be understood to be *the* theoretical science of his-

tory, and should be required of all candidates, except the law students, who have not time for it. Besides the vital connexion of this subject with history, this science is especially the home growth of Britain. It is the only science of which it can be said that the principles have been discovered and extended chiefly by Englishmen; the best books on it are written in the English language, and the very facts themselves on which its inductions are based have been supplied by the mercantile and industrial development of Great Britain. The treatise of Ricardo is almost the perfection of a logically reasoned science applied to an adequate collection of carefully examined phenomena.

The two remaining subjects which exist as special studies by the side of our general course, are theology and mathematics. The present theological school, as a voluntary examination without honours, has been a failure; it might be made effective by either (1) establishing honours in it, or (2) allowing it to count for one of the two schools in which every candidate for the first degree must at present pass. Against the first alternative there is a very strong feeling in Oxford; and though many of the reasons offered in justification of that feeling are untenable, we are not disposed to think it at present expedient to establish such honours. We have alluded to one cause of the decay of the professional study of theology, and so far as philosophy has suffered from the same evils, and has been resuscitated by the examination system, no doubt competition and honorary rewards would have the same efficiency in the kindred study of theology. Nor do we doubt that such a revived study would be highly useful, not only in the clerical profession, but to the nation at large. The divisions, schisms, and parties by which we are torn, may have their violence restrained and their rancour assuaged by a spirit of charity and a sentiment of tolerance. But such a temper, however estimable, can, at most, but still the surface, it cannot reach the seat of the disease. An enlightened study of speculative theology so far from creating difference, alleviates it; it transfers it at least from the regions of passion and political interests to that of calm debate, and instead of mutually anathematising sects, we have the calmer dissensions of the schools. The spirit of sectarianism, which has got so fearful a hold over the English and still more over the Scotch portion of the kingdom, and forms in itself a new evil engendered upon the original evil of schism, is not so much the effect of want of charity as of ignorance. For this a revived professional study of divinity would be a direct remedy; but, under present circumstances, it would be altogether impos-

sible to institute a sound and enlightened study of scientific theology in Oxford. It would be restricted to a blind getting up of the divinity of the seventeenth century which Dr. Pusey still wishes to enforce as the standard of the English church. The reading of such writers, thoroughly sectarian in spirit, offensively polemic in tone, and in whose treatment theology is degraded to a justification of the peculiar politics, home and foreign, at that time pursued by the court of England, could but serve to foster and perpetuate the very evil under which we labour. We must wait till philosophical studies have had time and scope among us. As Greek literature has paved the way for the philosophical revival, so the latter will be propedeutic to a revived study of Christian antiquity. At present our Divinity is too much bound up with passions and party-feelings to be a subject of intellectual treatment; we might, however, look forward to the establishment of a competitive examination in the subject of ecclesiastical history solely. This might at a distant time develope into a School of doctrinal theology.

We now come to the last of the Schools in special subjects viz., the Mathematical School. The utility of mathematics as it is a much debated, is supposed by many educated men to be a debateable point. It is not so to anything like the extent usually thus assumed; but as we cannot enter on the controversy here, and are under the necessity of dogmatising, we shall refer at once to our fundamental principle. On that principle, viz., a general cultivation divided into two stages, first, a preparatory discipline of the faculties, and second, education proper, or the expansion of the intellect by putting it in possession of a theoretic philosophy commensurate with knowledge;—the place of pure mathematics in such a scheme is immediately determined. They are a disciplinal study only, and must belong exclusively to the preparatory course. Here their place is by the side of language and literature; whether as a training for Philosophy they rank below the Literæ Humaniores, or, as Plato places them, above,—for this *is* a debateable point,—is not material, but they ought to accompany language studies. As disciplinal studies they operate not directly in strengthening the reasoning power, but on the power of attention, of holding steadily to an abstract conception, and thinking and reasoning about it. In this way they are the proper propedeutic to Philosophy, and in an eminent way *the* discipline for it (*τὰ μαθήματα*). But this character belongs only, or chiefly, to Arithmetic and Geometry, or the direct treatment of the conceptions of space. In the indirect or analytic method, in which a symbolical

notation is substituted for the conception, the very circumstance which gives it its vast superiority as an instrument of discovery or invention, renders it inferior as a mental exercise. The method of notation, indeed, as a wonderful device for abridging or expediting processes of proof, deserves to be learnt as a portion of useful knowledge; but the *language* once acquired, it has no educational value; nay, the habit of confining the intellect to such studies is positively injurious to it. In conformity with these views we would, 1. not give honours in mathematics later than the end of the second year from matriculation. The senior mathematical scholarships which exist at present, open to B.A.'s, would be useful for the exceptional cases of a decided turn for these pursuits, and might do something to sustain the higher branches of the subject, if that be thought an object. 2. Require elementary geometry as a *sine quâ non* for passing the previous examination (Responsions). It should be four instead of two books of Euclid, and fresh problems should be always set and required; the habit of following the ready-made proof as given in the book is a very inferior exercise of thought. It would be a far better exercise for the learner to be limited to the most rudimentary propositions of the science, and taught how to prove them himself, than to learn six books of Euclid in the way in which they are mostly learnt; the truth, indeed, is, that in the slovenly way in which the two books are now taught and learnt, the reasoning is scarcely followed or apprehended; not that the demonstrations are wholly learnt off; it is a mixture of the two processes; the reasoning is partially apprehended, the gaps supplied by dint of memory.

Should the suggestions of the Indian Civil Service Commission be carried out, and should it be found possible to give the requisite instruction in Oxford, a special school might be instituted for Indian candidates, honours in which might not only dispense the successful candidate from the second examination proposed in the report, but might confer precedence to the appointments in the Service.

But should the whole scheme of University studies ever come to be revised on a sound and just view of education, we think the propriety of establishing honours in the special or bye-subjects would be regarded as doubtful. A University should teach, should encourage, all the chief branches of human knowledge. Agreed: but it should teach and encourage them subordinately; 1st. subordinately to its own general course of liberal study; 2d. subordinately to the future professional study of them. To the professional corps,

medical, legal, &c., must be left to ascertain and to certify the fitness of a candidate to become a practitioner. This a University honour could not prove, for the subject would not be followed far enough; and for general purposes special studies should never entitle to University honours, inasmuch as for those purposes they have no value in and for themselves, and only derive it from their being the substratum for philosophy. At the same time, to drive the incapable or the unwilling into the Philosophy School would be worse than useless; we should wish, if possible, to see the Philosophy School reserved as the only honour examination, (i. e. at the final examinations for the B. A. degree) and as solely an honour examination. Those who succeeded in obtaining at least a fourth class in this School to be entitled to the B. A. degree; those who failed, or did not compete for honours in this School, to be required to pass in any two other Schools.

While we are thus endeavouring to perfect and attune a complicated scheme of examinations, it should ever be borne in mind that the utility of examinations is entirely to be judged of by their effect on our studies. It is, indeed, true that all the vast steps towards improvement made in the last half century have been the direct consequences of the examination Statute, and it is no unnatural inference, that we have but to make the system yet more searching, to put on the screw tighter and tighter, to attain still further success. This, however, is not the case; there is in the very nature of intellectual pursuits an absolute limit to the stimulus which examination can give. We have no wish, indeed, to appear to give any sanction to that popular cry which quashed the civil service reform last session, and which, under pretext of a 'character' test, seeks to preserve patronage, favouritism, and all the worst abuses of old Toryism. We utterly reject the preposterous claim put forward by a party among the fellows of colleges, that fellowships and collegiate offices are the freeholds of the present holders, who may live like gentlemen, performing no duties, owing no responsibilities.* But, disowning all participation in this cry against the intellectual tests, yet all who are acquainted with the working of examinations, are aware that the system may be overdone. The beneficial stimulus which examination can give to study is in an inverse ratio to the quality of intellectual exertion required. In the lowest stages of learning even

* See *Objections to the Government Scheme*, by Charles Neate, M.A., Fellow of Oriel, 1854.

instruction proceeds by question and answer, and compulsory examination is the only mode of enforcing the smallest amount of acquisition. At the other end of the scale of intellect, the highest genius and the most fully instructed mind would be incapable of producing a specimen of itself within a given time and upon a given demand. Between these points is the range where a voluntary competition may be usefully brought to bear. Examinations are sometimes spoken of as a necessary evil; they are not so; they are a positive good, when guided by two principles: First, that the examination is instituted for the sake of testing with what success the study has been pursued, and not the study pursued that it may be examined into; and, secondly, that the thing an examination is to scrutinise is proficiency, not preparation. That all attempts to supply the want of genuine comprehension of the subject by the appropriation of others' thoughts on the subject, is an imposture to be detected, not an effort to be rewarded. For, strange as it may be thought, so much more painful is the effort to comprehend than that to attend, that most minds will go through ten times the amount of mechanical labour in learning memoriter that which it would involve no labour at all to apprehend or perceive. They save thereby the peculiar pains attending a voluntary exertion of the mind's activity, and purchase that exemption at the easier rate of a laborious, fatiguing, uninstructive passivity. Besides these abuses to which they may lead, examinations may become evils by their too frequent recurrence. The stagnant lethargy of the old days enjoyed one supreme privilege, which the system that woke us to life has robbed us of for ever. In the then undisturbed repose of academic leisure, the student had, at least, the full fruition of thought and books. He had time to *read*. 'Deep self-possession, an intense repose,' could do for the higher faculties what no 'getting up' of books ever can do. 'There is a source of power,' it has been beautifully remarked*, 'almost peculiar to youth and youthful circumstances, that not always are we called upon to seek, sometimes, and in childhood above all, are we sought:'

> 'There are powers,
> Which of themselves our minds impress;
> And we can feed this mind of ours
> In a wise passiveness.'

Such a condition, however enviable it may be, was obviously a sacrifice of the many for the benefit of the few. It is no

* De Quincey, *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 115.

argument against education that the greatest genius is always self-nurtured. We should, however, be on our guard that we do not now reverse the case, and sacrifice the best minds to the necessity of stimulating the many. We must not over-examine or over-lecture the honour men. We should, for them, rather have one great examination distinctly planned to try the *quality* of their intellect, than be continually probing the extent of their information or acquirements. We do not want to turn out poets or philosophers. If such persons are of any use, nature will provide them. But we can and ought to set before ourselves and the students, a high ideal of intellectual expansion and cultivation, and to remember ourselves and inculcate on others, that intellectual character, and not the acquisition of facts, is the true preparation for life. For this it may be questioned whether the bustle, and stir, which accompanies our intellectual activity here, be not unfavourable; it partakes more of hurry than of energy. 'No great intellectual thing,' it has been said*, 'was ever done by great effort.' There is an overwork caused by the ambitious desire of doing great or clever things, and the hope of accomplishing them by immense efforts. 'Hope as vain as it is pernicious; not only making men overwork themselves, but rendering all the work they do unwholesome to them.' The truth is, that this is not, with us in Oxford, an intellectual over-excitement; it is a moral defect. But though a moral defect, it is a consequence of the degradation of our studies, of our being occupied with the trivial, with mere school lessons, and not with the one object which can permanently engage and sustain the intellect. The best and most zealous teachers and pupils accordingly endeavour to make up for the want of the true inward energy of philosophical pursuit by a spurious activity in the endeavour to embrace many things. We have no faith in our own method, and, consequently, can inspire none. Other minor causes of this unwholesome and feverish pulse there are. The short period of an eight weeks' term, an arrangement which has probably no parallel in any other University, makes it impossible to lecture on a great subject with that steady, patient, thorough procedure which is requisite to let it make its due impression on the mind. And yet with our present mental temperament we find the eight weeks quite enough to jade and exhaust the spirits, and make the vacation welcome. There is to be added, too, the lamentable waste of energy in Oxford, necessary to overcome the

* Ruskin's *Pre-Raphaelism*, p. 11.

dull passive resistance which every Tutor of high aims is nearly sure to encounter within his own college, as well as without. Within his college, perhaps solitary, doing all the work, and attracting all the ill will; without, met by the cold repulse of authorities devoid of sympathy for any intellectual pursuit.

We have detained our readers so long in attempting to trace the history of the studies of the University, and in ascertaining how our method of study and our system of teaching and examining affects and is capable of affecting those who are candidates for honours, that we must forbear to give the attention we should wish to pay to the position of those students who do not aspire beyond the ordinary degree. They form a class equally important, and far more numerous; and the responsibility which the care of their training and discipline involves must always weigh heavily on those who wish that the education of the University should be for minds of every capacity, and at every stage of culture, what it might be, and ought to be. We prefer leaving this great branch of our subject wholly untouched, to treating it in a hurried and unsatisfactory manner. How the great mass of students should be made to receive what a University should be fitted to afford them is a problem too vast, and a source of anxiety and reflection too deep, to be investigated at the close of lengthened observations on other matters.

THE END.

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